IN PARIS

2/6 IN LONDON

HARPER'S BAZAAR

DECEMBER
1930

50¢

CHRISTMAS
NUMBER

HOLEPROOF COLORS— accurately beautiful

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY stylists have consulted with the leading designers and makers of fabrics, furs and leathers in compiling their latest style portfolio, "The New Colors." The result is Holeproof Hosiery Colors that harmonize completely with the current fashions for Fall and Winter.

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY
1107 BROADWAY, NEW YORK
HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY
OF CANADA LTD.,
LONDON, CANADA

Consult Holeproof's style portfolio in the Hosiery Department of leading stores.

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY

© 1930, Holeproof Hosiery Company.

TIFFANY & CO.

JEWELERS SILVERSMITHS STATIONERS

DIAMOND RINGS

Emerald-Cut, Marquise
and Round Diamonds

MAIL INQUIRIES RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION

FIFTH AVENUE & 37TH STREET
NEW YORK

BONWIT TELLER

FIFTH AVENUE AT 56th STREET

NEW YORK

"Oh Tell Me, Pretty Maiden, Have They Any More At Home Like You?"

No, but we have other equally darling party frocks, all imported, chosen at Bonwit Teller's new children's department, Seventh Floor where there is *everything* for growing girls.

A . . . Sheer crepe frock, hand-tucked flower design. Pale pink, rose, green, 7, 8, 10 years 19.50

B . . . Frock with princess lines, in georgette crepe, pale pink or green. 10, 12, 14 years 39.50

C . . . A bouffant taffeta frock with georgette inserts . . . rose, blue or green. 10, 12, 14 years 49.50

D . . . Taffeta frock, in spring green or yellow, piped in contrasting color. 4, 6, 8 years 29.50

HARPER'S BAZAAR is published monthly at 572 Madison Avenue, New York, by Harper's Bazar, Inc. printed in U. S. A. Yearly subscription price $4.00. Entered as second class matter May 4th, 1901, at the post office, New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3rd, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Ill.

BONWIT TELLER

FIFTH AVENUE AT 56th STREET

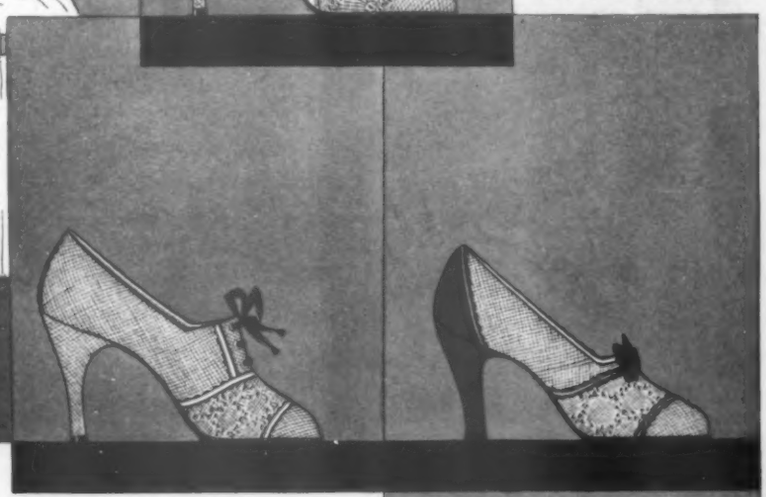
NEW YORK

PHILADELPHIA

PARIS LONDON

PALM BEACH
Palm Beach and Seaview Avenues

MIAMI BEACH
907 Lincoln Road



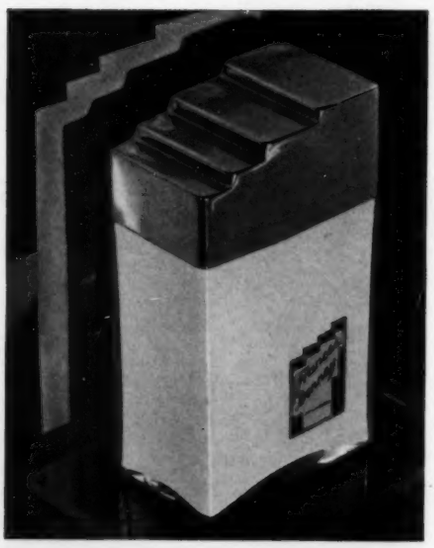
LACE SHOES—

The most sensationally different resort shoes that have been introduced in years, and designed by Bonwit Teller. Aside from their unusual chic, they are the coolest shoes for Southern wear. Created of Suva® cloth, a linen-like lace, in natural or white. 15.50

Patented in U. S.

SHOE SALON . . . Second Floor

FRANCES DENNEY *Gifts* ....also to YOURSELF..from YOURSELF.. *for* CHRISTMAS



FRANCES DENNEY BATH SALTS

Luxurious and refreshing . . . fairy-like crystals that dissolve almost instantly. Four fragrances: Russian Pine, Jasmin Flowers, Valley Violet and Rosita . . . in colors to harmonize with the perfumes. $2.50 a jar.

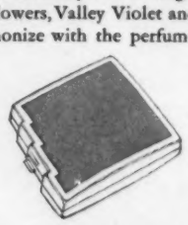
Whether you are selecting gifts to give —or to receive—what could be more lovely and acceptable than these exclusive suggestions of FRANCES DENNEY?

◂ ◂ ◂

"The Kiki Bag"—illustrated above—is truly a treasure chest of loveliness. The case is beautifully-grained simulated leather—in black or tan—with lock and key and a perfect reflecting mirror. It contains nine of MISS DENNEY'S exquisite Preparations —just the assortment for little trips. Every woman will adore it . . $16.50

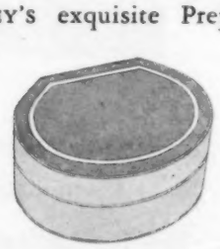
As the number of these "Kiki Bags" is limited—MISS DENNEY suggests placing your order at once with any store where her Preparations are sold. If you do not know the name of the store nearest to you, MISS DENNEY will be happy to tell you. Just write to her in Philadelphia.

DENNEY & DENNEY
PHILADELPHIA—NEW YORK



"SILVER STEPS TO LOVELINESS" COMPACTS

Jewel-like silver cases . . . dainty and lovely in design. Compact Rouge for $1.00; Double Compact for $2.00; Sifter Compact for $1.50; Creme Rouge Compact for $1.00 and Eye Shadow Compact for $1.00



FRANCES DENNEY DUSTING POWDER

A pure, exquisite powder that gives the final soothing, refreshing touch to the bath. Mingled with its inexpressible softness is a dainty, lovely fragrance. In a new, smart box of modern design. . . . $2.50

FRANCES DENNEY LIP STICK

A marvelous new lip pomade in a slender case of silver with green enamel. Indelible, invisible, soothing and protective. In three tints . . . Light, Medium and Dark . . . to harmonize with your complexion. $1.50

For Christmas

Entire Contents Copyrighted by Best & Co. Inc., 1930

Useful and Appealing

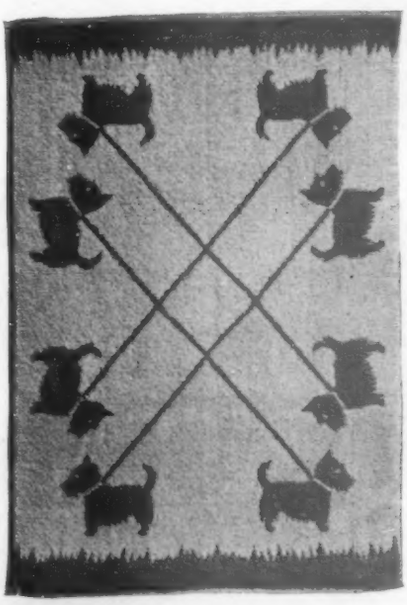
BEST'S "SCOTTY DOG" SPECIALTIES

Bath Sets 2.75

Cotton Pajamas 1.95

seful gifts are always the most ceptable from the parent's point view, and when they're as cute these the children adore them o. Best's originated the idea of ing the saucy little Scotty in a bric design, and all these amus- g Scotty Dog specialties are clusive with us.

ordering by mail, please give cond choice of color wherever ssible.



Warm Robes 3.95

Cotton Robes 2.95

WARM ROBES—As pictured above. Beacon blanket cloth in blue, green, or brown. Sizes 2 to 10. 3.95

COTTON PAJAMAS AND ROBES—of Everfast printed cotton (not a single pup will fade!) in blue, green, or rose. One piece pajamas, 1.95 Robes 2.95 Sizes 4 to 10.

CANNON BATH SETS—bath mat, two towels and two wash cloths in pastel Turkish reversible toweling, made specially for Best's by the Cannon Towel Co. Peach, jade, or blue. Set, cellophane wrapped—2.75

Mail Orders Filled Write Dept. SB

Best & Co.
FIFTH AVENUE

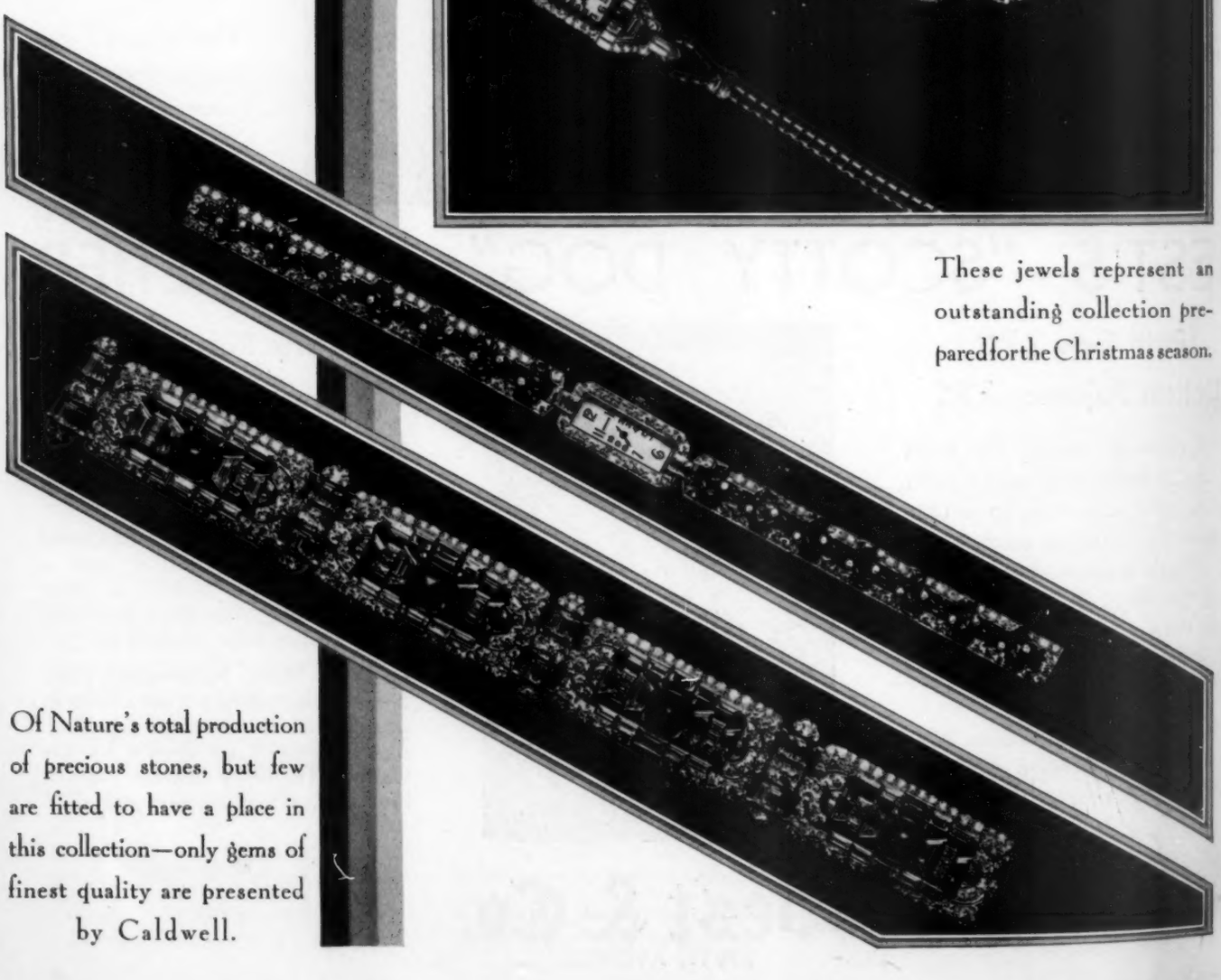
A charge account simplifies long distance shopping

WESTCHESTER, Mamaroneck LONG ISLAND, Garden City NEW JERSEY, East Orange

J. E. Caldwell & Co.

PHILADELPHIA

These jewels represent an outstanding collection prepared for the Christmas season.



Of Nature's total production of precious stones, but few are fitted to have a place in this collection—only gems of finest quality are presented by Caldwell.

*

B. ALTMAN & CO.

Fifth Avenue at 34th Street, New York

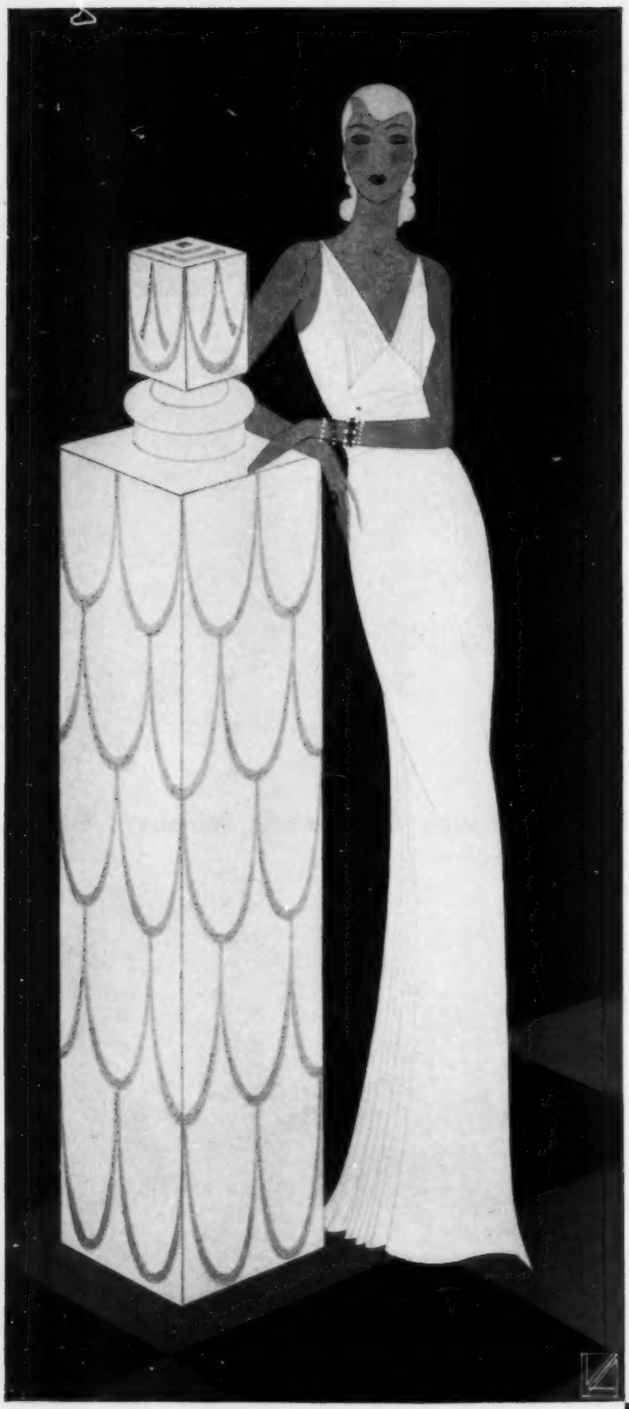
Individual Gifts: **Evening gloves sponsored by Chanel, $15.**

embroidered evening bag accented by jeweled clasp, a French import, $185.

large chiffon handkerchief, monogram effect, embroidered in France, $6.75

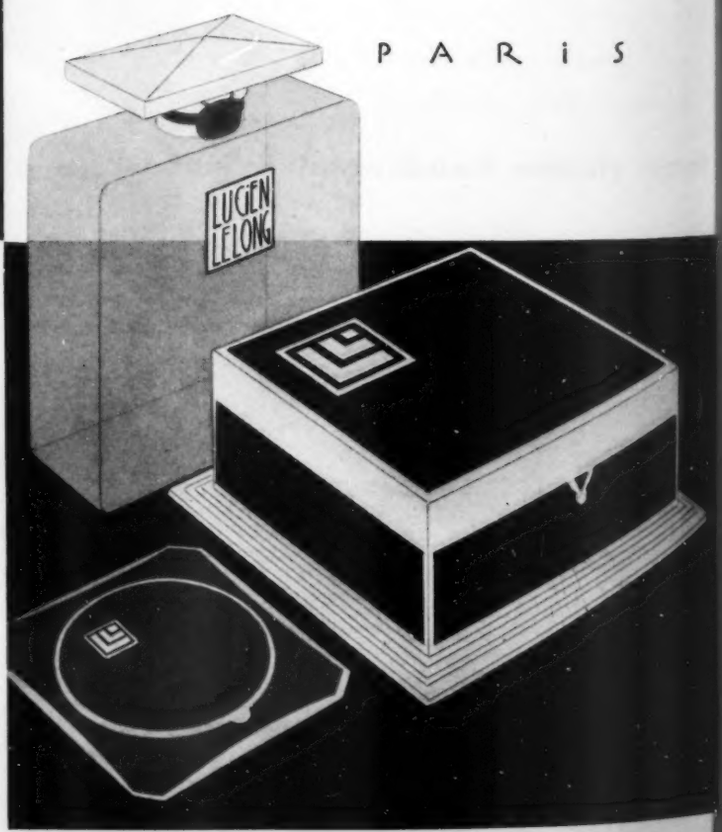
If you seek a gift of beauty and distinction to render regal tribute at Noel — you will find at Altman's the finest merchandise from the leading centers of the world

*

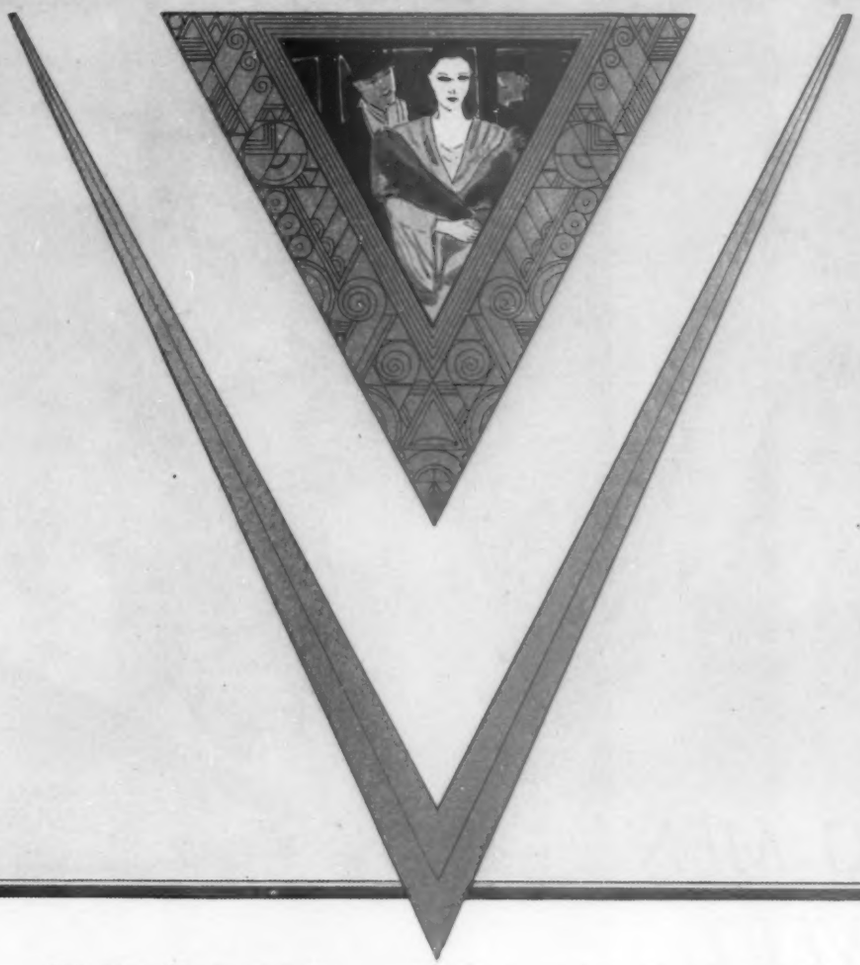


LUCIEN LELONG

PARIS



The Lalique Flacon · the powder box of radiant enamel · Baguette Compact and the famous Perfumes A, B, C, N and J . . . what more could one Christmas bring? They are everywhere, at the better stores.

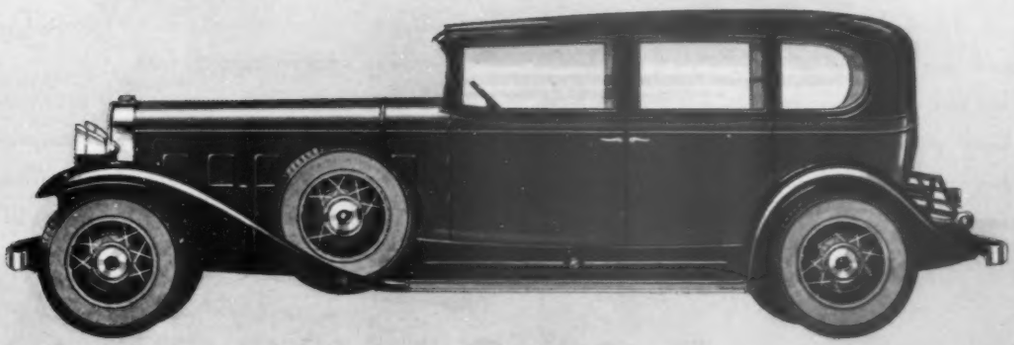


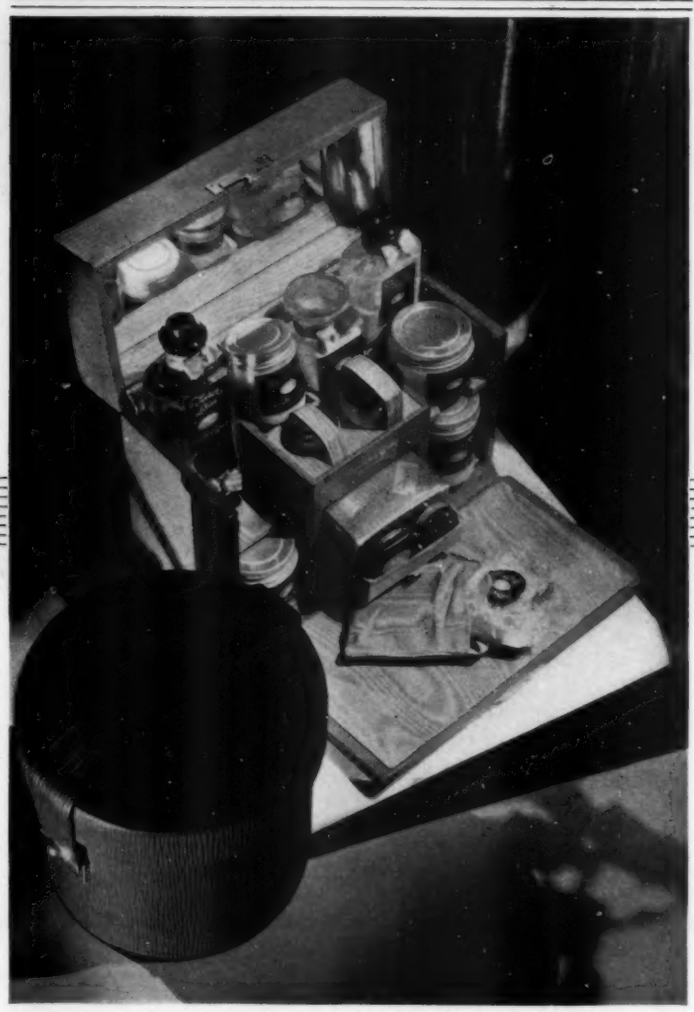
TWELVE CYLINDERS

The new Cadillac V-12 is powered with an engine of the same type as the Cadillac V-16 —in fact, a duplicate of this engine in pattern and appearance, but having twelve instead of sixteen cylinders. Coachwork and interiors of rare beauty by Fisher and Fleetwood

Ten body styles; wheelbase 140-143 inches. Prices from $3795 to $4595, f. o. b. Detroit

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY · DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS





© 1930 D. G.

STRONG MEN HAVE WEPT...

. . . and women have rumpled their brand-new finger waves trying to think up a Christmas gift that's exciting and festive and flattering—useful yet not prosaic—handsome but not too expensive. These rare qualities are all embodied in the new Dorothy Gray travel cases. If you present a lovely lady with one of these, her enthusiasm for it (and for you) will never waver.

Every woman instinctively bestows a loving pat on the snug little Hat Box Case. It's made of black leather, lined with rose moire, and is shaped like a perky hat box, with a sturdy top strap to carry it by and an efficient lock to guard it. It holds eleven Dorothy Gray preparations and cosmetics, all cleverly arranged so that they cannot spill or break. $18.00.

Dorothy Gray compacts are always flattering gifts. The new double compact and lipstick, $4.50; the new triple compact and Lashique, $4.25; the new single powder compact and rouge compact, $3.00.

You were thinking of something more elaborate? Then go right out and look at the new Dorothy Gray Beauty Case, which comes in five shades of baby lizard. It's light to carry and compact, yet so ingeniously devised that it holds—unfailingly upright—good sizes of fifteen Dorothy Gray preparations, including a complete make-up supply and a large mirror. This gracious answer-to-a-woman's-prayer costs $35.00.

You'll find these new cases, as well as any number of delightful little gifts such as Dorothy Gray compacts—packed singly and in sets—bath sets, and other pleasing frivolities, both at the Dorothy Gray Salons and at leading shops in every city.

DOROTHY GRAY

683 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

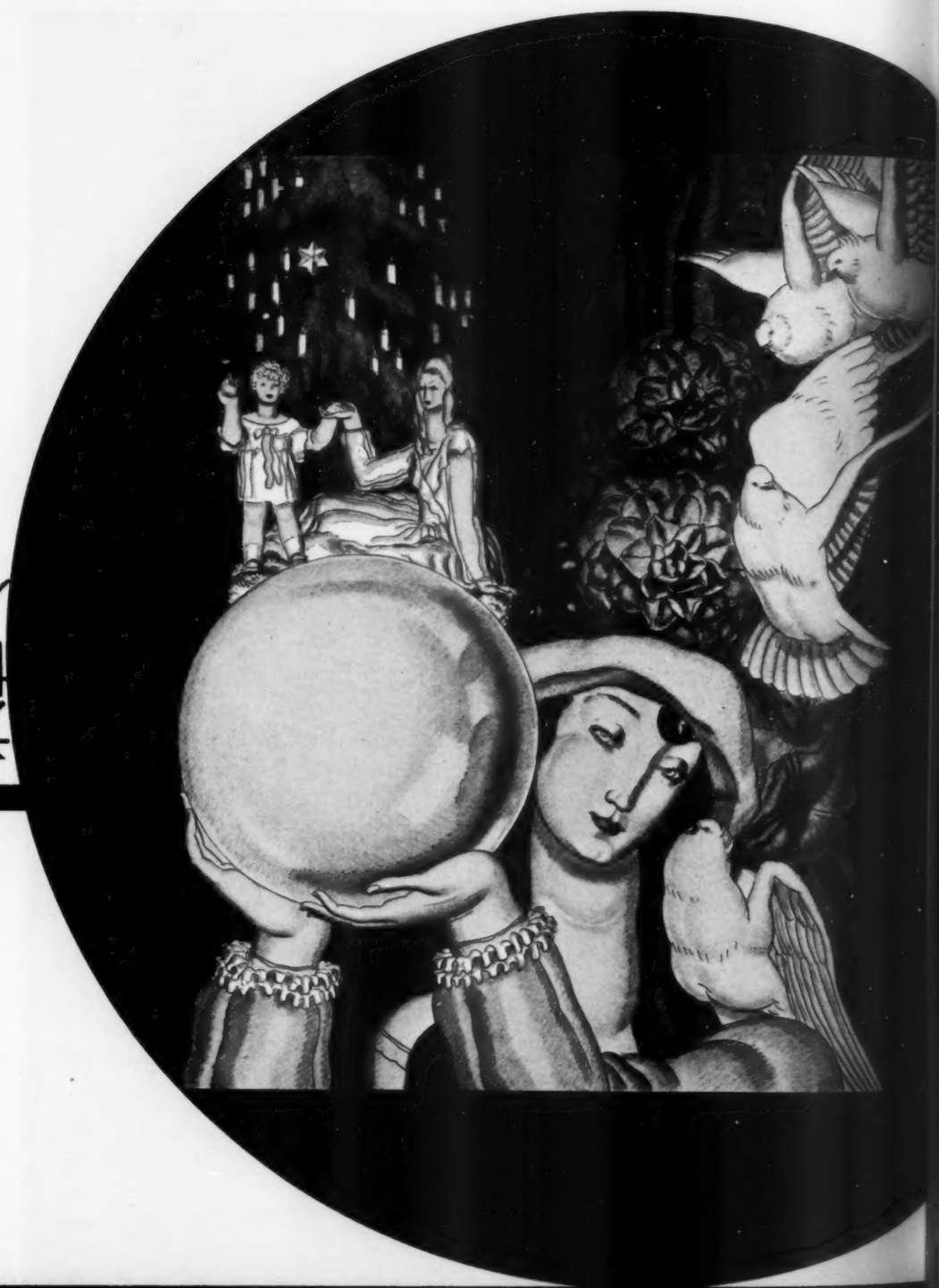
PARIS • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO • ATLANTIC CITY

PROMENADE

An exclusive Stein & Blaine interpretation
of the mode in velvet and fur

Stein & Blaine
INC.
13 and 15 West 57th Street, New York

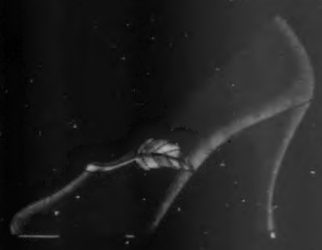
SAKS
fifth
AVENUE



The Exclusive Gift . . .

SHOULD be chosen from Saks-Fifth Avenue . . . where gifts from all parts of the world are assembled and an expression of good taste can be made in a gift costing as little as 4.95 . . . or as much as 30,000.00.

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE
New York Chicago



"Frivoli" . . . a Fenton Last opera pump . . . with an appliquéd leaf of blending opalescent leather . . . black or brown suede or black kid. 18.50

"SHOES BY SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE"

SAKS fifTH AVENUE

"Trilby" . . . a shoe that combines kid and suede . . . and has delicate open-work in the vamp . . . green, wine, black or brown. 18.50

The Intangible Borderline

. . . between the conservatism of morning in town . . . and the great elegance of evening . . . The quietly formal shoe for afternoon . . . slim, graceful, and decorative in detail . . . Such are these . . . shoes by Saks-Fifth Avenue.

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE
New York Chicago

Fabrics fade, fashions change, but the beauty of the jeweled pieces chosen from Udall and Ballou is a continuing joy, a constant enhancement of feminine charm and loveliness.

Udall and Ballou

JEWELERS SINCE 1888

5th Avenue at 57th Street

NEWPORT — PARIS OFFICE, 43 Rue Lafayette — PALM BEACH

Christmas Shopping ~ in the 1930 Manner....

A single trip to the nearest shop selling Humming Bird Full Fashioned Hosiery, will check off a dozen names on that long and perplexing Christmas list.

"After all," as you yourself have often said, "*everybody* loves fine silk stockings."

The Humming Bird mid-winter collection slights nobody's preferences — whether for gossamer grenadine chiffon, for rich service silk, or for any texture in between.

The most favored of this season's colors are of neutral tone; any shade you buy is certain to "click" with some item of a friend's apparel.

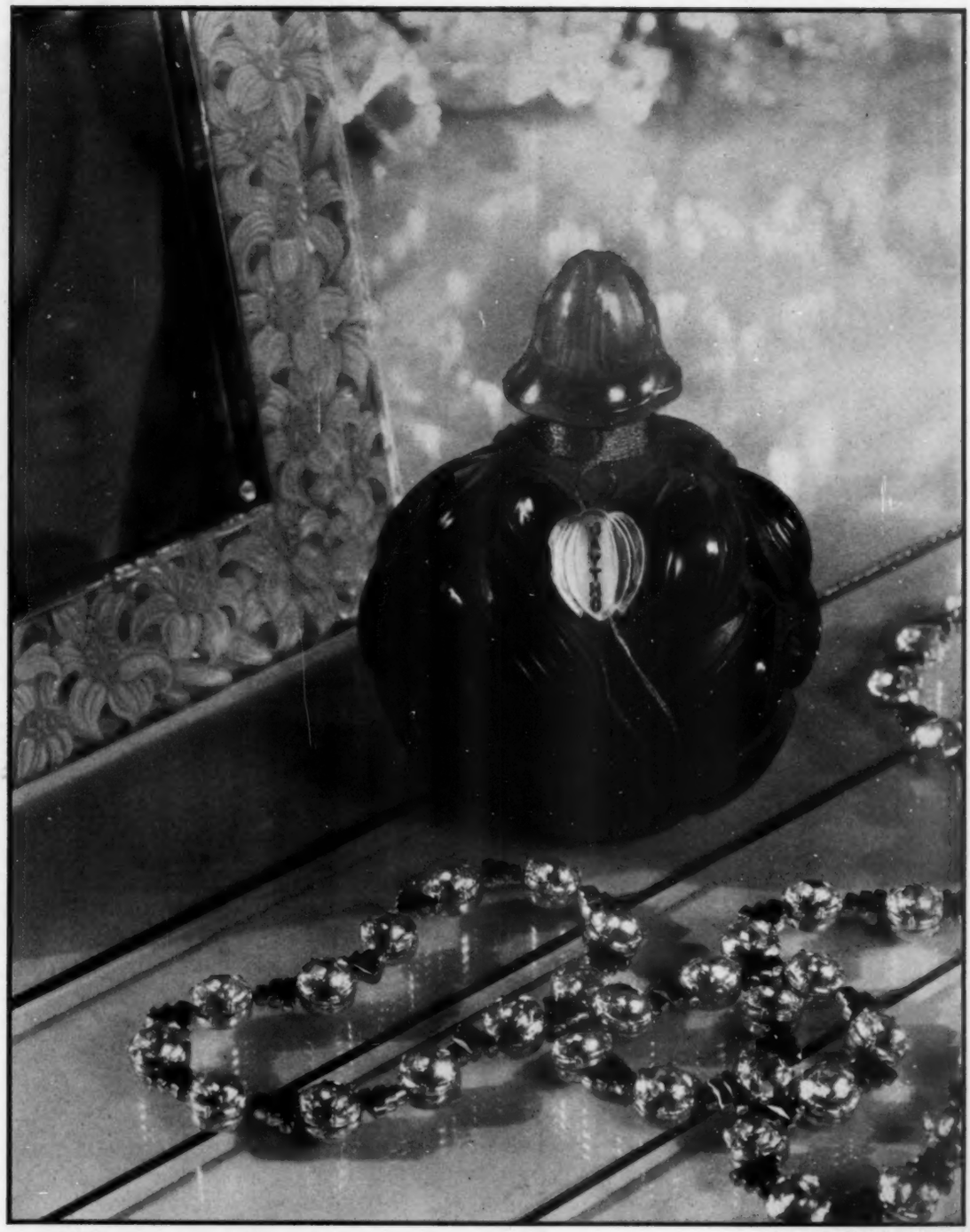
Mme. Julie Bolegard,
Our Paris Stylist, Recommends...
"Brown Leaf" in sheer weights with burgundies, greens and dark browns; "Mauve Beige" with black, blue and beige ensembles; "Fall Nite," an indeterminate brownish-grey for "almost any" street wear; and by all means, our entrancing new "Off Black" Chiffon with its vague brown undertone, for dark evening gowns.

© 1930, DAVENPORT HOS. MILLS, INC. H-13

Humming Bird

FULL FASHIONED HOSIERY

DAVENPORT HOSIERY MILLS, Inc., Chattanooga, Tenn.
NEW YORK OFFICE . . . . 385 Fifth Avenue



PHOTOGRAPH BY SARA PARSONS

JAYTHO

R.E.G.

Méchant, Mais Charmant!

The alluring perfume that Jay-Thorpe created for its own smart clientele. French, of course. But with the sparkle and sophistication of New York. A little wicked but charming. America's first "couturier perfume" success! Two sizes, *7.50* and *15.00*. Jaytho accessories: face powder *3.75*, dusting powder *3.50*, bath essence *8.00*, Eau de Toilette *6.75*.

Jay-Thorpe

FIFTY-SEVENTH STREET, WEST

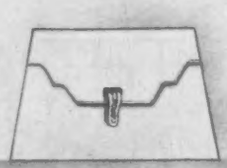
I. MILLER
INSTITUTION INTERNATIONALE

Beautiful Shoes

Evening slippers go Grecian in a modernistic way!

WITH all femininity faring forth to the dance in Grecian-themed evening frocks, I. Miller has met the mode with an utterly irresistible array of Grecian-themed evening slippers.

White fabrics, sometimes monograined faille, sometimes water-marked moiré; white satin with appliqués of silver and gold kidskin; dulled black silks; new metal cloth effects, giving formal expression to the vogue for luxurious fabrics...these and countless other evening creations, *au naturel* and dyeable, I. Miller offers for your choosing—all smartly modern in their fashion correctness, yet intriguingly reminiscent of the glory that was Greece.



Jewel-toned Hosiery by I. Miller created expressly for evening wear
Evening Bags by I. Miller — dyeable, to match gown and slippers

SHOPS AND AGENCIES
IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

You will find Schrafft's candies in many gay Christmas packages — at $1.00, $1.25 $1.50 and $2.00 the pound.

That

INDESCRIBABLE SOMETHING

in some young lady's eyes

WHEN gay ribbons unfurl their Christmas surprises, and eyes dance—Oh, gentle reader, what words can describe that look of ecstasy! It is an "Indescribable something"— beautiful to behold but impossible to describe.

And just as difficult is the task of describing the delightful flavors of Schrafft's candies. For in these delicious creations there is something equally beyond the power of words to portray—an indescribable goodness—that will kindle that *indescribable something* in any lady's eyes on Christmas morning!

SCHRAFFT'S

Selected Candies and Chocolates

W. F. SCHRAFFT & SONS CORPORATION • *New York and Boston* • OWNED AND OPERATED BY FRANK G. SHATTUCK COMPANY

REO
FLYING CLOUDS

An Eight and a Six

STYLE, speed and responsiveness explain why women of taste and individuality like to drive—and are proud to own—these brilliant new Flying Clouds by Reo.

REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY, LANSING, MICHIGAN

For those specially calendared moments... let it be Le Pirate, the unfathomable. Le Pirate allures and captivates. Its appeal.. magnetic, intangible.. withholds its secret.

Lenthéric PARIS
Ses Parfums

245 RUE SAINT-HONORÉ · PARIS · FRANCE THE LENTHÉRIC SALON AT FIFTH AVENUE & 58th STREET · NEW YORK ALSO AT ALL HOUSES OF FASHION

HAVANA NIGHTS

The languorous Old World atmosphere—the gaiety and friendliness—the picturesque charm of the city—make Havana nights romantic memories.

At the Gran Casino Nacional—at all smart places one sees beauty, and discerning women recognize Paris creations all about. Original models from Chanel, Berthe, Lucile Paray, Molyneux—every important couturier.

Havana indeed is the fashion center—the Paris of the western world. In this, El Encanto, Havana's largest department store, plays a leading part. Here one is shown the choicest models of the French collections at prices considerably lower than in the States because of lower Customs' duties. For lovely gowns—wait until you reach Havana!

... At El Encanto, treasures from the marts of the world await you ... linens from Spain, rare French perfumes, Spanish shawls and jewelry, English woolens ... all reasonably priced ...

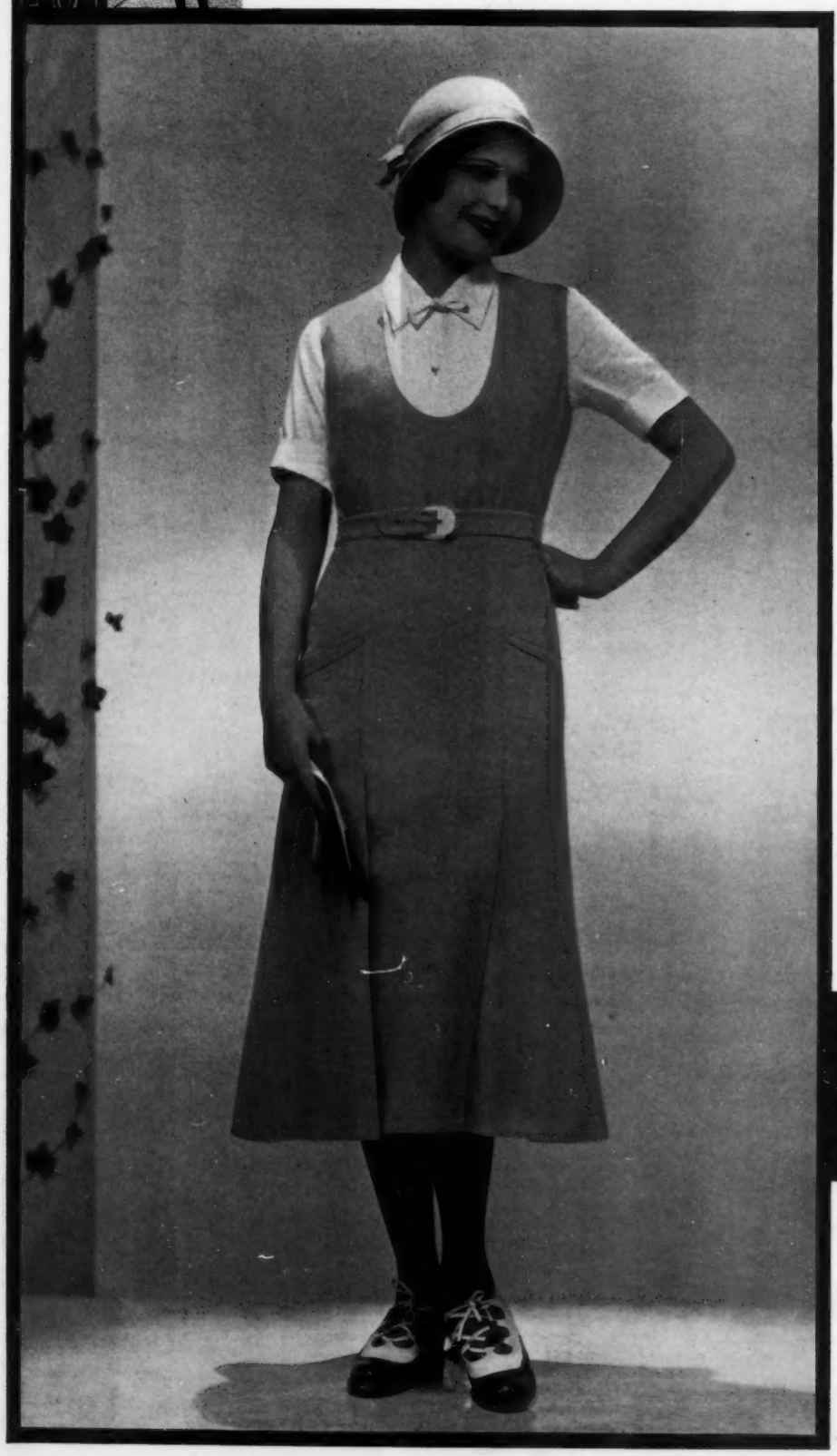
WRITE FOR OUR INTERESTING TOURIST BOOK

El Encanto – Havana

SOLIS, ENTRIALGO & CO.

Cuba's Largest and Smartest Department Store

Branches at the Hotel Sevilla, Hotel Almendares, Hotel Nacional, and also in the city of Camaguey, Cuba



A Fashion in Flannel for Southern Resort Wear

You haven't seen many of them yet... these gaily informal little jumper frocks in Botany Flannel. But it's one of those imperative fashions you'll be obliged to follow to be chic. Especially if the holidays find you headed for southern suns. The fabric, of course, is Botany Flannel, that thoroughly comfortable and always refreshing medium for correct sports wear.

BOTANY

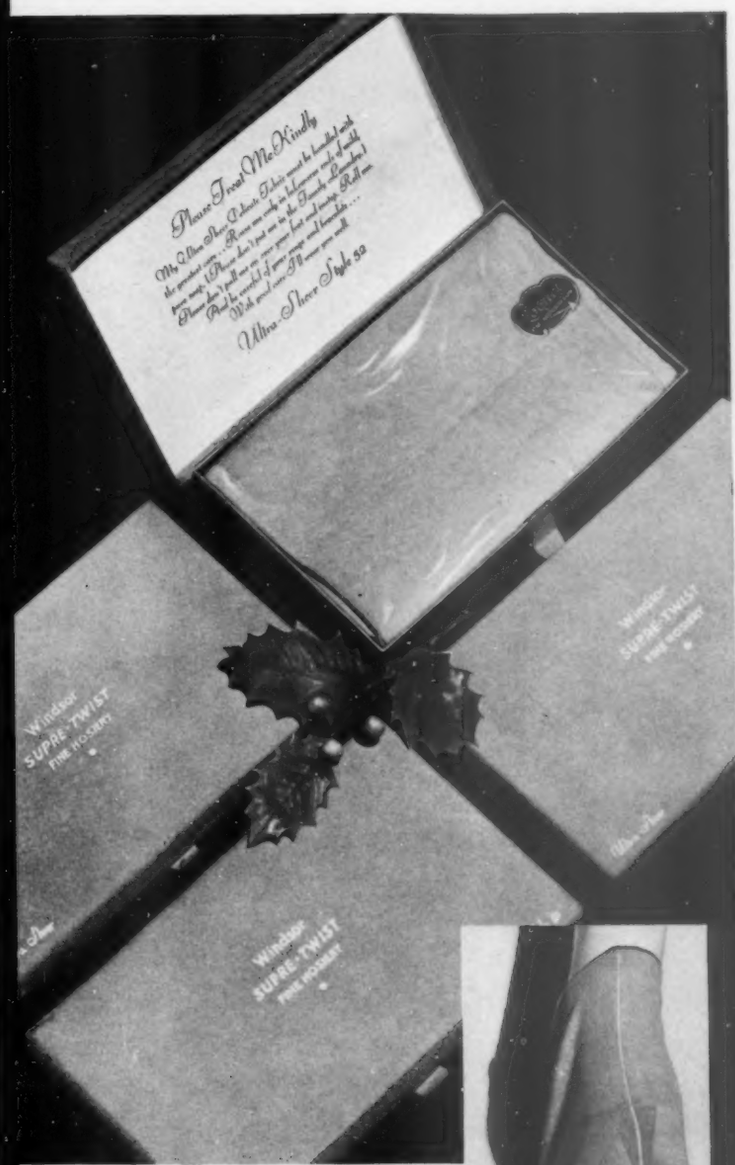
TWO HUNDRED · FIFTH AVE

Sports frock and accessories by courtesy of Saks-Fifth Avenue

IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFT

ULTRA · SHEER HOSIERY

SEALED IN INDIVIDUAL ROSE-SUEDE BOXES



PHANTOM STOCKINGS

TWO THREAD

STYLE 52

● Woman's Newest Idea—Phantom Hosiery—Dares to be Sheerer than Sheer—literally a Silken Wraith—subtly feminine in the most provocative mode. Clear... Flawless... A superb Achievement for Windsor... for in spite of its delicate nothingness Ultra-Sheer will wear you surprisingly well. The Loquet feature Safeguards its Fragility.

● Each Pair carefully folded in a small Rose-Suede Box—sealed with Cellophane ... untouched-by-hand. There's a shade for Every Evening Costume and for Formal Late Afternoons. At really Smart Shops and Stores Everywhere. Windsor Mills, Inc., 389 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Mills at Philadelphia.

The **LOQUET** *Protects the Fabric*
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

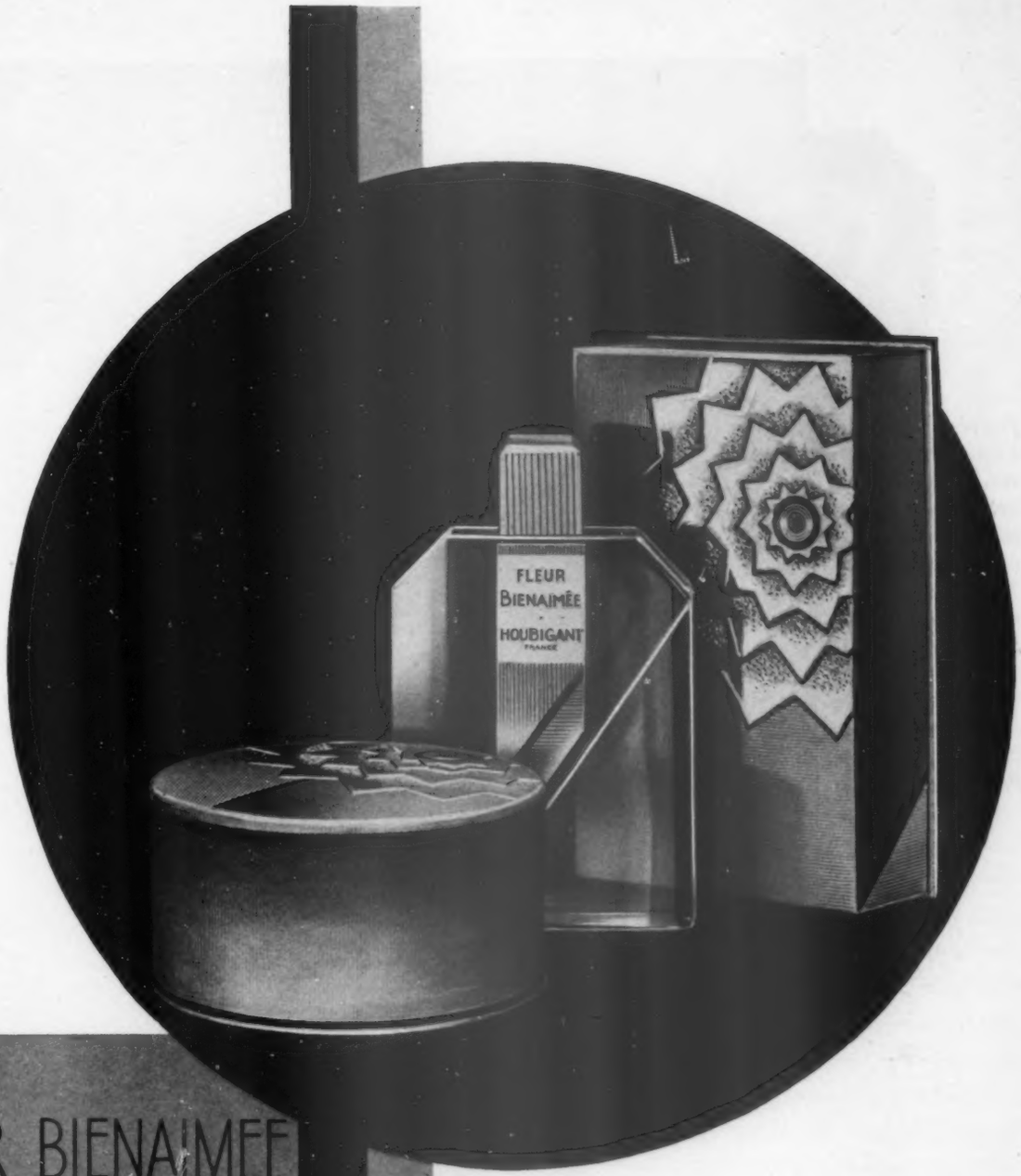
● LOQUET—Look at Hem and Seam—an Inconspicuous Reinforcement that prevents breaks and runs by distributing stress and strain up and down the seam and around the hem. An Exclusive Windsor Feature that makes it possible to have stockings so sheer.

Windsor
SUPRE • TWIST
FINE HOSIERY

Entire Contents Copyright 1930, Windsor Mills, Inc.

BLACKSHIRE CREATES
THE PRINTED CHIFFON
GOWN FOR WOMEN

to wear 'neath the warmth of furs — or sunny southern skies • Throughout the world, distinguished women have shown a preference for Blackshire Gowns. You will find them at better shops everywhere — and always sensibly priced. Copyright Blackshire, Paris—New York



FLEUR BIENAIMEE

(Beloved Flower)

LE PLUS MODERNE
DES PARFUMS

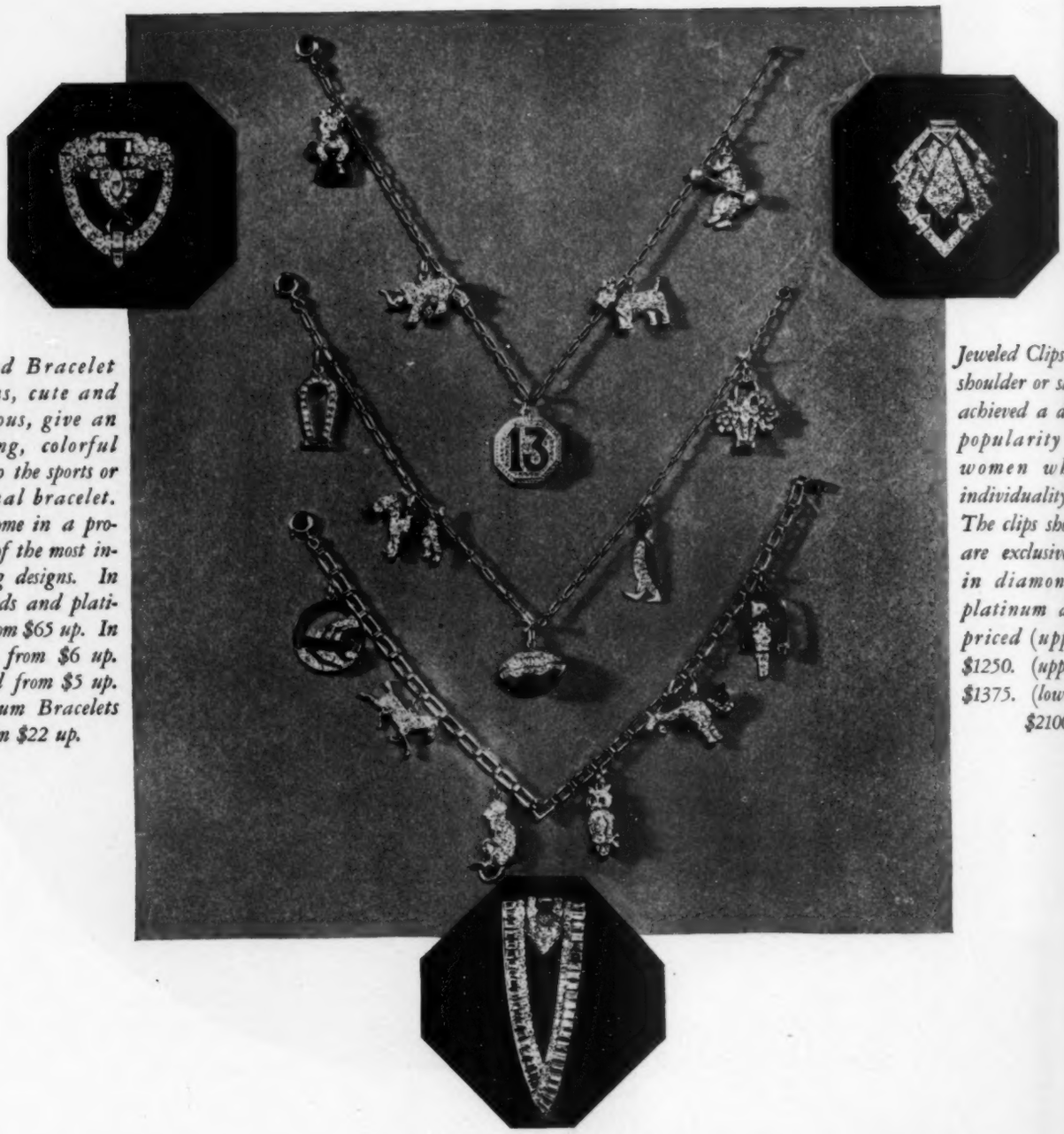
HOUBIGANT

PARIS

PRESENTED AT
SIX, TEN AND
EIGHTEEN DOLLARS

PURSE SIZE FLACON
ONE DOLLAR

FACE POWDER
ONE DOLLAR



Jeweled Bracelet Charms, cute and vivacious, give an amusing, colorful touch to the sports or informal bracelet. They come in a profusion of the most interesting designs. In diamonds and platinum from $65 up. In enamel from $6 up. In gold from $5 up. Platinum Bracelets from $22 up.

Jeweled Clips for hat, shoulder or sash have achieved a delightful popularity among women who seek individuality in dress. The clips shown here are exclusive designs in diamonds and platinum and are priced (upper left) $1250. (upper right) $1375. (lower center) $2100.

JEWELED NOVELTIES by BRAND-CHATILLON

Make the Perfect Type of Gift

To those who would give luxuriously yet not extravagantly, Brand-Chatillon presents their new collection of Jeweled Novelties. Every one is an exclusive design, rarely, if ever, to be found elsewhere.

THE BRAND-CHATILLON CORPORATION

Jewelers & Silversmiths

775 FIFTH AVE. *Savoy Plaza* NEW YORK

even **shoes** have a festive air . .

REGENA—this white satin pump dances happily through the wee morning hours. So simple it matches anything. So supple, it's a joy to the foot.

. . . *Because the Modern Cinderellas, home for the holidays, know the charm of the slipper that fits the frock as well as the foot . . . And such a brief time in which to twinkle their toes for Prince Charmings before the fatal hour brings them back to books again. A different gown for every dance and Peacock Shoes for every gown . . classic, romantic, demure . . . metal brocades that echo the evening wrap . . . satin opera pumps, tinted to tone with a jewel or sash . . . sandals with delicate gold or silver banding . . . each one a veritable part of the gown it accompanies . . . And a Princess' foot never looked more royal than one molded in this high-arch, narrow-heel last.*

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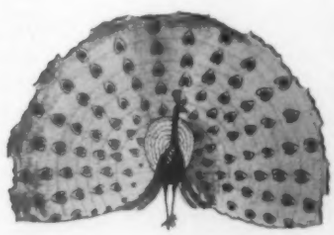
RAVISSE—reflects the glitter of gay lights on the Christmas tree. It is fashioned of hand-painted Tinsel Brocade with a delicate trim of silver kid.

GOWN FROM BEST & CO. PHOTOGRAPH BY WYNN



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ADVERTISEMENT PUBLISHED IN THE INTEREST OF THE COTTON TEXTILE INDUSTRY BY THE COTTON-TEXTILE INSTITUTE, INC., 320 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

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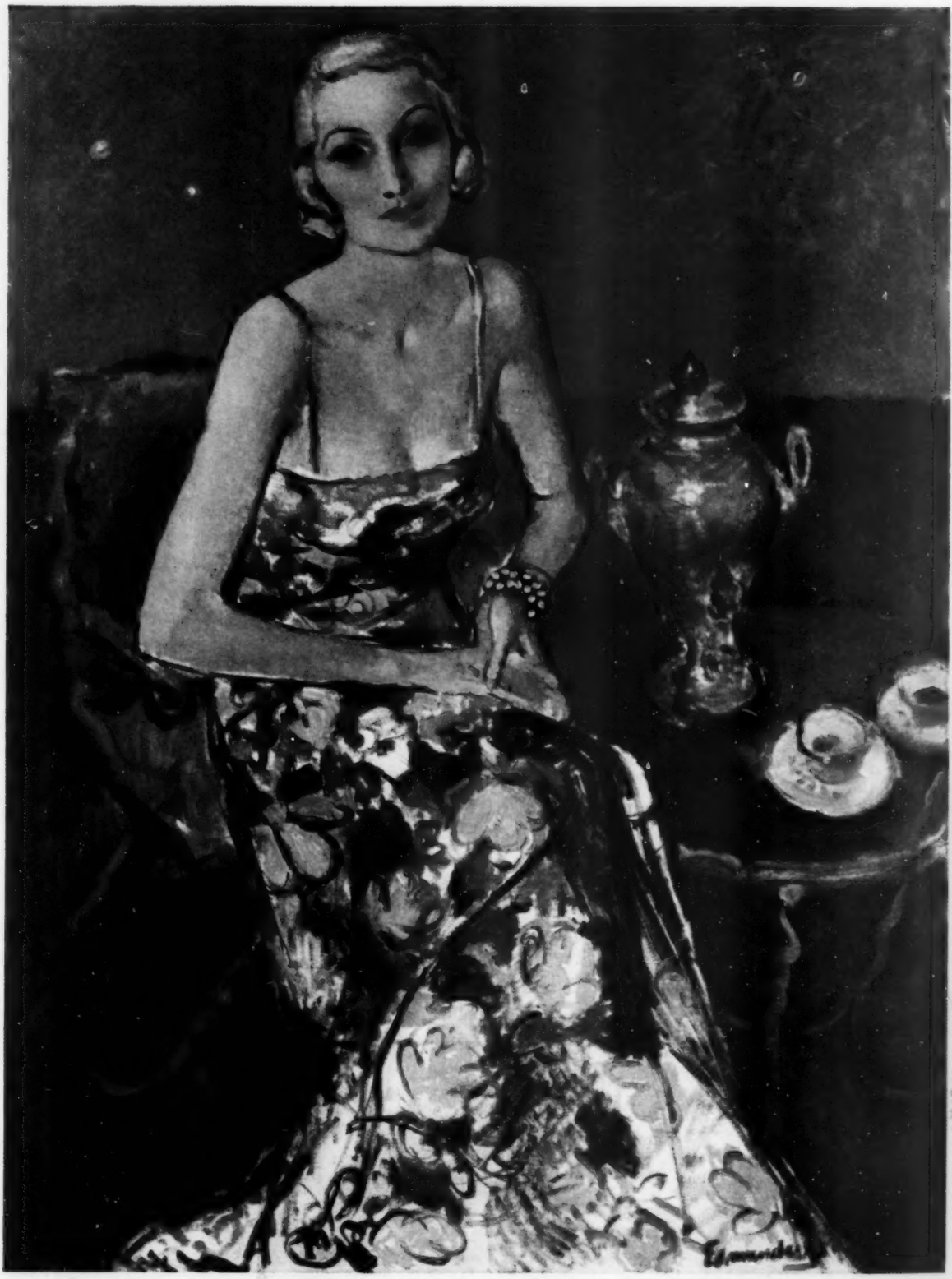

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● International Sterling is showing beautiful hollowware to match each of the five flatware patterns illustrated below. At the left are several gift pieces in the Orchid pattern—all moderately priced. The candlesticks are $65 a pair; the oval bonbon dish, $11.50; the oval centerpiece with flower holder, $65; the compotier, $25; salt and pepper, $25 a pair.

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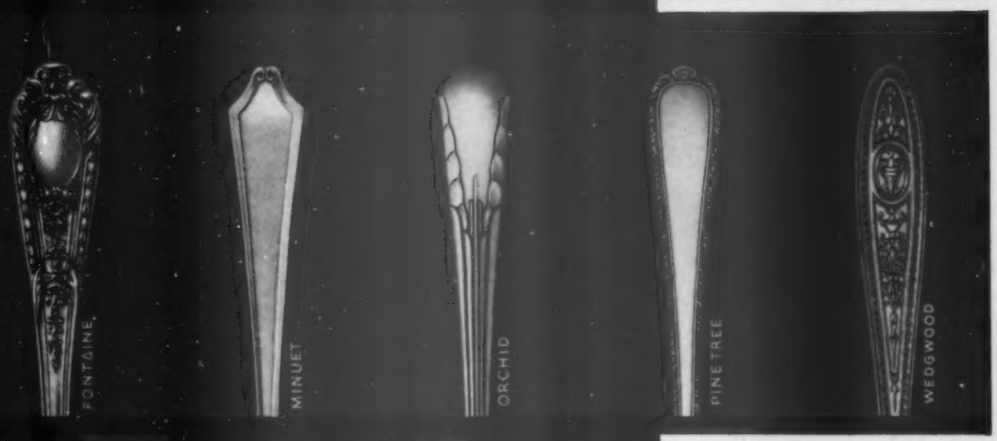

● At the left are some particularly attractive pieces of hollowware to match the Wedgwood flatware design. The useful Wedgwood sandwich plate costs only $35; the coffee service—and what woman wouldn't be delighted to own it!—may be purchased complete for $212.50, or without the tray for $150; the goblets are $300 a dozen; and the graceful water pitcher, $120.

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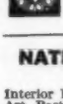

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This page covers a group of representative schools offering courses of vital interest to thousands.
Study the list. Doubtless you will find the very school for you.
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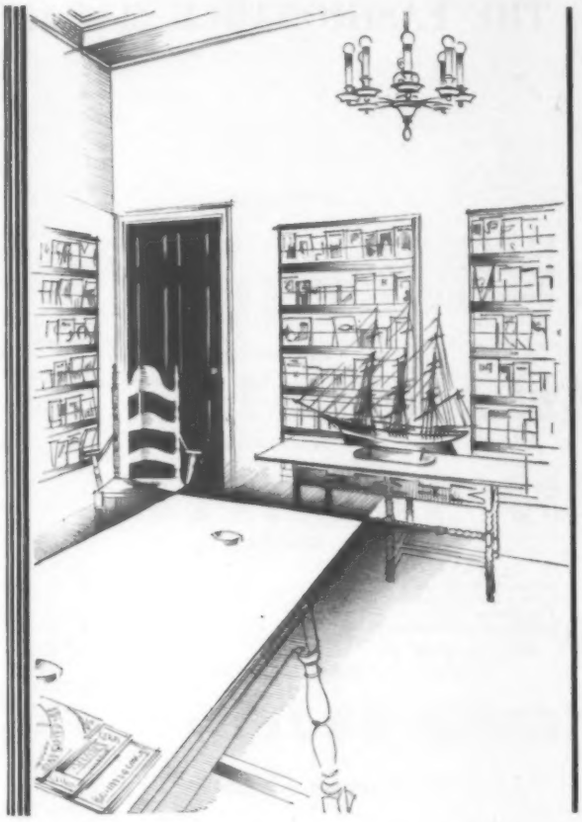

If you are coming to New York for the holiday season, we cordially invite you to visit the School Reception Room which HARPER'S BAZAAR maintains for your use.

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If your children have not been satisfactorily placed, we shall be glad to discuss with you the merits of the different schools in which they can be accommodated for the second term. In our offices you will find illustrated catalogues of practically all the leading schools. Moreover, it is not unlikely that representatives of many of these schools will be in New York for part of the Christmas vacation. Perhaps we can arrange appointments for you to meet representatives of the schools in which you are interested.

To Pupils

If you are already enrolled in some school and expect to visit New York for several days, we shall be glad to have you come in to see us and tell us about your school. Perhaps you are thinking of some professional study. We can advise you concerning professional schools.

To School Executives

We shall be glad to have you make Harper's Bazaar Reception Room your headquarters while you are in the city. You will find telephone and stenographic service without charge, of course, and a convenient place to meet your friends and prospective patrons.

The Harper's Bazaar Reception Room is on the eleventh floor of our building at 572 Madison Avenue, near 56th Street —within easy access of Grand Central Station or the Shopping District. The telephone number is Wickersham 2800. You will always find someone glad to be of service to you.

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THEY ESTABLISHED STIRRUP-CUP ...AND COOLER SMOKE

These care-free, charming people . . . always has it been their lot to discover each new enjoyment of their generation. And so they discovered Spud's cooler smoke. Their pleasure-trained senses found that cooler smoke revolutionized tobacco enjoyment . . . that it lifted old-fashioned restraint from modern tobacco appetites . . . keeping mouths and throats forever moist-cool and comfortable. Thus, they pioneered in Spud's cooler smoke, and established this generation's delightful new freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment. At better stands, 20 for 20c. The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Company, Inc., Louisville, Kentucky.

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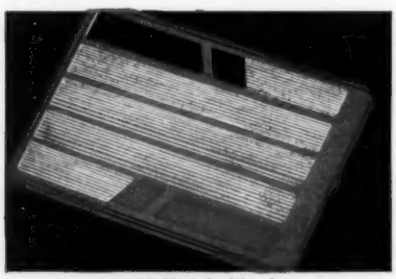
Helena Rubinstein sets t

Here is the newest, smartest Cosmetic Jewelry—the creations of the world's outstanding beauty authority . . . All that constitutes the perfect accessory and the ideal gift are harmonized in these irresistible bijoux . . . DISTINCTION · UTILITY · BEAUTY.

Perfecting a powder, a rouge or a lipstick is both a science and an art, requiring not alone experience and training, but inborn talent. Doubtless there is no one in the world today better fitted for the creation of cosmetic masterpieces than Helena Rubinstein. For years she has divided her life between her laboratories and studios perfecting cosmetics for all ages and types of skin. It is most interesting to note that Helena Rubinstein gives as much thought to make-up for the matron as for the debutante. Her finishing touches for the "older woman" subtly youthify!

In these, her newest cosmetic creations, the color genius of Helena Rubinstein reaches new heights. She has perfected rouges, powders, lipsticks whose coloring becomes your very own. And she has designed



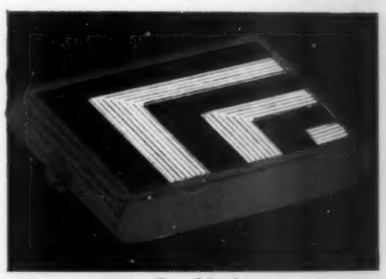
1931 Triple Vanity

In 24 karat gold finish, engine turned, with touches of vermilion and black. Most luxurious! Holds compact powder and rouge and a lipstick hidden in the hinge! 3.50

Magic Make-Up Vanity

Complete make-up case; 24 karat gold plated, engine turned. Contains loose powder, in a leakproof compartment, cream rouge, eye shadow, and mascara in crayon form! 5.00

HELENA RUBINSTEIN, World-Acclaimed Beauty Specialist and author of "The Art of Feminine Beauty"—a fascinating new volume which contains a wealth of beauty knowledge. On sale wherever books are sold.



1931 Double Compact

Unusually chic is this square black and gold striped vanity, containing compact rouge and compact powder in the inimitable Helena Rubinstein tones and quality. 2.50

1931 Loose Powder-Lipstick Vanity

Exquisite vanity in 24 karat gold finish. Contains loose powder (Natural and Rachel) in a leak proof compartment, and a Red Geranium or Red Raspberry indelible lipstick. 3.50

* * A SALON TREATMENT WILL ATTUNE YOUR BEAUTY TO THE SEASON * *

The perfect ending to your shopping tour especially during these hectic days, is a visit to the Helena Rubinstein Salon nearest you . . . Even one instruction treatment will bring you radiant new loveliness. It will reveal clever ways of making your home treatments doubly effective . . . and it will give you fascinating ideas on expressing your most charming self through the art of make-up. A service for which Helena Rubinstein is famous internationally.

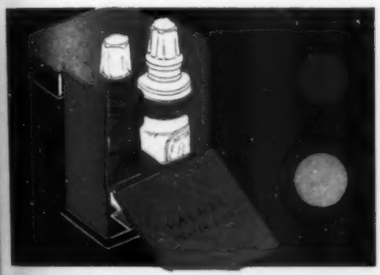
the Fashion in Vanities for 1931 . . .

for them cases so infinitely chic they are the perfect accent to any costume—they are fashion prophecies!

Soon you will see these bijoux flashing forth at Palm Beach and on the Riviera . . . . Indeed there is no exaggeration in predicting that Helena Rubinstein's 1931 vanities will be quite as smart in 1933 . . . .

Beauty Merits These Creations of Beauty!

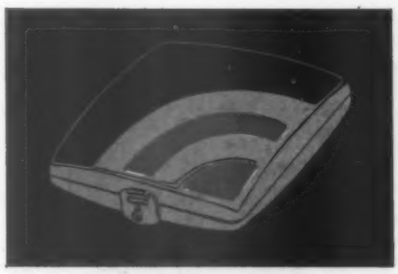
Chic, distinctive make-up begins with a flawless skin, a skin exquisitely and correctly cared for. Helena Rubinstein has created scientific answers to the needs of your skin, beauty-builders which bring you new youth, new loveliness, swiftly and easily. These famous creams and lotions may be used singly with excellent effects, or in a group as a complete beauty treatment, with the most amazing results.



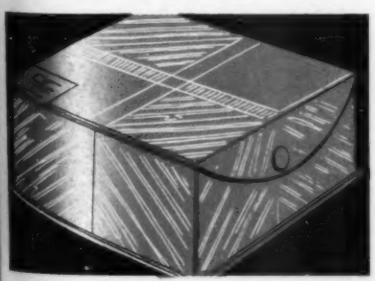
Valaze Nail Groom
In three new tints. Chic Red Geranium, exotic Red Raspberry and conservative Natural. Three gleaming, lasting nail enamels. 1.00 each (with remover. 1.75)

The New Red-Tangerine Lipstick
The lipstick of youth. Indelible! Brilliant in tone, soft in texture. 1.25, 3.50.

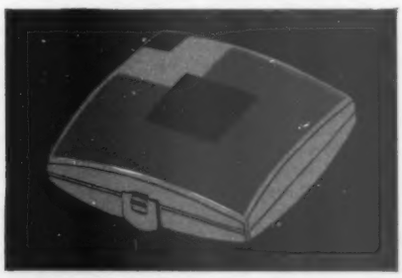
The New Red-Tangerine Rouge—
youthifies the face. (Creme only.) 1.00 to 5.00



The New Enchanté Vanities
In black, silver and vermilion, containing loose powder (Natural or Rachel) in a leak-proof compartment, and compact or cream rouge in Red Geranium or Red Raspberry. 3.00



A Powder Masterpiece
Enchanté, the powder that creates the illusion of extraordinary beauty. In texture, coloring, fragrance, here is powder perfection. Encased in a distinctive silver box. 3.00



Modernistic Powder or Rouge Compact
This tiny square modernistic vanity holds a most generous quantity of compact powder or rouge in the inimitable Helena Rubinstein quality and tones. 1.25

Persian Eye Black—
The super-Mascara. Creates the illusion of dark, luxuriant eyelashes. Leaves the lashes soft and silky, and it stays on! In black, brown, blue and blue-green. 1.00, 1.50

* * *

The cosmetic creations and beauty-builders originated by Helena Rubinstein are obtainable at Helena Rubinstein's Salons and at the better shops. Qualified assistants will guide you in choosing the most resultful preparations for your skin.

helena rubinstein

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ESTABLISHED 1845
MARK CROSS
FACTORIES WALSALL : WESTBURY
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Christmas Gifts
OF DISTINCTION

A gift of one's photograph is always appreciated and, if presented in this handsome Florentine frame, it will be doubly prized. Brown, blue, green or tan crushed calfskin. Gold tooling. Opening 7" x 9" $14.50

This smart evening purse of brocaded silk metal-cloth, comes straight from Paris. Fitted with mirror and coin purse. And it's very reasonable at $5.50

Mother would love this convenient sewing bag with removable fitted cushion. Brown, beige, red or blue lambskin. $5.50

The name

Mark Cross

on a gift indicates distinctive quality in the gift itself as well as discriminating taste on the part of the giver. And this year, more than ever before, you will find these desirable features in Mark Cross gifts. Moreover, this year, Mark Cross gifts are especially reasonably priced.

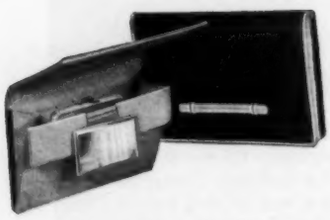
The most exacting man would be pleased with this handsome brown Florentine toilet case! (Also in black broncho hide.) It is light in weight and closes in a jiffy. Black or natural ebony and celluloid fittings; loop for safety razor. $23.00. Tan pigskin $25.00

A box containing three pairs of Mark Cross gloves makes a gift that will be highly prized by man or woman!

Glove box, for women, contains 1 pair each slip-on pigskin, suede and kidskin gloves $12.90

Glove box, for men, contains 1 pair each mocha, pigskin and capeskin gloves $12.75

Women who travel a great deal say they "never found anything so convenient as the removable folding tray". (This may be used as a separate toilet or motor case.) Black or brown Hudson hide. Shell or colored composition fittings. 20, 22 or 24 inch. $32.00



The modern business or professional woman would especially appreciate this imported pin morocco envelope purse. It's roomy, smart, and serviceable. Black or brown with eggshell calfskin lining and trimming, or dark green with light green. Handle on back. 10" x 6" $19.50

This smart jewel case in English morocco, with its three commodious compartments, will keep your jewels safely. It's *so* convenient to carry, too. Blue, green, purple, red or black. 8" long. $26.00

A good stiff clothes brush in a serviceable case, like the one illustrated, would please any man.

Black Pin Persian	6¼" long	$5.00
	7¼" long	6.50
Pigskin . . .	6¼" long	5.75
	7¼" long	7.50
Ostrich . . .	6¼" long	6.50
	7¼" long	8.50

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A WOMAN'S CHARM is never complet until the addition of jeweled adorn ment appropriate to the occasion. Never is charm so exquisitely enhance as when the jewelry chosen is Certifie Iridium Platinum. Each lovely creatio lends a distinctive poise—the pois of confidence—confidence in its exce lence and everlasting, *priceless* beauty.

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DIAMOND JEWELRY

Look for the "Certified" stamp when considering the purchase of fine platinum diamond jewelry. It is the hall-mark that identifies jewelry of the finest quality.

..to reveal, as words might not, our true regard and affection

REALLY doesn't matter how much you decide to spend. Friendand affection will not be influenced by a price. But your gift, its very nature, should be the symbol of your feeling . . . a fair slator of the thought you would express. And it will reflect, ell, your own good taste.

Of late, there has been an increasing tendency among culti- people to give articles of fine leather for Christmas. There many lovely things from which they choose . . . jewel cases, hose soft velvet, rubies soon will smoulder . . . an exquisitely ught book-cover . . . smart bags, in delicate, tawny ostrich skin.

And most frequently, such people govern their selection by the ence of a tiny golden keystone R. That insignia, placed upon piece of fine leather manufactured by C. F. Rumpp & Sons, . of Philadelphia, is their assurance, and yours, that the gift od.

With the coming of another month, this establishment will entered upon its eighty-second year. Throughout that time, as been the continuing endeavor of the founder, and of those the same family who have followed him, to maintain and en- e a bright tradition. To what degree they have succeeded, a ntry-wide reputation will witness.

C. F. Rumpp & Sons, Inc., manufacture fine leather goods of y description, excepting luggage. They may be had at the er leather goods and department stores, at stationers, jewelers haberdashers.

1 . . . a man's jewelry box, in ostrich. There are compartments for buttons, links, and other accessories, and space provided for stick pins and dress studs. The box may be had also in walnut calf, and in other black and brown leathers.

2 . . . a pipe and tobacco pouch, which is closed and opened with a Talon Hookless Fastener. In black and brown goatskin, pigskin, and ostrich. Patent applied for.

3 . . . an under-arm bag, in ostrich, lined with calfskin, and equipped with pocketbook and mirror.

4 . . . a toilet case, in pigskin, lined with scarlet leather and equipped to open with a Talon Hookless Fastener. Fittings of black or brown. The case may be had in a variety of other leathers.

.F. RUMPP & SONS, Inc.

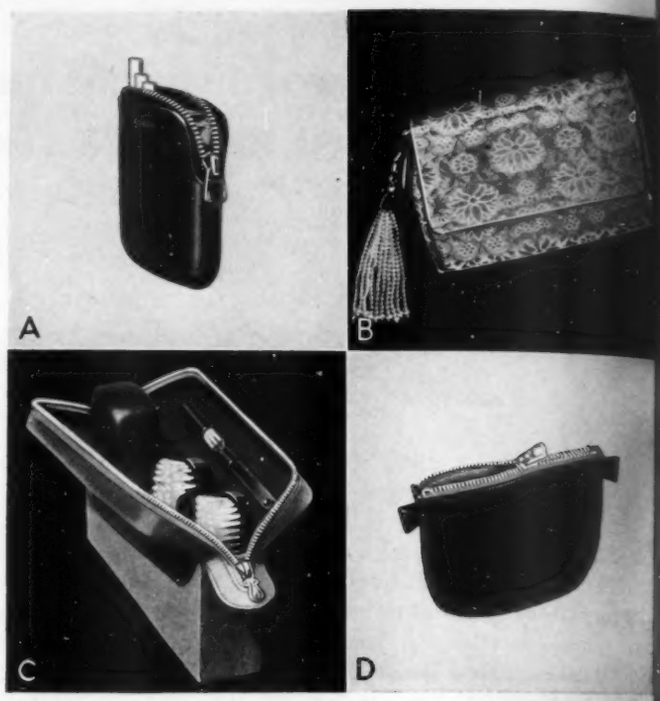
PHILADELPHIA AND NEW YORK
ESTABLISHED 1850

(A) *Cigarette Case*—Holds twenty. Goatskin, Pigskin, Sealskin, Calf or Ostrich leather. A gift we heartily and most emphatically recommend—if he smokes.

(B) *Evening Bag*—A Talon-fastened bag of antique brocade. We agree with our stylist that here is a gift any woman will go into ecstasies over.

(C) *Toilet Case for Men*—One of the most thoughtful gifts you can give a traveler. Made in many leathers by C. F. Rumpp & Sons, Philadelphia, Pa. *See preceding page.*

(D) *Tobacco Pouch*—If he smokes a pipe, then your gift hunt is virtually ended, for this Talon-fastened tobacco pouch is the perfect gift.



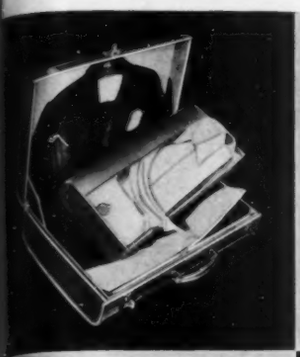
GIFTS..

THAT HAVE JOINED THE NEW "FASTENISTS" MOVEMENT

IN the royal realm of gifts there has been a revolution—against Mid-Victorian designs, looks and inconveniences! A few of the revolutionists are pictured on this page—and stores are full of them! Note their trim attire. They have cast off the awkward accoutrements of the past—the catches and clamps, the buttons and buckles—and in place of these they have chosen Talon Slide Fasteners. And for good reasons—because Talon Slide Fasteners are so much more convenient and so much smarter!

They're so easy to open, so easy to close—and so utterly reliable! They never stick, jam, or rust—never! In fact—they actually improve with use! The name TALON on the pull-tab identifies the genuine. It also identifies the very newest and smartest gifts in town. Look for it—by all means!

HOOKLESS FASTENER COMPANY, MEADVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA



F.

(E) *Traveling Case*—A man's suit can travel in this case without a sign of wrinkling. Shoes can travel in the Talon-fastened inside pocket. Made in various leathers.

(F) *Pullman Slippers*—And note the case. It's Talon-fastened. Red, blue, black or brown kid. A gift that any traveling male will find useful as well as ornamental.

(G) *Sewing Kit*—Any woman who is at all particular about her needles and thread will appreciate this Talon-fastened sewing kit. Various leathers in many colors.

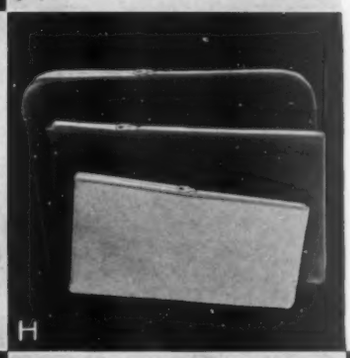
(H) *Business Cases*—Made for men who haven't time to tinker with out-moded clasps and fasteners. Made of Cowhide, Seal or Pigskin in various grains, colors and sizes.

(I) *Key Container*—If he has a talent for losing such losable things as keys, we suggest that you present him with this Talon-fastened key case. Various leathers.

(J) *Roll Bag*—A gift that any normal male will willingly cheer about is this handy (and smart!) Talon-fastened Roll Bag. Made in various leathers in russet, black or brown.

(K) *Traveling Bridge Case*—Contains cards, score pad, pencil—all the essential elements to make a bridge player's train or boat trip an outstanding event. Various leathers.

(L) *Kit Bag*—A gift that will make any man's pulse take a joyous jump upward. Made of boarded Cowhide for looks and wear. And Talon-fastened for convenience.



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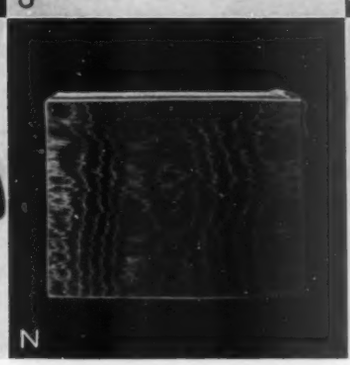

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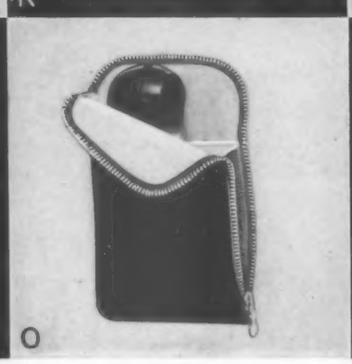

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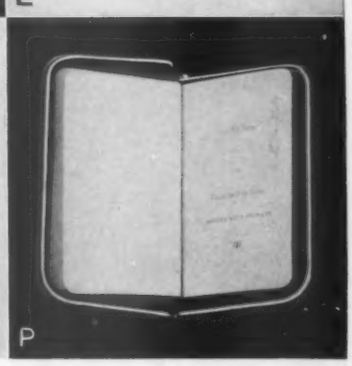

P

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An Impression

of pre-Christmas shopping

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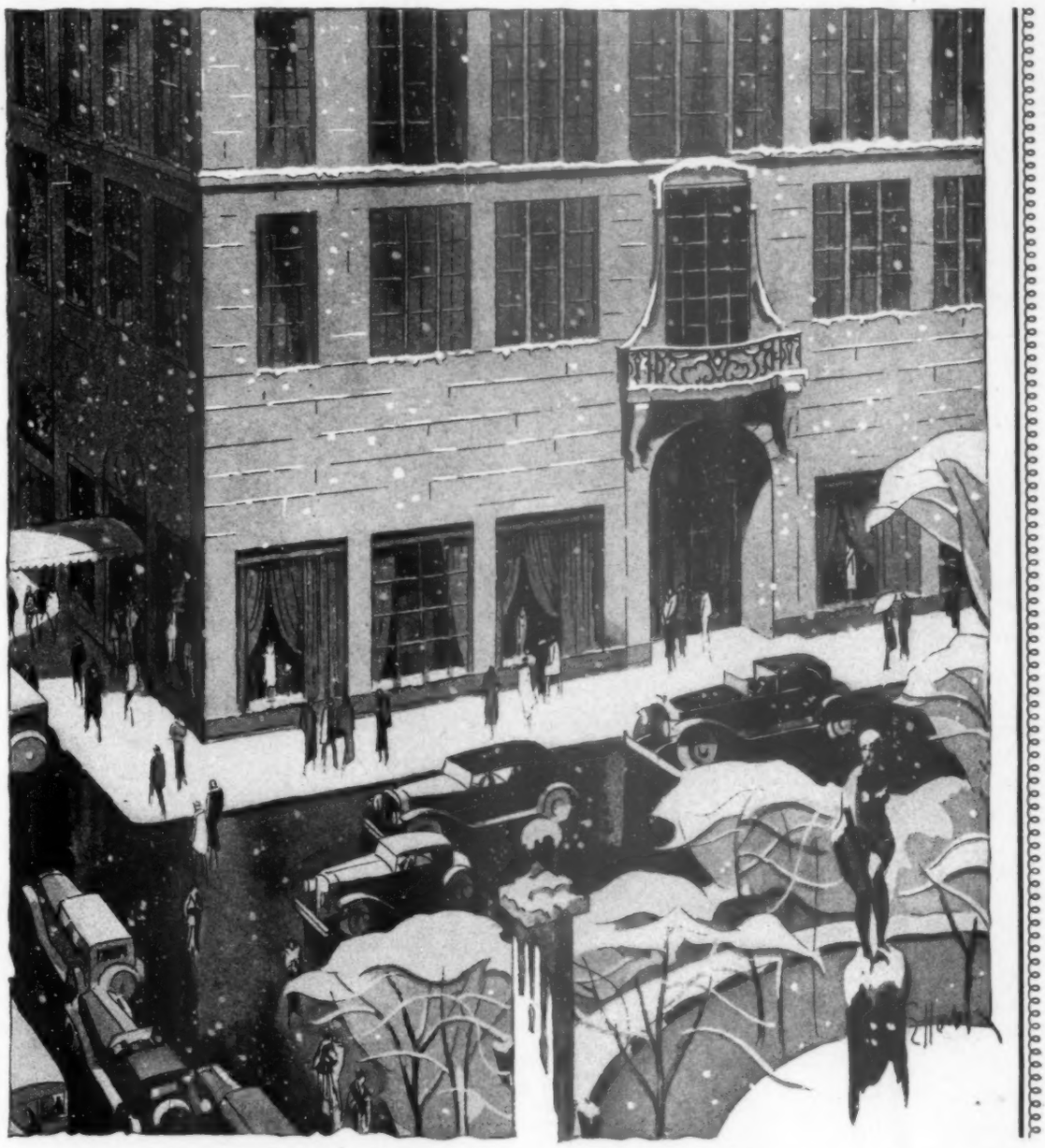

Here . . . in the gracious sweep of Park and Plaza . . . is the treasure-chest of Christmas for sophisticated people. One may choose an ancient beautiful bibelot that once graced Versailles . . . or a lately-fashionable trifle of long glove or brief lingerie. One may spend thousands for a regal sable coat . . . or pennies for a tiny perfect lipstick. But whatever one chooses, in taste, in smartness, and in execution it will be worthy to give to a queen.

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HARPER'S BAZAAR

65th Year Number 2618

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE, Editor

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

DECEMBER 1930

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Study of Child at the Piano by Anton Bruehl

BEYOND THE DOLL HOUSE

TUMBLING gaily over a pile of golden sand . . . bobbing wee blond heads above the absurd mane of some dappled hobby horse . . . hurling diminutive bodies valiantly into battle against wash-rags and "sleepy-bye" . . . our babies are pretty much what nature and heredity made them.

But all too soon the shouting, dreaming, reckless little things draw near the time when environment commences to play the major part. Then begin the habits of thought and feeling by which, justly or unjustly, people are bound to judge them. And here their fates are more than ever in our hands. For it is we who must choose and furnish the particular world that inevitably lies beyond their sand-piles and their dolls. Informed parents, faced with this problem, seldom fail to select, as an initial item of cultural equipment, an introduction to the most personal of all the arts, music. . . . And this for generations, in both Europe and America, has meant instruction on the Steinway.

The Steinway stands as the chosen instrument of nearly every great musician from Liszt to Paderewski. A creation of fine craftsmanship in polished woods and ivory, its mere presence serves to connect your children with the glorious part this Instrument of the Immortals has played in the history of art. It is so ruggedly constructed that it will serve three generations of children . . . permitting their young talents to develop without risk of the distortive influences lurking in practice on inferior instruments . . . fostering a colorful accomplishment that will help them to make friends.

Source of entertaining melody . . . medium of genius . . . the incomparable Steinway nevertheless is sold on terms that place it at the disposal of even the modest incomes.

A new Steinway Upright piano can be bought for a total as low as $875

As the Steinway is made in New York City, this price, naturally, must be "plus transportation" beyond New York and its suburbs.

10% down balance in three years

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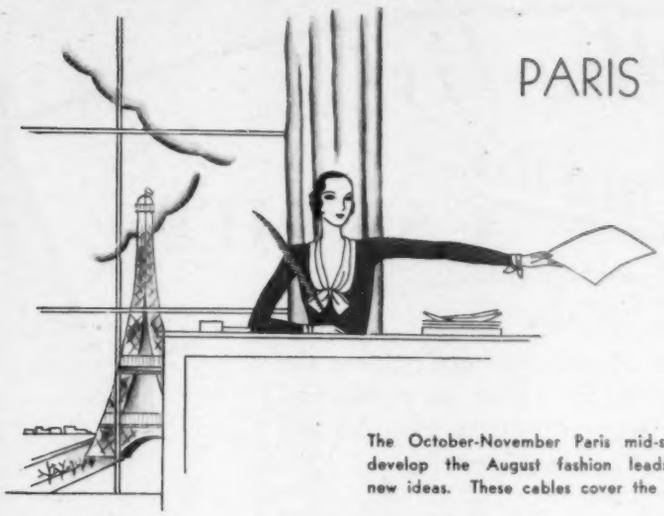
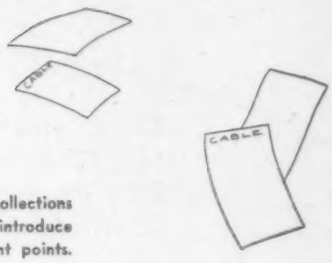
THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS **STEINWAY**



PARIS SELECTS AND REJECTS



The October-November Paris mid-season collections develop the August fashion leads and introduce new ideas. These cables cover the important points.

MID-SEASON COLLECTIONS CONTAIN WINTER SPORTS MODELS, SOME SOUTHERN MODELS, SOME ADVANCE SPRING IDEAS AND SOME SPECIAL CLIENTS' MODELS. THEY HAVE MORE CHARACTER OF SECOND THOUGHTS ON WINTER COLLECTIONS THAN ADVANCE IDEAS FOR SPRING. HOWEVER, WE SEE INDICATION OF A REVIVAL OF DRAPED SKIRTS, ESPECIALLY FOR EVENING, IN THE NEAR FUTURE. LONG SKIRTS ARE, FIRST, STRAIGHT AND GREEK, THEN HAVE THE LINES BROKEN WITH FRILLS AND FLOUNCES IN ALL DIRECTIONS, EVEN BUSTLE-LIKE NOW. SEVERAL HOUSES ARE SHOWING COMPLICATED DRAPERY SOMETIMES DISTINCTLY NINETEEN TWELVE, AS REDFERN. THEY ARE SOMETIMES STILL FAINTLY REMINISCENT OF BUSTLES, OR THE SEVENTIES; SOMETIMES QUITE ORIGINAL. WE CONSIDER THIS THE MOST NOVEL INDICATION FOR SPRING.

WOULD ALSO MENTION LONG TUNIC BLOUSE IN A DIFFERENT MATERIAL AND COLOUR FROM THE SUIT OR ENSEMBLE; FOR EXAMPLE, TURQUOISE OR WHITE SATIN WITH BLACK.

ALSO SEE IN SEVERAL HOUSES, ESPECIALLY VIONNET, INDICATION OF DIFFERENT FEELING IN BODICES. INSTEAD OF SHORT BABY WAISTS THE BODICE IS CARRIED DOWN ONTO THE HIPS BY CUTTING, OR BY INSET SECTIONS ETCETERA WITH BELTS, EITHER AT THE NORMAL WAISTLINE OR ON THE HIP-BONE. CONSIDER THIS QUITE IMPORTANT, THOUGH SOME HOUSES INCLUDING PATOU AND MOLYNEUX ARE NOT DOING IT. MOLYNEUX CONTINUES THE EMPIRE WAISTLINE, BUT ALL COSTUME FEELING HAS DISAPPEARED. ALSO THE EIGHTEEN SEVENTY FEELING OF AUGUST IS MUCH ATTENUATED. ROMANTICISM AND ALL HISTORIC INFLUENCE IS FAR LESS DIRECT.

COMBINATIONS OF MATERIALS AND COLOURS ARE IMPORTANT FOR SOUTH AND SPRING; OFTEN LIGHT JACKETS AND DARK FROCKS OR SKIRTS, AND VICE VERSA.

MANY ENSEMBLES AND SUITS IN LIGHT COLOURS TRIMMED WITH DARK FLAT FURS. COLOUR FOR SOUTH STRESSES WHITE, THEN PALE BLUE AND GREYED PINKS; ALSO SOME REDS.

TOWN COLOURS ARE BLACK FIRST, LAST, AND MIDDLE, THEN GREENS, BROWNS, REDS. CHANTAL IS PUSHING A LARGE RANGE OF BLUES.

MATERIALS ARE LIGHT-WEIGHT WOOLLENS, OFTEN CRÊPEY, IN QUANTITIES OF SIMPLE FROCKS. FAR LESS TWEED EXCEPT FOR REAL COUNTRY OR STRICT TAILLEURS, BUT CONSIDERABLE JERSEY, OFTEN WITH FINE DESIGN LIKE CRAVAT SILK. MANY FLAT CRÊPES, ALSO FLAMENGA AND SMALL SELF-FIGURED SILKS. MUCH LESS PRINT THAN USUAL; WHAT THERE IS, SMALL AND CONVENTIONAL. TENTATIVE REVIVAL OF PLAIDS BOTH IN WOOLS FOR COSTUMES AND IN SILKS FOR BLOUSES. WOOL LACE FOR SUITS AT PREMET'S AND MAGGY ROUFF'S. AFTERNOON, MUCH SATIN AND FLAT CRÊPE. MANY COATS IN BROADCLOTH.

KATHLEEN HOWARD

First on the list Whitman's CANDIES

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All over this broad land the shops and stores selected to sell Whitman's are overflowing with these sweets for the Christmas season, but they will melt away quickly. Do your Christmas shopping *now* to get fair selections.

PRESTIGE
Dainty, hand-wrought small chocolates with select centers in this handsome metal box. The candy gift supreme. In one, two and three pounds — $2 the pound.

PLEASURE ISLAND
The famous chocolate treasure in the box beloved by youth — $1.50 the pound. One pound and two pound sizes.

THE SAMPLER
Best known box of candy in the world. The gift dependable. In 17-oz., two, three and five pounds, $1.50 the pound.

SANTA MARIA
A voyage of discovery in candy delight, with Columbus' flagship on the metal cover — $4.

SALMAGUNDI
Chocolates of proven charm in a beautiful metal box. One and two pounds — $1.50 the pound.

Any telegraph office will transmit your order for any of Whitman's famous candies and deliver the package anywhere in the United States. Consult your Bell Telephone classified directory for Whitman agents.

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THE BLIGHT OF FRANKNESS

RETURNING home after an absence from this country, it has recently been brought to my notice that one of the most absurd and even dangerous ideas has spread until it is becoming a national vice comparable to the use of the bagpipe among the Scotch. An indulgence in frankness, such as was once known as speaking one's mind, has not only crept into wide usage, but, by some curious racial retrogression, the general habit of complete candour—which, in mellower civilizations, has always been recognized as one of the less amiable attributes of savages, children, and dogs—is being mooted about over the country as an ideal.

The civilized person has always refrained from unpleasant veracity through a desire to make life more gracious, from the appreciation of a certain delicate suavity in the conduct of human relations. Unmitigated frankness, on the contrary, is, in nine out of ten cases, no more nor less than a form of nervousness. It is a mental letting-go, comparable to the jitters, St. Vitus's dance, et cetera, on the physical side.

The idea is not, necessarily, to say anything that one does not mean, but rarely to say all one does mean. That conception, of course, is a platitude in older countries, and, curiously enough, every school child in this country is exposed to it at least once when he reads in history that the Spartans were a crude, frank people and the Athenians deceitful and civilized. Hypocrisy, indeed, as the term is currently used, has always been considered among the social virtues, and is obviously, in its mild form, synonymous with kindness.

Consider, for example, the painful moment when a friend proudly shows you the room she has decorated (all by herself), which affronts the eyesight and brings on feelings of distaste or even nausea. Your perfectly frank person says at once, "I don't like it." The decorative artist is rarely moved to admiration by this gesture of honesty, and the critic, if he be at all sensitive, should suffer scarcely less. The civilized thing to do is to look thoughtfully at the room before speaking at all, perhaps sighing deeply. Usually, there will be some detectable merit, say an accidental arrangement of decent colour in an upper corner; an intelligent person should be able, instantly, to burst into applause over this good bit and continue until all else is forgotten and a soothing air of harmony prevails.

The effects of frankness on polite social intercourse are disastrous. The American dinner table is being ruined by it. Inevitably, a mental habit of unbroken frankness leads to earnestness, and a sustained earnestness is undoubtedly the most oppressive known blight on any gathering. People who wish to dwell, in public, on their personal feelings about business conditions, life, futility, the servant question, and other eternal verities, should not go out to dinner. (To use a folk phrase, they should "eat in.")

Women as a sex, of course, should never use frankness at all except, rarely, with men for whom they care nothing or for whom they care everything: that is to say, as an occasional relaxation or for a vitally necessary understanding. And women as a class are still, of course, slower than men in taking up perfect frankness. They regard it instinctively as dangerous, in the same field with asking men frank questions. Every thoughtful woman soon discovers that men are made suspicious at the slightest hint that they are being watched; and that no method is sillier, as a man who wants to talk about his doings could not be stopped anyway, and one who does not want to will evade the point with the baffling air of innocence notable in the primitive negro.

But the incredible self-consciousness with which women are taking themselves at present in this country offsets even this civilized tendency. With the old notion that it is interesting to *do* something, there have sprung up among women a variety of other distinctly masculine habits, such as bragging, telling what foods agree with them, and imparting their deeper feelings about the cosmos.

A definite movement away from frankness and toward hypocrisy is at the moment the only antidote. Unless something of the sort is done, the national dinner table will soon be a final welter of mere chewing to the accompaniment of earnest and frank discussions of life and the brokerage business.

DEARING WARD

LELONG

DESMESSER

TWO ASTRAKHAN SETS, ONE GREY AND ONE BLACK, CONSISTING OF COAT AND MUFF, WORN WITH A SOFT WOOLLEN CAP

A SINGLE ORCHID WORN ON THE WRIST, FASTENED TO A BRACELET

by BARON DE MEYER

WINTER SPORTS CLOTHES

Warmth and Comfort Are the Essentials in Skiing Costumes

18 rue Vaneau, Paris.

THIS is the duplicate of a wire I've just sent Cousin Alice: "Both your letter and cable received stop distressed not to have answered your postscript stop am doing so now also writing."

The fact is that, though I did reply to her numerous questions last month (my letter to Alice was published in the November issue of Harper's Bazaar), I forgot her having mentioned the Château Frontenac at Quebec, her saying she was going there for Christmas, and begging for information on the subject of winter sports clothes.

What follows is a copy of my letter to Alice, dealing with her proposed trip to Quebec:

I was terribly sorry, my dear, to have overlooked your postscript. Whatever I know about winter sports clothes is at your disposal, of course.

I am sending some suggestions you might find useful. As a matter of fact, most outfits this season do not differ from those worn last winter. What differs is merely women's point of view, new angles being given to old favourites. At any rate, the battle of ankle-length trousers against knee-length skirts is a thing of the past, just as, in snow countries, the clumsy square-toed boot has superseded the too carefully shaped shoe. These, however are facts you know as well as I do. What you must remember, though, is that smartness in sports clothes depends primarily on neatness. This applies to skiing suits, in particular, which, at Quebec, you will most likely be called upon to wear all day long. For you must remember that I've never been to Quebec and can only guess at what you're likely to need. My advice is based merely on what I've seen worn at St. Moritz.

Careful observation, up there, has taught me that a number of otherwise fairly good outfits are quite often ruined by a wrong collar and tie. This shortcoming applies to both men and women. The fact is that few people realize how important the collar and tie problem is. (Perhaps the most important of all in tailored clothes.) Anyway, it's the only one at Quebec you'll be called upon to solve for yourself. Your skiing suit is a matter of good tailoring and your choice of muffler, cap, and gloves quite a simple matter, since good taste has been standardized all over the world.

To return to the subject of collar and tie, you should bear in mind that the number of men who manage to look really well groomed is restricted; that even a fairly well-dressed man's collar is often too high, too low, too loose, or too tight, and that, more often than not, he selects the wrong tie. Therefore, if "collar smartness" is rare in a man, (*Continued on page 52*)

WORTH

DEMESSER.

A WINTER ENSEMBLE IN BROWN AND WHITE. A HEAVY BROWN WOOLLEN CAPE IS WORN OVER A TWEED JACKET, BEAVER TRIMMED

LANVIN

DESMESSE

AN ENSEMBLE WHICH BOASTS A SEALSKIN AND CLOTH COAT OF CONVENIENT LENGTH. THE COSTUME HAS BEEN NAMED "LUTHER"

DEMEYER

BLACK SKI SUIT WITH LAVENDER KNITTED SWEATER, AND A LAVENDER SATIN BLOUSE WITH BLACK KNITTED OPENWORK SLEEVES.

SCHIAPARELLI

BUTTER-COLOURED WHIPCORD IN A SKIING COSTUME FOR THE SERIOUS WINTER SPORTS PARTICIPANT. DOUBLE-BREASTED JACKET.

DEMEYER

PATOU

SUZANNE TALBOT

DESMEYER

A BECOMING

TURBAN MADE OF

BLUE AND RED VELVET

TRIMMED WITH A GLASS QUILL

one of whose life problems is tying his own necktie, how much rarer it must be in a woman.

I'm afraid I have given the impression, at the start, that skiing suits undergo no change at all from one year to another. If I have, I expressed myself badly. For skiing suits do change, even if but slightly; about as much as tailored suits do. They, of course, follow prevailing styles in waistlines.

This adoption of the normal line has had a tremendous influence on the transformation of sweaters. Such a thing as a knitted pullover, reaching to below the hips and worn outside one's skirt or trousers, is entirely done with in Europe. Nor is it permissible (the circumference of hips having to be considered) to tuck this same sweater inside the trousers.

What used to be considered a classical sweater shape belongs to the past. Yet, and there's no denying it, heavy knittings are still the best-known protection against cold. You might, therefore, try to cut off one of your old sweaters and transform it into a short jacket buttoning down the front. Have it of bolero length and give it the appearance of a boy's Eton jacket. If cutting down your sweater isn't a success, have it knitted your size. There's plenty of time before you're off to Canada. I should have it knitted in a heavy black wool to match your suit, with all edges and seams worked with yellow or pale blue threads.

For wearing beneath it, try to have a black crêpe de Chine shirt made. It should have a plaited front, man's style, and be worn with a black double collar, attached. With it, either a pale blue or a yellow sailor's-knot tie would be chic.

Being always, somehow, frivolously inclined, even in zero weather, I can't sufficiently emphasize the importance of a woman's aspect in sports clothes being severe looking only in regard to the outside shell, generally of whipcord or gabardine. Layers of attractive woollen finery should be found secreted beneath it, making possible the transformation of a sombre businesslike skier into a many-hued butterfly, at a moment's notice.

Now, Alice, get this well into your head (for, I suppose, Quebec, in respect to clothes, is much the same as St. Moritz): you must, before leaving your room in the morning, decide on your outfit for the entire day.

I hear you saying, "Impossible. It can't be done!" But you mustn't worry; you'll soon get to know how to combine a practical outfit, suitable for every emergency, with what looks attractive. Experience will teach you. However, whatever you do, don't make the mistake of appearing to change into specialized clothes for each different activity undertaken during the day.

There's no need of your changing even for bridge or for dancing. If your outfit has, from the start, been carefully thought out, you'll end, as time goes on, by finding it almost comfortable even to dance in, in spite of nailed boots.

Your clothes should, of course, be meant primarily to ski in, but they'll have to do equally well to bob in, to walk, to lounge about in the hotel hall, lunch, play bridge, as well as to serve for afternoon dancing.

To be feeling either too cold or too hot is something not worth considering. What does matter, however, is never to give anyone an opportunity of saying: "This woman is dressy. She changes at all hours of the day. My, what a display!" Such remarks, in sports centres, are annoying. They convey the impression that one is not considered a good sportswoman. This, in zero weather, with one's nose frozen blue, seems like some deadly insult, especially to people taking winter sports seriously.

The gist of it all, my dear Alice, is to impress on you the importance of being smart always, naturally, but never to give anyone an opportunity of poking fun at your smartness. Especially, do not appear to give your clothes too much thought in surroundings where only sports matter.

As to actual skiing suits, they are practically all of them cut on one and the same pattern. What difference there may be is generally of one's own make, and consists of one's giving it either a workmanlike appearance, as is required for serious expeditions, or the semi-frivolous touch permissible only on days of rest and leisure.

For an arduous outing, there is but one rational style: the one sponsored by the professional guide you've hired to coach you in skiing. Take him as a model, and follow his example in all the practical details of his outfit. It will ensure you against the risk of feeling hampered in your movements, or being frozen to death. This you most surely would be if you insisted on skiing in some pretty pullover imported from Paris.

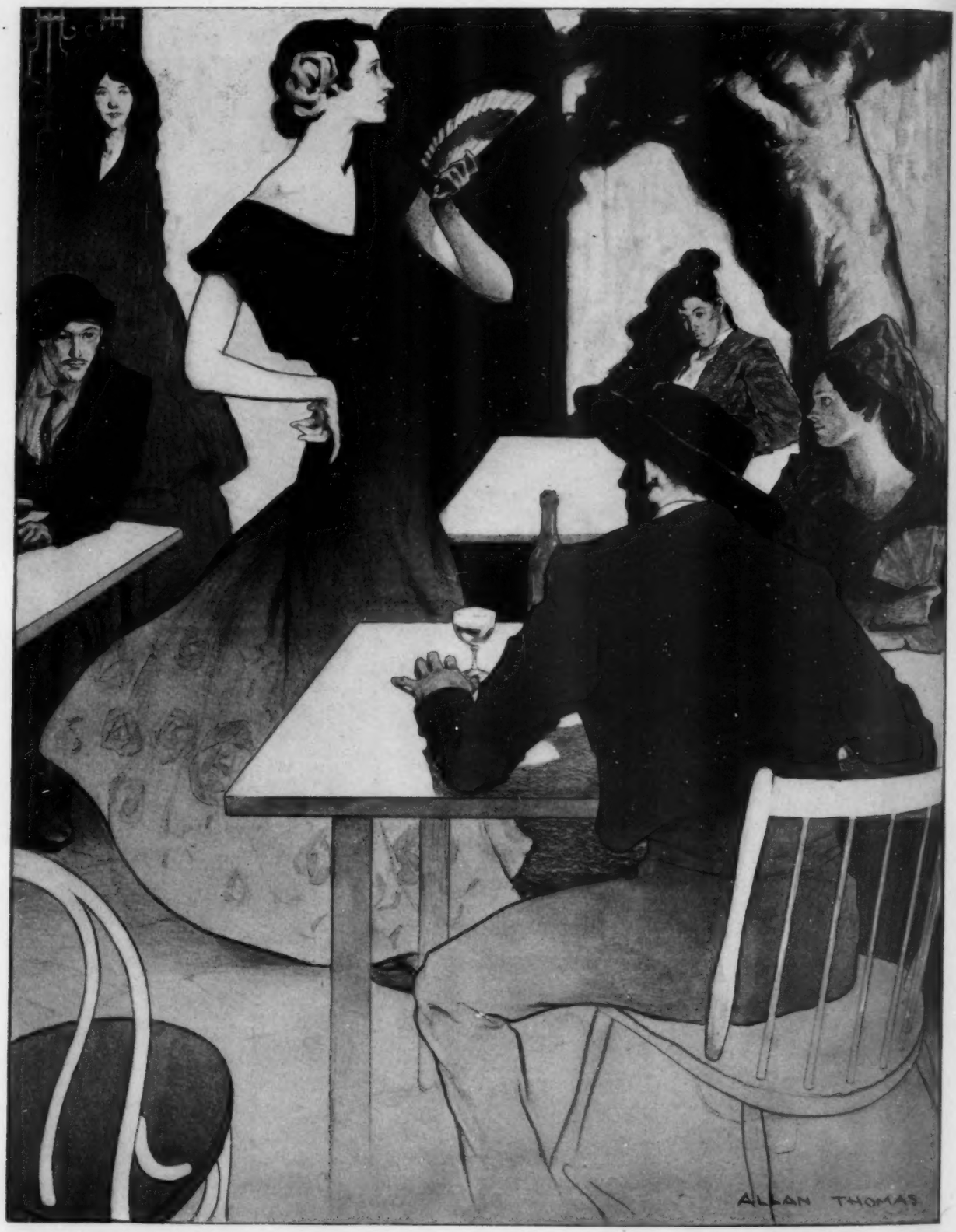
Suits for mountain expeditions are always of a stout black or navy gabardine, or of a specially waterproofed material resembling covert cloth. It is advisable, for such expeditions, to wear the greatest possible number of woollen sweaters underneath your skiing suit. Anything to prevent your feeling cold. It is in such cases permissible (but only then) to disregard the correct position of your waistline, the length of the sweater, and even the size of your collar. Let smartness, on those days, take care of itself, in favour of comfort and warmth.

I shall go even a step further (there being no rules not meant to be broken). Should (*Concluded on page 126*)

DEMEYER

THE NEW SEMI-TRANSPARENT EVENING GOWN
MADE IN FRAGILE NET, FLESH COLOURED

VIONNET



"They found her singing to some friends in her mother's garden, and Clay knew he'd made the discovery of a lifetime. You know that little husky voice, that inimitable Goya drollery, that whirlwind of temper?" Breisky's words brought the little Spanish singer to life.

Drawings by ALLAN THOMAS

He Changed the Course of a Life Whenever he Discovered that Elusive Quality we call Genius

A DIRECTOR OF DESTINY

by OLGA HALL-BROWN

WE were sitting on the terrace at Cobensl one summer afternoon. Every Viennese knows the place. It was quite a palace in the days of the Hapsburgs; now it's a tea-garden. You sit on the broad terrace and look over the stone balcony down through the arching trees. Deep down in the valley the roofs of Vienna lay shimmering in the sun. I was idly smoking my pipe and enjoying the sunshine when there was quite a stir among the crowded tea tables.

Breisky has few enthusiasms. He looks on life with a cool, cynical smile. But there was quite a warmth in his voice when he touched my arm and exclaimed, "Look who's coming!" It was Mitzi Adler. She passed close by our table and I had a good look at her. At close quarters her face was even more piquant than it seemed on the stage—a little twist to her mouth with a mole at the corner, arched fly-away eyebrows. Her charm owed nothing to art. I took my pipe from my mouth and said, "I think she has the saddest face I ever saw for such a successful woman."

Breisky's laugh was mocking. "My innocent friend, that air of tragedy is part of her stock in trade. All clever women create an atmosphere for themselves—is it not so?"

I was quite glad to agree with him. One does not want sorrow obtruding its disturbing presence in any such earthly paradise as Cobensl on a summer afternoon. I thought the lady seemed unaware of the battery of eyes watching her every movement. But Breiskly said that the grace with which she performed the smallest action was the very essence of awareness. I could see her profile shadowed through the brim of her flimsy hat. It was interesting. "Tell me," I said, not without malice, "why you leave it to a foreigner to discover your native talent? Mitzi is the idol of Vienna—for that matter of Berlin, Paris and New York; yet it took an American to find her. She goes away from her native town, makes a furore in the States, and is welcomed back like royalty."

Breisky lit another of his interminable Spanish cigarettes. "That's always the way, my dear fellow. Besides, discovering genius is genius in itself. There's something more than the mere recognition of talent. You and I can see beauty and estimate ability. But can we sense that certain something that will justify financial backing? You know we can't. It's a sixth sense. Few people have it."

He is seldom so communicative. He leaned over the table speaking in low tones, his dark eyes very alive in his sallow face.

"Other women in Vienna have twice the talent and ten times the looks of Mitzi. But could they emulate her dazzling career? By no means. They haven't that extra something which makes—" He paused.

I supplied the words. "Which makes her life a bed of roses."

That made him smile. "Oh, as for that—" He paused and blew smoke rings thoughtfully into the air. Then he leaned forward again and said suddenly: "Speaking of the genius for discovering genius—ever hear of Clay Cody?"

I was scornful. "Who hasn't?"

"Yes, but ever hear the inner story of his career?"

I hadn't. I was deeply interested.

"Now Clay Cody made a fortune out of his nose for finding that extra something. He wrote. Queer books that nobody read. Things about mountain tribes of Spain and Bulgarian gipsies. So you can see his interests took him off the beaten track. He told me how he started. One day he said to G. D. Hyam, 'You know, I see better dancers and better-looking girls in mountain villages than I ever see in your shows.' You can imagine G. D. was more than a little piqued. He prides himself on his flair for discovery. He said, 'All right, Clay, find me something better than I can find for myself, and I'll use her.' He meant to be cutting, but Clay took it seriously. The next time he went to Spain he sent G. D. the famous La Sergobecita."

I whistled with surprise. "Do you really mean to say that superb artiste was one of Cody's discoveries?"

"She was." Breisky laughed reminiscently. "And do you remember the commotion she caused everywhere she went through taking all her family with her? After that, G. D. had profound faith in Clay's nose, but he said, 'Never send me another girl with any relations. Find an orphan. Or separate her from her family, no matter what it costs. Pay them anything, but leave them behind.' That resulted in quite considerable barter, because it's quite the thing in Spain for the family to count on travelling round with a big wage earner. So Clay called himself 'The man who bought beautiful women.'

"Of course, that didn't actually describe his partnership with G. D. Most of his finds were beautiful and all were talented, but he passed over a lot of material you and I would (*Continued on page 120*)

MAX-LEROY *HEIM*

A magnificent evening coat from Max-Leroy, trimmed with blue fox, is in velvet the colour of the fur. The velvet is draped around the figure at the waist, and the fur is put on down the front at one side and down the back at the opposite side.

On a black velvet coat Heim puts a huge ermine collar, tied at the left front with a knot of the fur. There is a large velvet bow on the left hip. The waistline is cut on a diagonal line, and the circular skirt section is set on diagonally.

CLIENTS COLLECTIONS

BY MARJORIE HOWARD

15 rue de la Paix, Paris.

SANDWICHED in between the big August openings shown to buyers and the mid-season collections with their first thoughts for the coming spring are little special collections for private clients, which have assumed an added importance this year. Not every house shows them; at some, clients are invited on a special date to see chosen models from the August collections with a few additional ones conceived especially for Parisian taste and occasion; at others, a whole new group is shown every day, perhaps at an hour later than the regular afternoon presentation. In both cases, these showings are very interesting to the fashion observer, not only on account of the novelties but because the behaviour of the audiences is so different from that of the professionals in August.

On a certain autumn afternoon, the clients of a house are invited to see the new models. Sometimes preparation, in the form of beautiful flowers, is made for them. At Vionnet's, for example, we are greeted even outside the great glass doors by huge square jars of rusty red and orange chrysanthemums. The mannequins have all had their hair dressed for the occasion, and their shoes and stockings are impeccable. A feeling of gala is in the air. Very well known are some of the figures seated round the room. Black is the general wear this year, often relieved by touches of white. A few women up from their châteaux for the

Paris takes thought for the lilies of her own field

GOUPY AUGUSTABERNARD

A Goupy evening gown has the colours of a mauve and purple orchid. It is of pale cyclamen triple georgette with banding and shoulder-straps of narrowest purple velvet. The bodice has small tucks in the front, suggesting a raised waistline.

Yellow and gold chiffon lamé with a large yellow silk dot makes an Augustabernard gown. The skirt panels are set at different heights, the centre panel twisted in front to mark the high waistline. The other panels are mounted with shirring.

day are in tweed suits, made "towny" with accessories, such as a fox, that would not be worn in the country. Most women are wearing the clothes you saw them in in June. Almost no one has had time to buy a new outfit; they are engaged in seeing, in weighing and judging, in considering and combining, in all those mental processes that go on in a smart woman's head before she decides upon the actual clothes that she means to buy. Before this process is complete, she would rather appear in a six-months-old costume, which she knows is becoming to her, than rush out, grab a new one, and wear it immediately, even without the accessories that complete it, just for the sake of appearing before her friends in something they have not seen.

Here, then, in front of me, is a Parisian personality whom I easily recognize as one of the Famous Forty. She is seriously choosing today, for she has come alone, and she has that calculating light in her eye that means business. She takes a little note-book out of her bag, that is made of the same antelope, or she asks the *vendeuse* for paper and pencil *pour noter*. I watch her swift appraisal of each model as it passes. She is not considering it for its novelty, its intrinsic beauty, its value as a contribution to the season's (*Continued on page 60*)

An old-rose chiffon frock from Irène Dana has a line of velvet and taffeta roses, with shaded pink petals, on the skirt. They are used again in the hair.

Callot shows a decorative arrangement—ragged dahlias in pale pink and blue, massed in the front on a pale blue velvet ribbon belt, placed rather high.

IRÈNE DANA

CALLOT

NICOLE GROULT

Drawings by

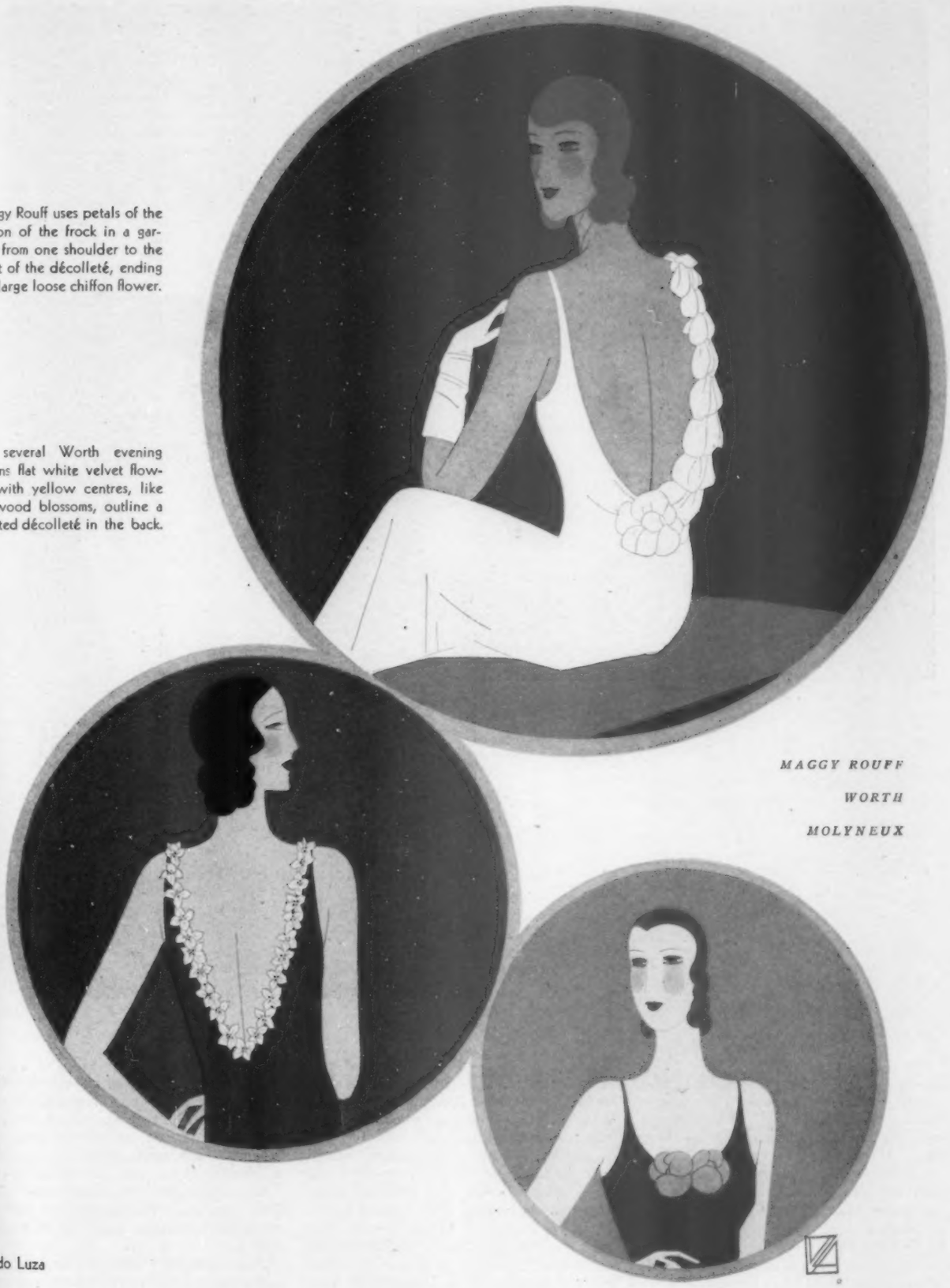
On a black crêpe de Chine evening gown from Nicole Groult, creamy gardenias outline the décolletage, ending behind the left shoulder in a crêpe bow.

WINTER FLOWERS

THE EVENING, IN NOVEL AND

Maggy Rouff uses petals of the chiffon of the frock in a garland from one shoulder to the point of the décolleté, ending in a large loose chiffon flower.

On several Worth evening gowns flat white velvet flowers with yellow centres, like dogwood blossoms, outline a pointed décolleté in the back.



MAGGY ROUFF

WORTH

MOLYNEUX

Reynaldo Luza

On a black velvet gown, Molyneux audaciously places two loose-petaled yellow roses, back to back, in the centre of the décolletage, in the front.

THAT BLOOM IN FLATTERING ARRANGEMENTS

REBOUX

One of Reboux's successes is a turban and collar of black and white astrakhan. The turban is her favourite new shape, with ears at the side. From the back it looks like a cat's head. The big Byronic collar combines the two furs, and is tied in front with a knot of black crêpe marocain. It may be worn turned up round the face.

Over a black broadcloth coat, Patou proposes this removable ermine collar, which runs down to a point in the back, held in place by a belt. He would have the ermine collar worn with the frock when the coat is removed. The lines of the hat augment those of the fur. The gloves of black suède have cuffs lined and turned with ermine.

PATOU

creations. That is the way I look at it. She, on the contrary, has exactly one reaction: "Is this the best model for me?" Her concentration and single-mindedness are a lesson to any investor in personal clothes. If she has come to look at afternoon frocks only, she will often rise and leave when the evening gowns begin to be shown, lest her impressions should be confused. I should enjoy following her through her fittings until the perfect result is achieved. I am sure all the steps would be as interesting to me as this first one. *Vendeuse* and *essayeuse* alike appreciate such a client as this. She knows herself, she knows what she wants, she knows exactly how to get it; she gives an immense amount of trouble, and is exigent to the highest degree; but when the labour is accomplished, they will be proud of her and of the way she wears their handiwork.

When she has chosen the material, she asks for samples; and then goes straight to her milliner, her shoemaker, bag-maker and, sometimes, to her glove-maker for the accessories that make her ensemble the perfect thing it is. Some women wait to buy the hat until the gown or suit is entirely finished, and they can try them together. Others are able to carry so accurate a picture of themselves in their mind's eye that they order the hat without the costume. And after it is all finished, she will wear it just as long and as often as she sees fit, and never change to something less well-composed just for the sake of novelty. Small wonder that she is called the best-dressed woman in the world.

Across the room are two other equally well-known Parisians. How different is their behaviour. They talk vividly of trivialities, laugh, and turn to each other instead of toward the model. One has even brought her dog, a well-trained beast that lies in the resignation of extreme boredom at her feet. Either they have seen the collection before, or they have merely dropped in to spend some superfluous time, not money. Their *vendeuse* knows very well, as she comes up with the classic query, *"Avez vous trouvé des jolies choses?"* that their response *"Ravissantes!"* is purely mechanical, and that there will be no sale that day.

Patou showed a complete little clients' collection at five in the afternoon, and here I found the women very serious. Patou has remained true to the principles that he announced in August, for there is no change in silhouette, the belts being still set rather high, sometimes running up slightly in the front with blousing in the back. The tunic motif continues through the daytime models, but this time it was often in the front only, quite short, and sometimes crenellated, or cut into slightly

BRUYÈRE

Drawings by Reynaldo Luza

JENNY

A new Bruyère model is in Rodier's burra in warm, rusty dark brown. The novel collar and cuffs are of brown broadtail. The pointed sections in the front, like a bolero, button over with one button. For spring the coat will have stitching on the cloth in place of fur.

A Jenny coat for town, country or travelling, is in close-woven black and white material, more a mixture than a tweed. Its small black astrakhan collar and astrakhan cuffs, forming more than half the sleeves, are important. Black leather belt with silver buckle.

flared or rounded sections in a new way. There were plain suits, often with slot seams, and he has revived jersey for some of them. There were ensembles with coats of all lengths; many tunic blouses, sometimes quite different in colour and material from the ensemble; one in turquoise moire with a black suit that was very attractive. A charming blouse with a black suit was like an eighteenth-century sleeved waistcoat, in steel lamé with small pink roses, the edges all bound in pink. There was only one printed frock, a small-flowered marocain, but there were many plain crêpe or satin ones with coats, sometimes of heavy herring-bone tweed, sometimes of afternoon materials, such as vigogne, soft-finished woollens, or broadcloth, while a few were in velvet. Leading colours were black, his new beige, his new green, a very deep myrtle green, a deep reddish-brown, and some grey. The evening gowns were noteworthy for their plain materials, satin, georgette, crêpe de Chine, or the new heavy net; for their skirts shorter in the front than in the back; and their plain bodices, with simple V décolletés, far less deeply cut than in the winter collection. One saw that these were evening clothes for informal occasions.

Molyneux followed his usual procedure of inviting his clients to see the winter collection with the addition of a large number of new models, all announced with the letted B after the number. Molyneux, also, continues the principles that he launched in August. His Empire waistline seems a trifle lower in some models and all feeling of "costume" (*Continued on page 130*)

COIFFURES OF HISTORIC SUGGESTION WITH APPROPRIATE JEWELS

The mode of the Empress Eugénie inspired this Antoine coiffure. There is a neat little roll in the back, and behind each ear is a pendent curl that shows from the front. Three little "snail shells" on the temple soften and modernize the forehead line. The very new bracelet from Lacloche is like a cuff of diamonds, and the large earrings are of diamonds.

Antoine's coiffure, below, suggests First Empire modes. The back hair is arranged in two little rolls, one over the other, and a double row of flat curls runs across the forehead. The set of jewels by Van Cleef and Arpels consists of a necklace of cabochon rubies and diamonds, earrings of cabochon rubies on diamond chains, and a bracelet of cut rubies and diamonds.

Coiffures by ANTOINE

Jewels by LACLOCHE and VAN CLEEF AND ARPELS

Jewels by MAUBOUSSIN Drawings by Charles Martin

The coiffure above, by Antoine, is adapted to growing hair or hair long at the sides and short in back. The hair is parted on the left side, far over, and the side pieces softly curled in two rows. Mauboussin has designed the large brooch to be worn at one side. It is made of rubies, light and dark sapphires, and diamonds. Round and carved leaf-shaped stones are used.

The fashion point of this Antoine coiffure is the softening of the forehead line by artfully placed question-mark curls. The coiffure is adapted to hair that is still short in the back, to growing hair, or to the little low chignon. The shoulder pendant from Mauboussin is made of very dark blue sapphires and lighter ones, mixed with rubies and diamonds.

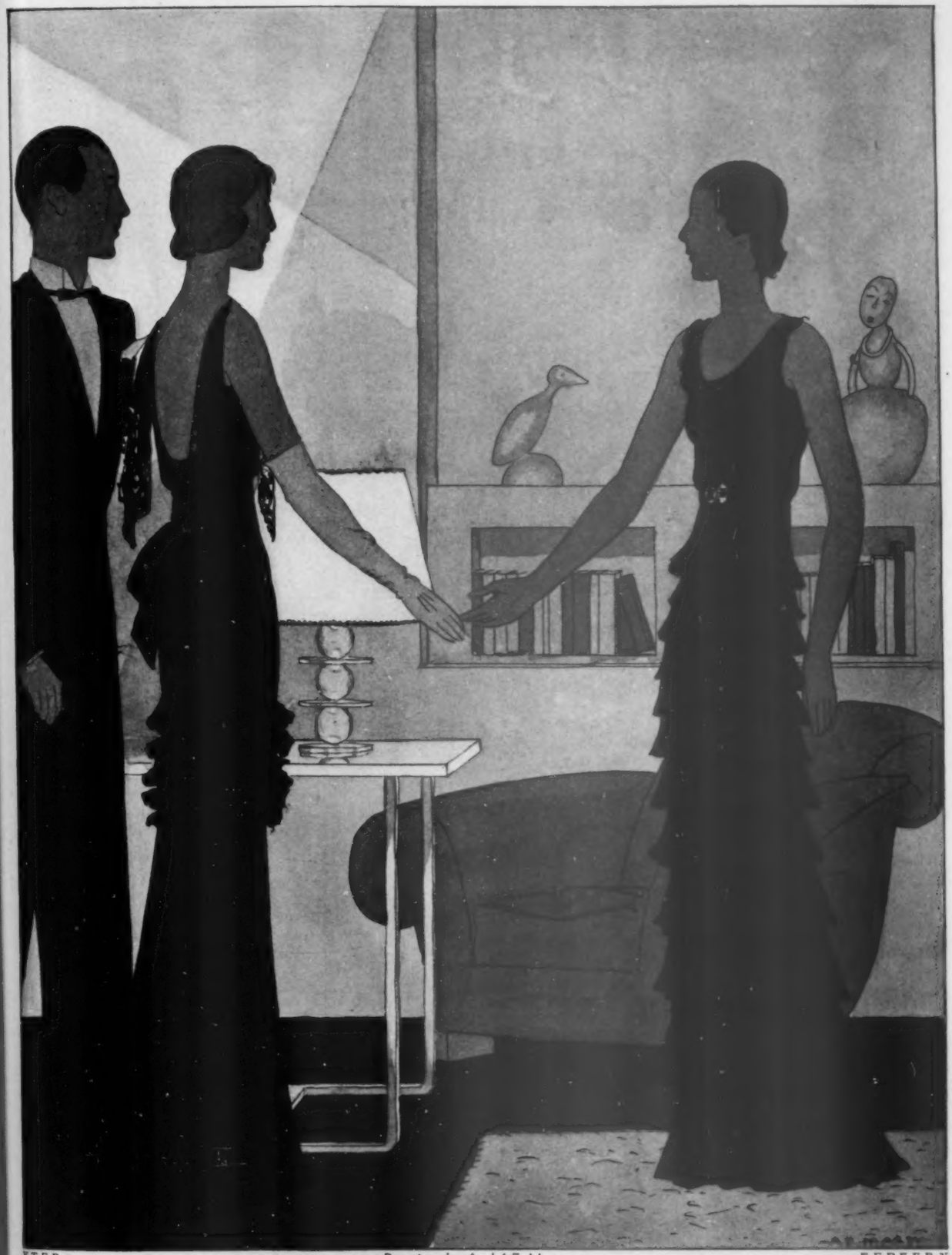
CHANTAL

Chantal has planned this home dinner gown for a very chilly evening. Stripes of heavy écru lace are used alternately with box-plaited sections of white satin, the plaits open at the hem for freedom. Over this is worn a little jacket of ermine, very flared, with a bow at the back of the neck.

MOLYNEUX

Molyneux's new clients' collection contains many gowns of this type, invariably with the Empire waistline. This one is in Bianchini's fli-fli, royal blue with gold threads forming a tiny check, and printed roses in gold, rose and green. Cut-out roses are used in a ruche around the hem.

DINNER GOWNS FOR THE WOMAN WHO ENTERTAINS AT HOME



YTEB Drawings by André E. Marty REDFERN

An Yteb gown in black chiffon and black lace has a rounded décolletage inset with lace, and a corsage fitted by means of little pinches at the waist. Between waist and knee are five rows of lace. The lace-edged pieces that hang from the armhole could, if preferred, be made into a little jacket.

Redfern, in his first collection, showed a dinner pyjama made entirely in little black lace frills. This has been remade, in the clients' collection, into a black chiffon frilled evening gown. As a home dinner gown it is worn with a pale blue brocade jacket with a black fox collar.

BLACK CHIFFON FROCKS WITH AN INTIMATE AIR OF INFORMALITY

Agnès

Brown jersey toque, hand-knitted, with soft beige and brown feathers on one side.

Reboux

Madame Martinez de Hoz wore this cap of close-fitting breit schwantz with white velvet.

Toque of brown jersey like a béret, with ostrich tips in turquoise blue and brown.

Agnès

Last-Minute Sketches from Paris

A group of new Hellstern models.

Brown box calf.

Green and white satin emerald ornament.

Palm Beach sandal.

Maggy Rouff

Scarf on coat of brown bouclette, bordered with astrakhan. Astrakhan belt.

Ducerf-Scavini

Taitleur shoe of crocodile.

Crêpe de Chine with diamond clip.

Blue box calf.

White antelope and black patent leather.

Pump of taupe antelope for afternoon. Steel and antelope buckle.

Hellstern

Lelong

Travelling handbag of grained calf and tortoise-shell. Has numerous pockets for passports, etcetera.

Paquin

Red crêpe overblouse.

Van Cleef and Arpels

Brilliants, baguette diamonds, ruby beads and a carved emerald, worn clipped into lapel or at side of hat.

Reboux

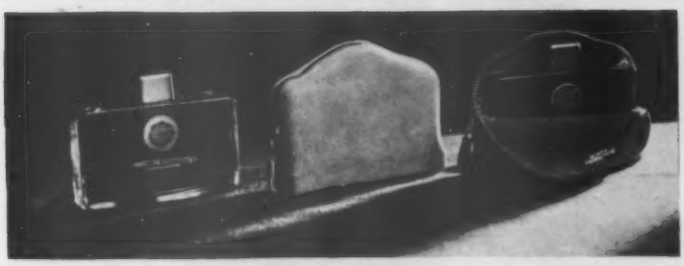
Dark green tweed felt. Tiny feather in red and green.

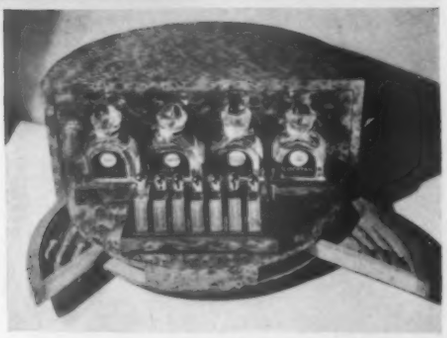
Reboux

"Pistache," in felt, with a tiny aigrette, and bent brim lined with grosgrain.

Jane Regny brown and white flannel shirt; white broadtail vest to wear with ski costume.

CONSIDER YOUR PERFUME





It is the Medium through which Madame Expresses her Individuality

"IT IS not enough that the smart woman of today shall be well dressed, well coiffed, and well shod," says Jean Patou. "It is quite as important that she shall be well perfumed, though this may require a great effort and real research."

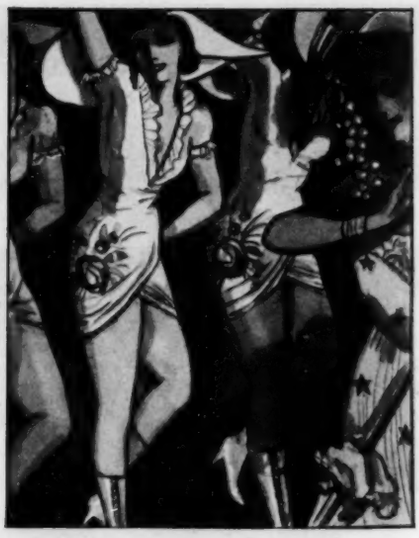
To promote such an ultra-modern idea, this great fashion authority has devised a perfume bar, where the chic woman may have her scent mixed for her like a cocktail. The component parts required for this infusion are four major perfumes which he calls cocktails, and seven minor scents which correspond to angosturas. These perfectly delightful ingredients can be mixed in different proportions to suit the individuality and taste of the woman. Thus she may have a scent which is her own and which cannot possibly be imitated.

"In an effort to obtain a fragrance expressive of their own personalities," declares Monsieur Patou, "there has been a vogue recently among women of fashion for making their own (*Concluded on page 118*)

Deberny et Peignot

Here are the ingredients for blending your scent like a cocktail, to express your type or to fit the occasion. Above, are the four major scents: Dry, Sweet, My Own, and Bitter Sweet, with seven minor fragrances. Below, a bottle in zipper case, the mixing kit, and finally three old favourites: Amour Amour, Le Sien, and Patou's powder.

Drawing by Reynaldo Luza



I saw a girl, tall and lithe, who danced with easy, natural grace.

by GEORGE BROADHURST

A GREAT LADY

She knew What she Wanted—and What is More, she Knew the Way to Get it

THE Marchioness of Mettlingford is one of London's greatest and most charming hostesses. The Queen honoured her by dining with her only a fortnight ago, which is the sign manual of social distinction and the apogee of social success.

Everyone, except the Marchioness, says the political advancement of the Marquess, who is now in the cabinet, is due largely to his wife. This is not meant as any reflection on his ability. He had always been marked as an able man. But he had lacked ambition and had cared more for sport than for work. His marriage changed both of these conditions. There has never been any suggestion that his wife used either the whip or the spur. The Marquess, who is a little touchy on the subject, would resent this imputation indignantly, and he would be supported vigorously by the Marchioness. That she encouraged him and heartened him, the Marquess admits; but that it was she who made the important decisions which have arisen in his career during the last twelve years, or that she influenced him in any marked degree in the making of them, he denies emphatically. In this, his wife unequivocally sustains him.

The Marquess and Marchioness have been husband and wife for sixteen years. No couple, in or out of the peerage, has had a more uninterruptedly congenial married life. They have two sons. The heir, Lord Alverham, and his younger brother are both at Eton. Their town house is one of the most notable residences in London. Mettlingford Court in Devonshire, the seat of the Marquess, which has been handed down in direct line for six hundred years, is famous historically as well as for its beauty and its art treasures. They have one of the best shoots in Scotland, where royalty more than once has favoured them with its presence.

So completely has the Marchioness adapted herself to her environment, so entirely English has she become in her manner, her speech, and her outlook on life, that her world has almost forgotten she is an alien. It is only when she is mentioned in an article in some magazine or newspaper as being the leading hostess in London of foreign birth, that it remembers she is an American who brought more than thirty million dollars to her husband, enabling him to restore the dimming glories of his house and to retain the Rembrandts and the Gainsboroughs he would otherwise have had to sell.

The Marchioness of Mettlingford is a great lady, honoured by royalty, admired by her friends and adored by her dependents. But as my mind swings back—for I have known the Marchioness for twenty-five years—as my mind swings back—!

IT WAS a sweltering, sizzling day in New York in mid-August. Business connected with the publication of a novel of mine had brought me to the city from a comparatively cool place on the New Jersey coast. I was at the bar of a club in the middle Forties to which many writers, artists, musicians, and actors belonged, when Bill Sanderson came up, slapped me on the back and enquired what I was doing in town on a day like that. I told him. I did not have to ask what Bill was

Katie was an unusual type. Her face was more provocative than beautiful.

doing there. He was a pal of mine; a long, lean, red-headed, blue-eyed chap of thirty who had come to New York about eight years before, hoping to sell insurance. Bill had written several songs which had never been published. A friend had introduced him at one of the private entertainments given in their club-house by an actors' club, and there he sang some of them.

Next morning a prominent manager sent Bill a note asking him to see him as soon as he conveniently could. Bill answered promptly and in person. The manager said his comedian had heard Bill's songs the night before and thought he might be interested in them. Would he sing them for him? He would and did. The manager bought three of them and interpolated them in his next production.

Two of Bill's songs were hits. There was no longer any question of Bill's selling insurance. The manager took an option on anything Bill should write for the next two years. In that time he used nine of his songs. Six were successes, four of them of a major variety, and two of them of sufficient calibre to keep in the show.

The manager then gave Bill a contract to write the entire score for his next musical comedy. It was a great success. Bill's second production, *The Lilac Girl*, was now in rehearsal. That was why Bill was in town.

At lunch Bill asked me to go with him to his rehearsal. I refused. Rehearsals were no novelty to me, and I wished to keep the few illusions I had left. This would not be helped by watching forty girls who, when the curtain went up on the performance, would look beautiful and radiant, in all styles of undress from bathing-suits to underclothes, cavorting about the stage at the direction of a little grey-haired man who treated them as if they were just so many animals he was training. Above all, I disliked seeing them wipe the sweat from their bodies.

Bill pointed out that the auditorium of the theatre would be the coolest place in town. He said he wanted me to go for a special reason but he would not tell me what the reason was. Bill pleaded and urged. Finally I agreed.

The girls were already in action. When Bill and I had been seated a few minutes he said, "There she is, the third from the end on the right."

I said, (*Continued on page 113*)

Drawings by WALTER STEWART

Now it was Katie who was sought after. She was attractive and charming. She dressed beautifully. She was an ideal guest. People began to ask her to parties without inviting Bill. He allowed her to go alone. He said all he wanted was for her to have a good time.

LET'S GO ON A CRUISE

By Kathleen Howard

SHOULD you be lucky enough to be booked for a cruise this winter, either to the West Indies, the Mediterranean, round the world, South Africa, or South America, you will undoubtedly be more or less preoccupied with the clothes you must take with you.

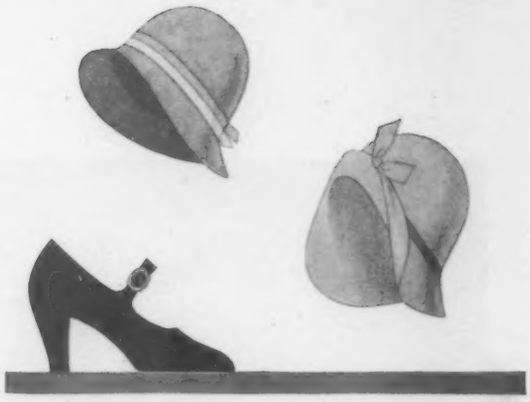
We have gathered for you a few useful garments, as a nucleus. You will want a tweed coat, undoubtedly, in which to start your journey. At the top of page 71, in the left-hand corner, is a Vionnet coat from Saks-Fifth Avenue. It is in a warm, dull beige tweed, made with a crushed shawl collar and having a leather belt. It may be made in any woollen you desire. Beside it is a wool lace dress and jacket from Jay-Thorpe, a Mirande model. The fabric is very fine and the colour yellow. The dress is tailored in contour and fitted to accent the slim waist. The skirt is slightly circular. The hat is Alphonsine's "Clam-shell" in brown chenille.

Beside these costumes, at the right, are two Stetson hats. The one at the left is in felt and may be had in several shades. Two-tone grosgrain ribbon bands the crown. This is a knock-about hat of a thousand uses. At the right is a wine red felt, which may also be had in beige or brown tones. Both these hats are from Wanamaker's.

The shoe drawn in this group is a Sommers' black one-strap lizard shoe with a leather heel. It is unusually light

Drawings by Malaga Grenet

Chanel's white cotton eyelet embroidered gown, from Emmett Joyce. At the lower right is Kurzman's brown crêpe and lamé afternoon dress. To the left is the Hanan afternoon slipper and Miss Penn's passport bag.



At the left, Vionnet's tweed coat, Saks-Fifth Avenue; Mirande's wool lace costume, Jay-Thorpe. The two Stetson hats, Wanamaker's. Sommers' street shoe. Below, Vionnet's indispensable costume, Rose Clark.

in weight. Sommers also has an ox-blood, perforated model, with one strap, which would be useful for a walking shoe.

At the right, is a dress which you may wear with or without its coat. It is a Vionnet model from Rose Clark. The dress is of brown crêpe and has Vionnet's own cowl neckline, cut to end in a scarf. Bias fagoting outlines the seams. The coat is of brown velveteen and might complete an afternoon costume. Copper, beige or any favourite shade of brown would be suitable for this costume. The dress could be worn under the Saks-Fifth Avenue coat.

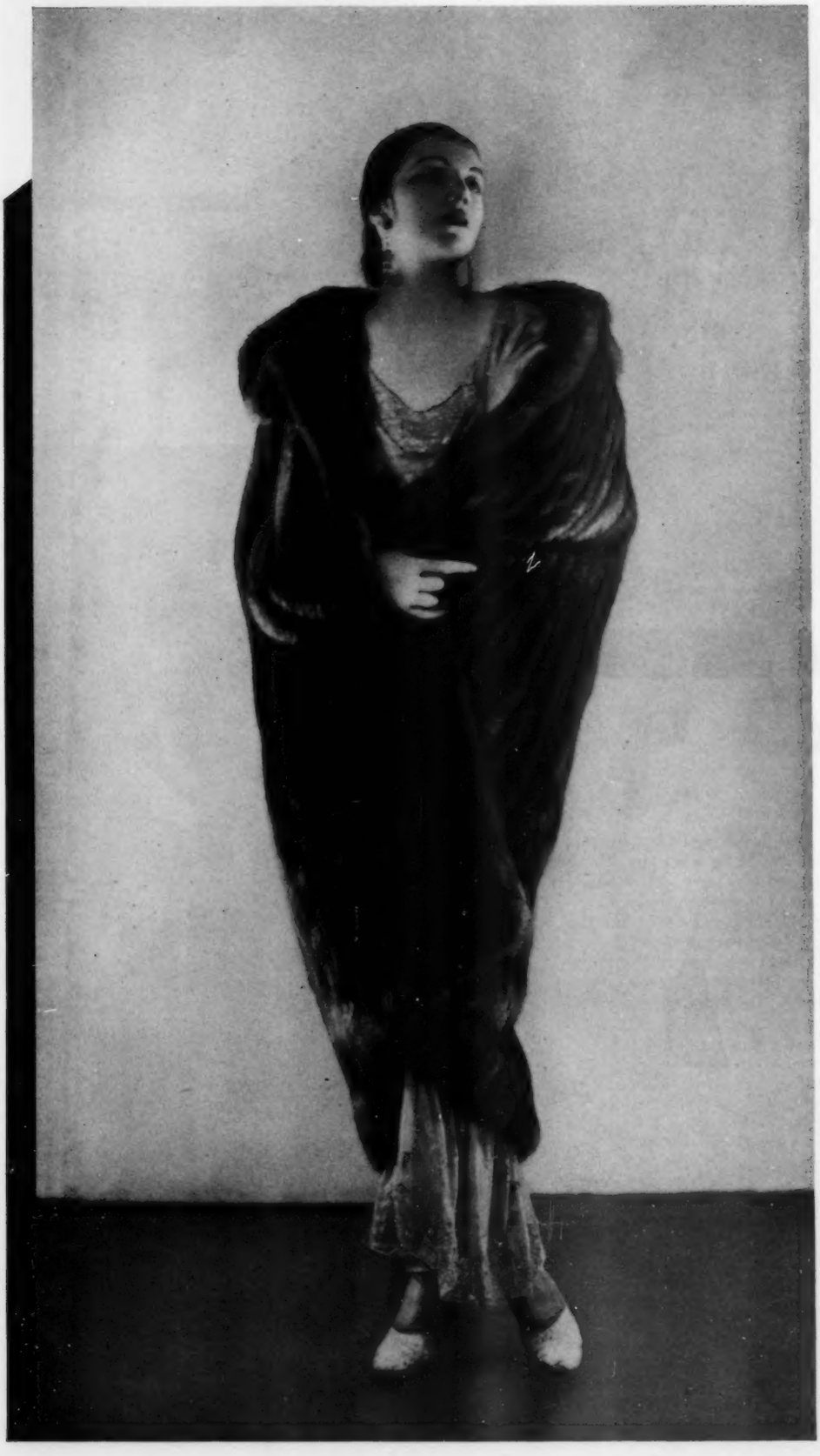
On the opposite page we show you a brown crêpe dress with a Persian lamé design in copper and gold. Bell sleeves, a surplice neckline and a stitched belt are featured. The skirt has a diagonal yoke treatment and falls in a discreet flare. The Agnès hat is of brown velvet, much off the face. This dress would be useful for restaurant or reception wear. Dress and hat from Kurzman.

Also on the opposite page is a passport bag from Miss Penn. It is in classic envelope shape in brown leather, with a detachable passport case. A jewel compartment and soft leather lining complete it.

The afternoon sandal from Hanan is of brown silk of narrow, diagonal weave, like a delicate rib. The heel is leather covered, and the strap is also of leather.

The white *broderie anglaise* evening frock at the upper left of page 70 is a Chanel model, imported by Emmett Joyce. It should not lose its crispness in any climate, and could be washed and ironed indefinitely. A lace frock is the traveller's standby for evening wear, and one should always be included. A printed (*Concluded on page 118*)

THE SUMPTUOUS SPLENDOUR IS TYPIFIED IN



A note of extreme luxury is sounded by this great cape of Hudson Bay sable. The line is dignified, the texture of the pelts magnificent. "Josephine," an emb oidered Empire dress, is worn with it. Both are by Stein and Blaine. The brocade slippers, from Slater.

Photographs by

OF THE LONG EVENING WRAP THESE TWO MODELS

Hattie Carnegie trims her black velvet evening coat with silver foxes. A three-quarter sleeve, a low-set flare, and the train in the back are inspired details. A black sequin gown, also from Miss Carnegie, contributes gleaming high-lights to the brilliant ensemble.

Count de Miro

Silver lace is draped over a discreetly moulded slip of silver cloth for this jeune fille frock created by Bergdorf Goodman. The off-the-shoulder décolletage, the bolero, the fitted yoke and full skirt give the dress its charm.

SILVER STAR GLITTER

A luxuriant red and gold floral-design lamé makes a sophisticated gown and a coat trimmed with Hudson Bay sable. Coat and gown droop in the back, the dress having a train. Clips mark the décolletage. Bergdorf Goodman.

Photographs by Count de Mirc

LAMÉ AND RICH FUR

FOR THE HOLIDAY PARTY OF INDEFINITE HOURS

Chanel chooses beige lace and georgette as the ingredients of this formal afternoon or less formal dinner dress. The tunic line she repeats in the long bell sleeve. Chevron-shaped stitching is on the front. B. Altman.

Youthful is the Lord and Taylor dress, left, in the sketch below. Black chiffon is in graduated tucks from hip to hem, around the décolletage and wide cuffs. Narrow black velvet ribbon belt. Worn with it is a daisy-pattern paste necklace.

At the right below is a black flat crêpe dress from Franklin Simon showered over with gold lamé leaves. Instead of sleeves, a deep bertha covers the tops of the arms. Gold cloth shows in the front of the neck and the belt is gold.

Drawings by Olga Wagstaff

Black Chantilly, left above, falls in three deep flounces to form a sophisticated frock from Bonwit Teller. The under bodice is of pink crêpe; the black velvet belt has a diamond buckle; the hem of the slip is slit at intervals.

The red velvet bow at the belt of the dress above on the right, from Best and Company, stresses the red in the lamé and contrasts with the black, white, and gold hues. Square neck, tunic, low side flare, and cap sleeves are variations.

Vionnet creates a superb black satin gown, below, with a jacket of sequins which may be worn or not according to the formality of the occasion. Asymmetric is the treatment, with shirring on one side of the neck. Frances Clyne.

INFORMAL FORMALITY FOR CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES

TWEEDS TO BRAVE DECEMBER'S CHILL WINDS OR SNOWS

The coat at the left is a brown mixture tweed with important cuffs and a collar of mink lock, a fur which is used to line the top of the coat. H. Jaeckel and Sons. A brown felt hat with a matching feather bow in the back, by Hilda.

In the centre is Milgrim's black and white tweed frock for winter wear. The white surah scarf, the empiecements and the buttons on the skirt are outstanding features. A felt béret, also Milgrim's, has a fold at the top and a feather.

Verben imports a Schiaparelli dress and makes it in wool in a deep grey. On the silk scarf and the soft wide belt there is a contrasting colour, your own choice. The skirt is stitched, with a plait in the front, ideal for walking.

Drawings by Ben-Hur Baz

A TRIO OF WARM COATS FOR BRISK WINTER WALKING

A versatile coat from B. Altman is of lapin, dyed brown. About the waist is a Talon fastener, so that the skirt may be entirely detached and the jacket worn alone. Rose Descat hat from Altman in brown felt with a red quill.

In the centre is a distinguished black cloth coat with wide mink cuffs and collar continuing to the hem. Spiral stitching gives it a new swing. Coat and Molyneux felt hat with a brown feather bow are from Franklin Simon.

Jenny's double-breasted black cloth coat from Gunther. Flat metal buttons, a standing Persian lamb collar and a band of stitching around the waist are swagger. Gunther makes a black chenille hat with Persian lamb band.

IN THE WINTER MANNER

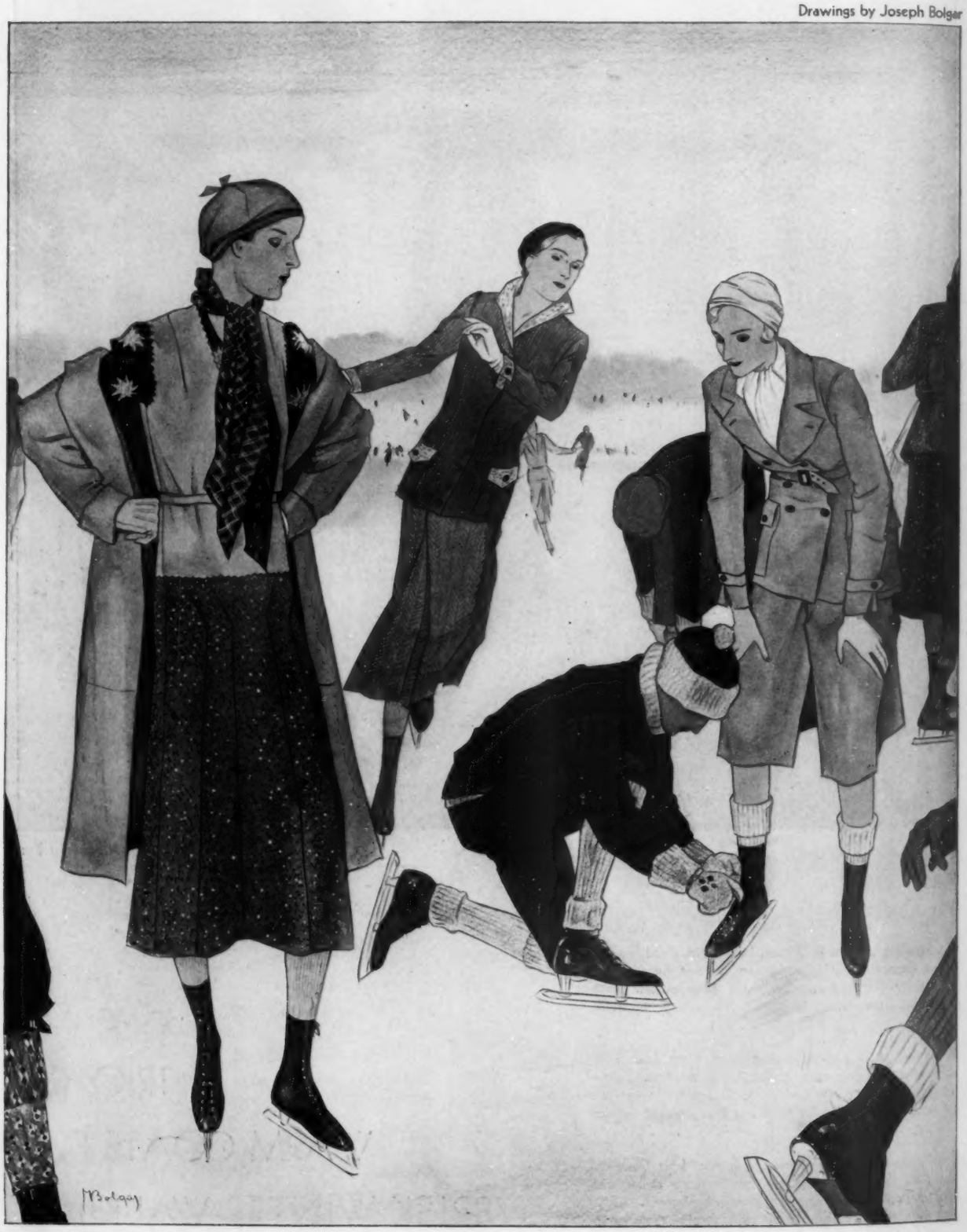
The skater at the left is discreetly smart in her chamois and tweed costume. The chamois vest and three-quarter coat highlight the blue mixture tweed skirt and knit sweater. De Pinna.

Bonwit Teller strikes the note of supreme simplicity in a tailored corduroy cardigan and tweed skirt. The cardigan, of a dark olive green, is trimmed with the green tweed of the skirt.

Chanel is again ingenious; this brown gabardine skating suit has trousers cut in the silhouette of a skirt. The angora knit scarf and turban are yellow, as are the socks. From Best and Company.

The sporting accessories on these pages: "Lake Placid" black watered-calf shoes on tubular skates; the authentic Norwegian skis and the essential ski-sticks, by Abercrombie and Fitch.

Drawings by Joseph Bolgar



The skiing suit at the extreme left is olive green gabardine. The high double-breasted closing ensures warmth. The knitted scarf, sweater and helmet are white. Bruck Weiss.

The second figure is wearing Abercrombie and Fitch's suit of black engadine. The cardigan is trimly fitted and has a slight flare. The knitted set is vivid in red and white.

Best and Company's navy blue gabardine suit is of bell-hop inspiration. The flared trousers are graduated to snugness at the knees. The stocking-cap and socks are red wool.

The skier at the right wears a black gabardine suit with a Talon front closing. The blue sweater and cap are spotted with red and grey; the scarf is striped. By Franklin Simon.

CHIC SCORES IN GABARDINE

FROM THE NEW YORK SHOPS

Mrs. Franklin designs these mannishly tailored brown and white silk pyjamas especially for travelling on Pullmans.

Schiaparelli necklace of white porcelain. Emmett Joyce.

An imported evening chemise from Nat Lewis is made of French silk crêpe and Alençon lace, and fitted.

Vera Sanville imports a Francine hat of plaid felt with a jaunty bow.

A suède-finished cotton sports jacket. Peck and Peck. Leather lacing and knitted cuffs and band.

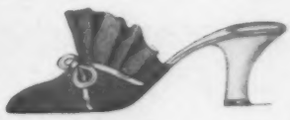
Elizabeth Arden imports a white chiffon kerchief with a large lipstick red flower.

The blue-grey velvet mule from Pinet has a kid lining, a kid bow and silver kid accents.

From Best and Company comes this Arnold spiked golf shoe in the striped canvas bag with inner compartments.

Mrs. Franklin makes a knitted bag, black or to match any costume. The frame is of metal.

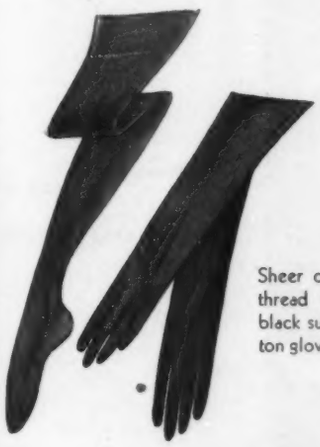
A tweed felt sports hat from Dobbs in shades of brown has a brown and white quill as trimming.



Sandalari's black crêpe and gold kid mule with a ruff. Jay-Thorpe.

Chanel's white linen vest with piqué collar and cuffs, and black silk ribbon. Saks-Fifth Avenue.

A black crêpe Patou pyjama, with a red, blue, and silver lamé design. From Dobbs.



Sheer off-black single thread stockings and black suède eight-button gloves. Nat Lewis.

Black and red and gold kid forms the straps of a novel mule by Pinet.

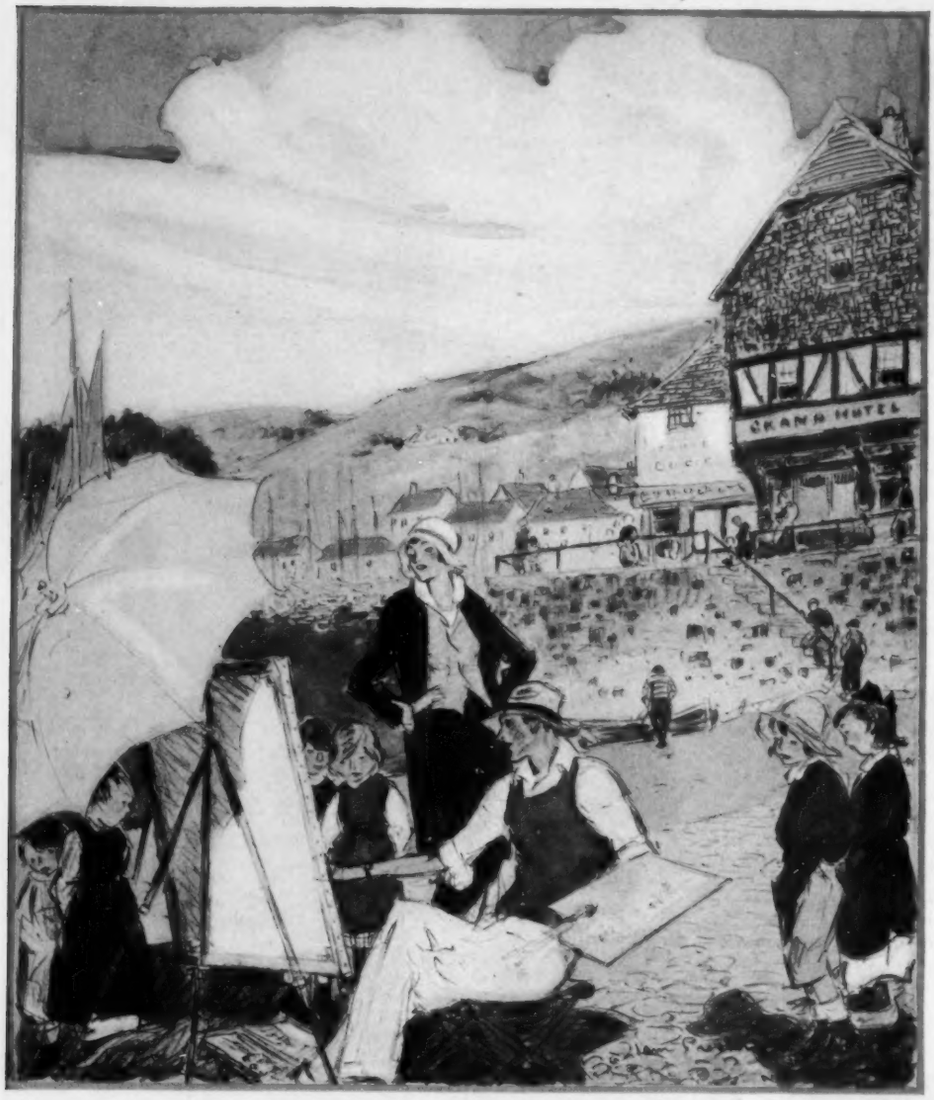
Sommers makes a black envelope bag in calf with a marcasite ornament on the flap.

Very modern is the all-black pin-seal and moire dressing-case with chromium fittings and a large mirror. It is from Jay-Thorpe.

A Reboux green felt hat from B. Altman, faced with black grosgrain. There is a black feather fancy on top of the brim.

Drawings by Veronica E. Kelly

She Sailed Seas and Scoured Continents in Search of Romance



Drawing by
JAMES PRESTON

THERE MUST BE SOMETHING MORE

by ALEC WAUGH

"BUT you like me?"

"A whole lot."

"We enjoy doing the same things."

"Invariably."

"We're at the marrying age."

"Twenty-three and twenty-eight? It's what the text-books say."

"We'd be very reasonably off."

"Darling, you're going to be the most successful lawyer in the whole State of California."

"And it isn't even," he persisted, "as though there were anybody else."

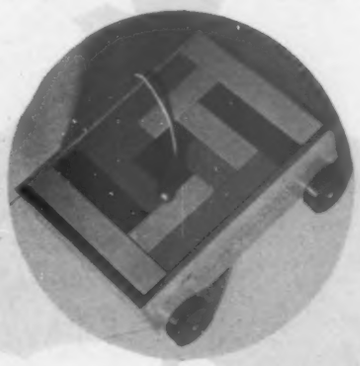
"That is precisely," she retorted, "my complaint."

And to Marda Clainton it seemed a very adequate cause of complaint. For six years now she had been doing the kind of things that young Californians of her set did do. She had not been exactly wild, but she had not been exactly quiet. There had been moonlight parties and bathing parties and pyjama parties. There had been dancing, there had been gin, there had been petting. Six steady years at it. It was monstrous that Edgar Mountain was all that she should have to show for them.

"If there were anybody else," she said, "do you imagine that I'd be starting this afternoon for Europe?"

She spoke lightly, laughingly; but it was despairingly that the young man looked longingly across the lunch table of the St. Francis at the blue-black tilted head, with its dead-white skin and wide-lashed, slanted eyes, at the rounded cheek rested against a small plump hand whose pointed fingernails were polished to the same purplish tint as the smiling, (*Continued on page 136*)

Gifts for This Christmas



Bright blocks in a cart to delight the youngest generation. Schwarz.

The baby doll from Best and Company is standing on an antique high chair which is from Wanamaker's.

Pinocchio, resplendent in red and black, is ecstatic at the glories of the tree. Mayfair.

The naive charm of "Stille Nacht" floats over a quaint crèche imported by Rena Rosenthal.

Photographs by Sherril Schell

For a Child

To the congress of animals Best and Company delegates a white dog, Mayfair a Scottie, and Children's Centre three felt beasties. They convene on a Scottie Cannon towel made specially for children. Best.

From Schwarz, a small Corona for agile young fingers and a Kodatoy projector for nursery films. The background is an alphabet counterpane from the Nancy Lincoln Guild.

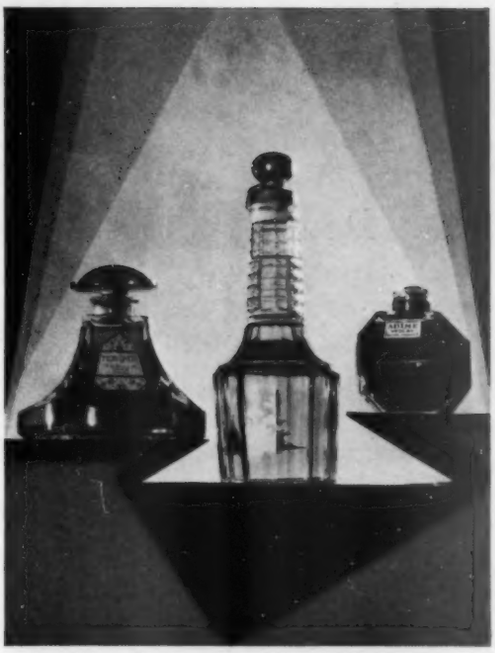
For a Boudoir

Caron's beautiful crystal bottle with decorative turquoise stopper contains Les Pois de Senteur de Chez Moi, a heavenly bouquet odour in which sweet pea is the dominant note.

Guerlilas, the newest fragrance of the grand old house of Guerlain, is quite like a breath of spring. The stunning modern bottle fits into a casque-like case of black with heavy bands of silver.

Elizabeth Arden's enchanting scent L'Amour d'Elizabeth may be had in this charming bottle with an atomizer attachment. Ybry's Palo Alto, in its exquisite cut crystal bottle, is a light floral odour named in honour of Mrs. Hoover. Fête of Molyneux is a bouquet made entirely of white flowers.

Like a buccaneer's hat, the black stopper crowns the modernistic bottle of Le Pirate, a new Lenthéric perfume. The scent is oriental and just a little wicked. Lelong's new fragrance, known enigmatically by the letter "N," is charmingly bottled in an opaque crystal flacon encrusted in black.



Coty's newest, most sophisticated scent, L'Aimant, is a bouquet odour of enchanting quality. Ferd Mülhen's Tosca, in very modern container, is a perfume with feminine appeal. Molinelle brings the fragrance of English roses to your boudoir in a lovely Czechoslovakian bottle.

Gabilla's Mon Cheri in America is Tango in Paris, a daring, altogether charming fragrance. Houbigant's well-beloved Quelques Fleurs may be had in this stunning Baccarat bottle. Abîme, a new Veolay scent, is a bouquet odour with an amber base. The quaint squat bottle is new and modern.

Photographs by Carlo Leonetti

Pourpre d'Orient is the newest of the Roger and Gallet fragrances, one that brings with it the magic of the Far East. Especially recommended for evening is Hudnut's La Soirée, which is sophistication plus and comes in this lovely cut crystal bottle with ruby facets.

Smartly modern and decorative is the container of Duo D'Orsay, a sophisticated bouquet odour with an undertone of amber. L'Ardente Nuit, Corday's latest scent, is a bouquet odour which, like wine, improves with age. The cut crystal bottle is new, too.

Vab makes a backgammon set which has, instead of a board, a cover for any bridge table, marked with the points. The entire set fits into the flat bag for travelling.

Hammacher Schlemmer's game box contains almost any game you may wish: checkers, cards, dice, dominoes, roulette, cribbage, et cetera, in one compact case.

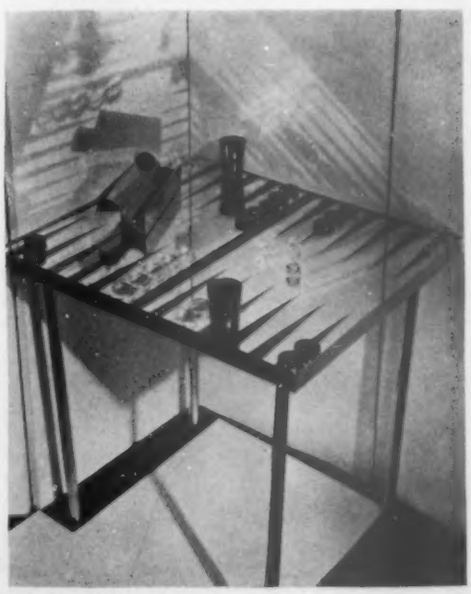
Downy cushion, silken coverlet and flat moire case with a Talon fastener, are made in your hostess' favourite shade by Carlin Comforts.

Below is a decorative map, a model of a sailing vessel, and a large globe, delightful presents for your hostess' library. Wanamaker's.

Photographs by Henry Waxman

for a hostess

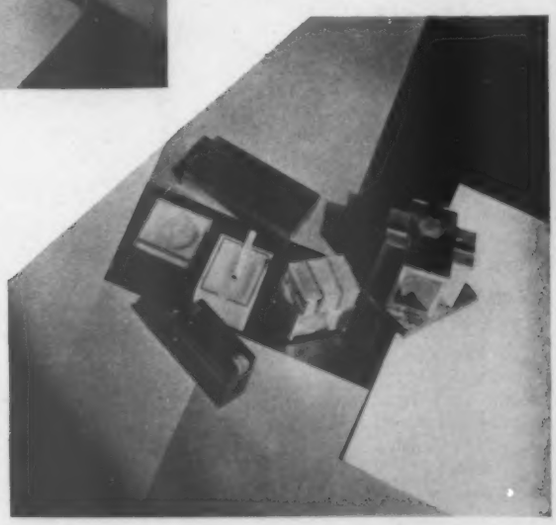
Two jardinières and a tray from Tate and Hall. The brocade cigarette-case with a miniature from Marcus. Glass and metal candelabra by Rose Cumming.



Saks-Fifth Avenue imports a backgammon table from France. It is all glass with enamelled red and black points, glass dice and red leather dice cups.

The Black Knight trout plate, below, from Ovington; the hunt plate from Plummer. Two crystal cigarette-boxes and an ashtray by Brand-Chatillon. Black enamel cigarette-box with a medallion, Marcus. Shaker, glasses and cherry pick, Ovington. Tapestry damask linen, McCutcheon.

A case for four packs of cigarettes, below, is from Black Starr and Frost-Gorham, as is the three-pack holder. A white onyx cigarette-box with lapis inlay, with an ash-tray top and separate ash-tray, from Udall and Ballou. Black enamel cigarette-box and enamel and jade card-box are from Mauboussin.



A hammered silver table decoration, graceful and modern in feeling. The bowl is held, at the rim, by four prong supports chastely curved. Black Starr and Frost-Gorham.

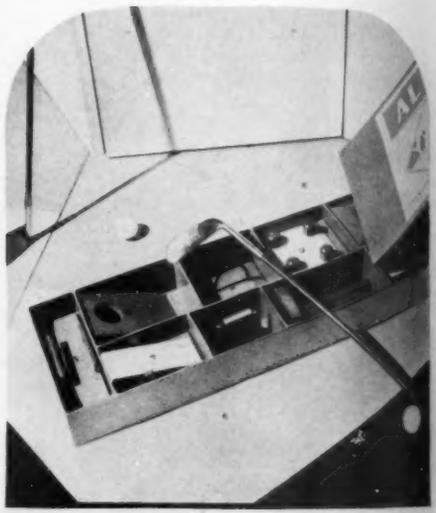
This chromium set of hair-brush, clothes-brush, powder-box, and comb, from Rena Rosenthal, shown on the dressing-table below, is clearly modern.

Below, an impressive pair of Old Chinese book-ends. They are made of wood in typically oriental design. The mellow gold finish is lacquered on. The Little Gallery.

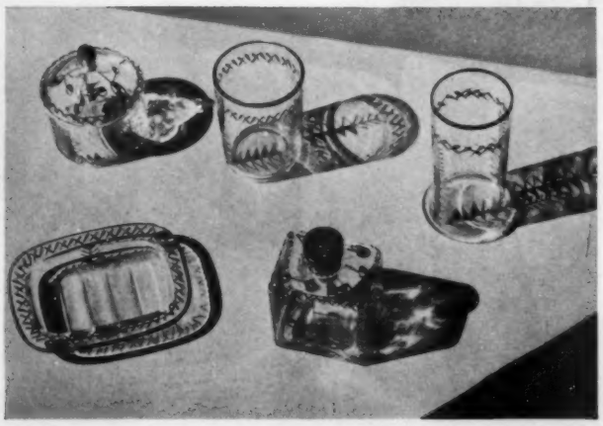
for a

Above, the old and the new combine in charming effectiveness, when executed by Rena Rosenthal. The black finished scalloped mirror stands on a modern and geometric low table.

There comes a time, in every hostess' entertaining, known as the "zero hour." A common denominator for starting the ball rolling is the amusing game of Alibi Golf. From Abercrombie and Fitch.



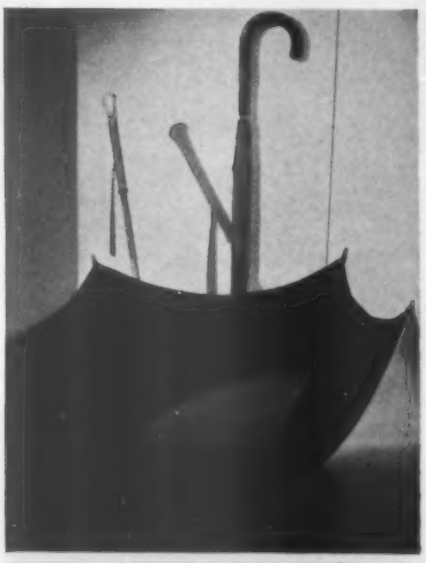
Photographs by



From The Bath Shop for the bathroom. Clear glass with modern leaf design in any colour. The set comprises: two bottles, a tumbler, glass, soap-dish with monogrammed soap and round powder-box.

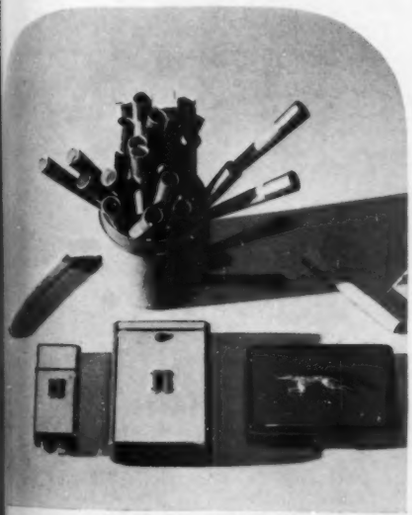
An ingenious chromium-nickel clock for the library table or hunting-lodge. The face of the clock turns and reveals a cedar cigarette-box. The horn lighter is also from Abercrombie and Fitch.

Smart umbrellas for smart people. The straight snakeskin handle with black silk is practical. The closed one has a wood handle and is of tan silk. Saks-Fifth Avenue.



e Rumpp leather box, at left, from Ovington, s a medallion of carved jade; it is decoratively ful. Crystal and wood Saturn lamp, Hollander.

a Woman



At the left, smoking accessories for a smart woman. The case and lighter set, of enamel, are of a matching design and colour. The gold enamel box has a dog paved in diamonds. Caldwell.

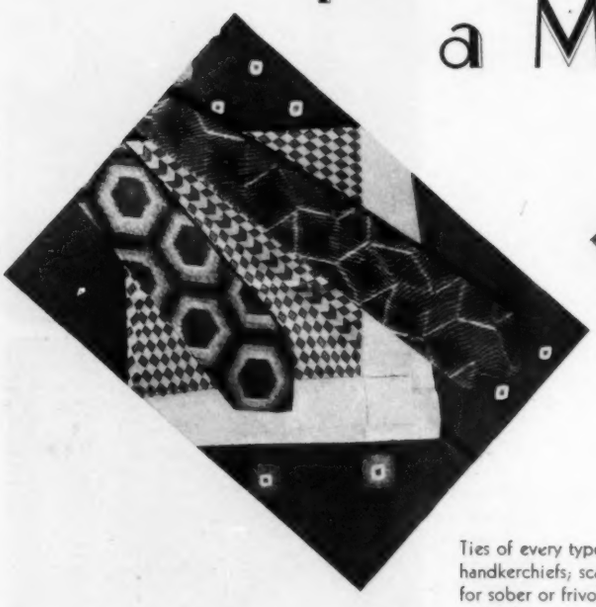
An Atwater Kent Radio Phonograph, finished in American walnut, rubbed top; a most complete and decorative electric innovation. It is to be found at John Wanamaker's.

rry Waxman

he spotlight of tmas gifts. A ous reproduc- set of oil and gar decanters; a nut dish set charming con- ity. Both are e found at The h Antique Shop.

Set with four old prints, this bridge table is handsome as well as practical. From Baroness Erna Bilkau. Aluminum playing cards from Abercrombie & Fitch will prevent the wind from taking tricks.

For a Man

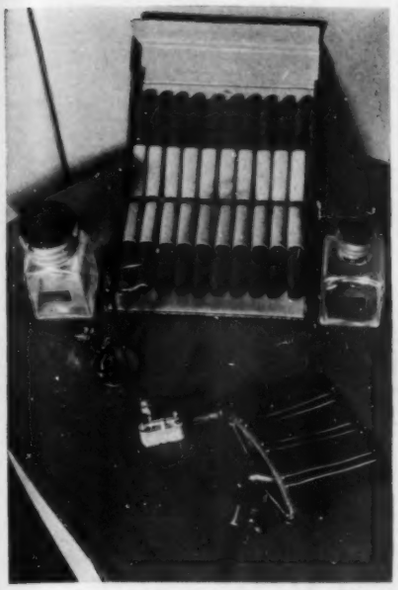


Ties of every type, some with matching handkerchiefs; scarfs and handkerchiefs for sober or frivolous occasions; sedate or flamboyant in colour, but always in excellent taste. A. Sulka & Company.

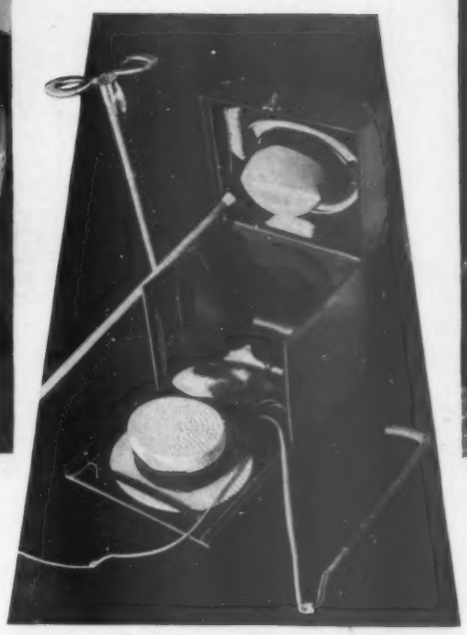
The new Agfa Ansco Readyset Traveler is covered in waterproofed canvas. Wanamaker's. The picnic suit-case becomes a table when the trays are removed. From A. G. Spalding & Bros.

The sandwich kit is from Brooks Bros. Cigarette-box and ash-tray for table edge, and the poker set from Spalding. Black Jack jug, Abercrombie & Fitch. Belt and buckle from Saks-Fifth Avenue.

Photographs by Sherril Schell



From Dunhill's a new small size cigarette lighter; a leather tobacco pouch and a pipe; a handsome leather case for cigars. Two smart monogrammed bottles for the bathroom, and an amusing brass holder for a shaving brush, from The Bath Shop.

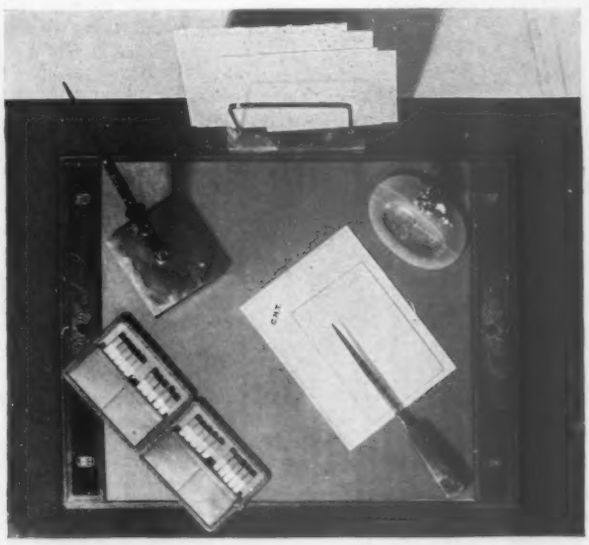


A compact and convenient hat-box which carries seven hats. Kaskel & Kaskel Dunlap. A sporting seat stick from Abercrombie & Fitch. An ivory-tipped cane, and an unusual riding-whip. Brooks Bros.

The smart pigskin bag is from Abercrombie & Fitch. In the tray is a pair of pyjamas from Sulka. From W. A. McLaughlin are: the imported Kashmir overcoat, two pairs of suspenders; a sweater coat, matching socks and long golf hose.

Desk set of leather and onyx, including ash-tray, from Mark Cross. Stationery from Black, Starr & Frost-Gorham, Inc.

A set of belt buckle, scarf clip and cuff-links is gaily enamelled in contrasting colours for sports wear. Kaskel & Kaskel Dunlap. The black and silver cigarette-case is from Saks-Fifth Avenue. The stunning Gruen watch comes from Betteridge.



The self-winding watch, in a smart, protective case, is something new. Kaskel & Kaskel Dunlap. Correctly conservative is the set of studs, cuff-links and vest buttons, each piece banded in black, each set with a pearl. Marcus & Company.

HI-CHI THE CHOW

Edited by MRS. E. BERRY WALL

I strolled along the coping. When I came to the window where the maid sat, I stopped and looked in at her. She was frightened almost to death.

This wise Little Dog Ends his Reminiscences of a Life Enriched by Distinguished Friends and Wide Experiences

Conclusion:

MEANWHILE, America had come into the war, that awful world war, and we heard that the doughboys were conducting themselves in a glorious manner at the Front. With this assurance, we concluded that our presence in Paris would no longer be an added anxiety to the Government, but that, as our men were now risking their lives for us, we could be of actual use to them.

Our way back to Paris led us through some of the old places: San Sebastian, Biarritz, Bordeaux, Angoulême, Poitiers, and Tours, which had now become quite an American town with headquarters for many of the services. We heard one of the American officers say in a rather disheartened tone: "I thought going to war meant riding out to battle on a prancing white horse. So far it has meant nothing but trying to do business with a stenographer."

We imagined he would get his chance to prance later.

When at last we reached Paris and the Meurice, everyone was very much surprised because on arrival I went straight up to our old rooms, though we had been absent for some time, and visited hundreds of hotels. I didn't see anything remarkable about it. What really was astonishing, however, and heartrending, too, was to find Paris with the same war-stricken aspect as when we had left it, the hospitals crammed with wounded, the civil population drawn and pinched but quiet and brave; the streets, if anything, darker still at night.

Try as I would, I was never able to overcome my old gun shyness. When the raids began, how I used to dread that piercing horn of the firemen which was the warning for everyone to seek shelter as quickly as possible. I remember one particular night, when a raid started, I was alone in our rooms at the Meurice. Suddenly I heard a noise as though all the houses in Paris were crashing to the ground and all the cannon of the armies booming. I didn't take time to think. I rushed under the bed with one fell swoop. Fortunately, our hotel was not struck, as little good a bed would have done me for protection. But so fast was I stuck under those springs that when the family came up to hunt for me I had to bark to let them know where I was, and they had to lift the bed up to get me out.

But others were not so fortunate as I. Some friends of my Missus were living in an apartment in one of the quarters where there were terrible raids. One night when the warning had sounded, they all rushed into a back room where one of the children was lying ill in bed. The governess, a very kind woman, ran back to get the dog and a canary bird, but her mistress who had become quite callous over raids, remarked rather disdainfully: "What could happen to us here?"

Just as she spoke those words . . . Bang! A bomb fell, tearing away the whole front of the house, the wall beyond and even the staircase. The maid was almost thrown out of the window, the dog sprang up on the sick child's bed, the governess fainted and dropped

Drawings by ADDISON BURBANK

the cage with the canary bird. The scene was dramatic; all the more so, because if they had not gone into that back room and taken the dog, who was a friend of mine, he and all of them would certainly have been killed.

After a while people didn't lose their heads so much. (I suppose I should say, "Speak for yourself, Chi.") There was a regular protocol for raids. At the Meurice, instead of rushing for the cellar, all the guests used to go out and sit in the corridor on the second floor, which Mr. Schwenter decided was the safest place. Sometimes, I must say, the people's costumes were rather unusual. I remember one well-known lady whose name I think more tactful not to mention. She appeared in a very elaborate pyjama suit with the Cross of the Legion of Honour fastened to the pocket with a large diamond brooch. Another lady we knew had covered her face for the night with some sort of very white, pasty cream which, of course, she forgot to rub off in the excitement, and which made her look panic-stricken; though, to judge by her conversation, she thought the whole thing rather a lark. I had the advantage of preparedness, for my coat was always on my back.

Among the raid habitués was the kindly old King of Montenegro, the father of the Queen of Italy. He was there with all his suite, and always had a nice encouraging word and pat for me.

The most popular people, of course, were those whose presence of mind had prompted them to bring along a box of candy or, even better, a flask of brandy. Many declared that the safest place in the hotel was the bar, as it was in the basement, which was a good excuse for going down to get some Dutch courage.

I remained rather disgusted with myself for having plunged under the bed on the night of that first raid, for while I am gun shy, I am not a coward. I can give several proofs of this. Once, for instance, when we were at Elsinore and I was only a young thing, I had a spirited encounter with a new night watchman they had engaged without telling me. When I saw this strange man walking around very coolly, I wasted no time in showing my teeth. I wasn't going to let him come up the stairs without knowing more about him. Not I! In fact, I displayed my anger so forcibly that he yelled to the servants who were still up: "Say! If you want me to go on my rounds, you'll have to shut up this durned dog!" (*Continued on page 128*)

I often went to the Polo and awaited Master's return, finding many amusing sights. We dogs have a sense of humour and I barked with delight at the sight of a very thin man being pulled off his feet by a Russian wolfhound. I felt very superior, sitting in a chair, after having had a delicious tea.

"This is the loveliest land that human eyes have ever seen!" exclaimed Columbus when he discovered Cuba. Such a vista as this one of the sea, seen from the portico of the splendid new National Hotel, Havana, is just one glimpse of the island's loveliness. Although vast changes have been wrought in Havana by progress, modernity has robbed it of none of its glamour and charm.

The Golden Spanish Main is only a little Way from us

THE BEAUTIFUL BLUE WEST INDIES

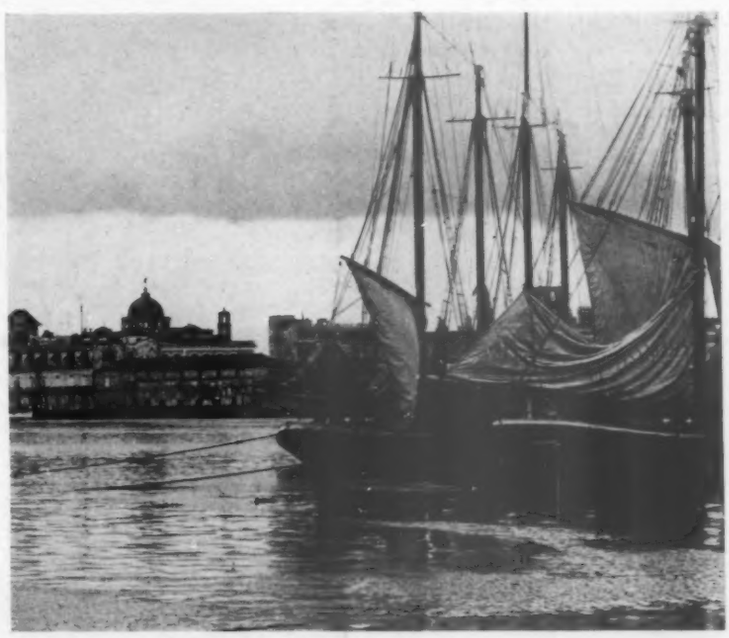
by PRUNELLA WOOD

WE HAVE some very charming neighbours to the south of ús who seem to have been occupied for several centuries past in preparing islands of discovery for *los Americanos del norte*. Delightfully situated within a hundred miles or so from the tip of Florida, the jewelled archipelago of the Antilles basks in the Caribbean suns and trade-winds, offering an endless storehouse of tradition and beauty to its continental cousins. Many Northerners who are familiar with these islands will know why I call them islands of discovery. Every *turista* inevitably has made his own exclusive explorations, the story of which he treasures in place of the solemn statistics about sugar, rum and tobacco which make the text-books' West Indies.

Brief holidays are the ones which come to us oftenest, blessed respites from humdrum affairs but too short, as a rule, to permit travel far afield. Even seeing America first has disadvantages of time and distance, and other continents seem remote. But there are other Americas—because they are all South Americas below Key West—which may be reached in a day or two from New York, and their customs and tongues and ravishing scenery will transport a visitor across centuries and civilizations. With only a week or ten days to play with, de luxe steamers and planes will accomplish a transition into beauty of old-world tradition where there is a separate perfume and flavour to living. It is sometimes difficult to realize that exotic glamour is so happily near to us. But there it lies, awaiting our coming, patient in the hope that one day (*Continued on page 150*)

The market-place in Pointe à Pitre, above, commercial centre of Guadeloupe, swarms daily with noisy bargaining humanity.

Grim Morro Castle, upper right, aged, crumbling, steeped with history, stands sentinel over the harbour of Havana.



Perhaps no harbour in the world surpasses the old Havana harbour for safety and capacity. New buildings are being erected in this district, but old Havana in the neighbourhood of the wharves is still quaintly Spanish.

Photographs by Sherril Schell

"Those Canadian days," said Sam, "the long tramps through the black woods and the eternal nights under the stars."

We bid These very Modern People a Regretful Adieu

LO AND BEHOLD!

A Novel by CHARLES J. PELTON

CONCLUSION:

THE next morning Bobby made up his mind that this time, while Alinda was gone, he would stay away from Greenbrook and night clubs, and spend his evenings at home. Anyway, as long as Clare Fox was around. And he did, for the first three nights. But Thanksgiving morning he played golf with Jack and they had lunch together and then played some more golf in the afternoon and then Jack wanted to have dinner in town because his aunt from Kalamazoo, Michigan, was at his house with his mother and had been for two days. So he and Bobby had their Thanksgiving dinner together at the club in town, and by eleven o'clock that night they were feeling fine.

That was all right. But some of the other fellows wanted to go to a new place called the Tumble-Inn, and they said it was a grand dump and the hooch was strictly O.K., as it came down from Canada direct by airplane. But Bobby said he thought he would go home. That started an argument. They all argued about that for a while, but Bobby was stubborn, so Jack and the other fellows went off and left him.

Bobby got up from the table and wandered around the club, but every minute he was getting lonelier and lonelier because, now that he was alone again, he began to think about Alinda and his father and Freya, and to wonder what they were thinking about and what they were doing. And that got just intolerable. So finally he went downstairs and got his coat and hat and started home. He bought a night paper and a magazine or two in the station and was waiting for his train when whom should be see but Sam. Sam with a suit-case and a kitbag and an overcoat over his arm besides the overcoat he had on. Bobby thought, of course, Sam was going away somewhere, and he wondered where Sam was going. He tried to decide where Sam would be going, and he thought of Chicago, and Denver, and St. Paul. But none of those seemed to be any place for Sam to go, because why should he?

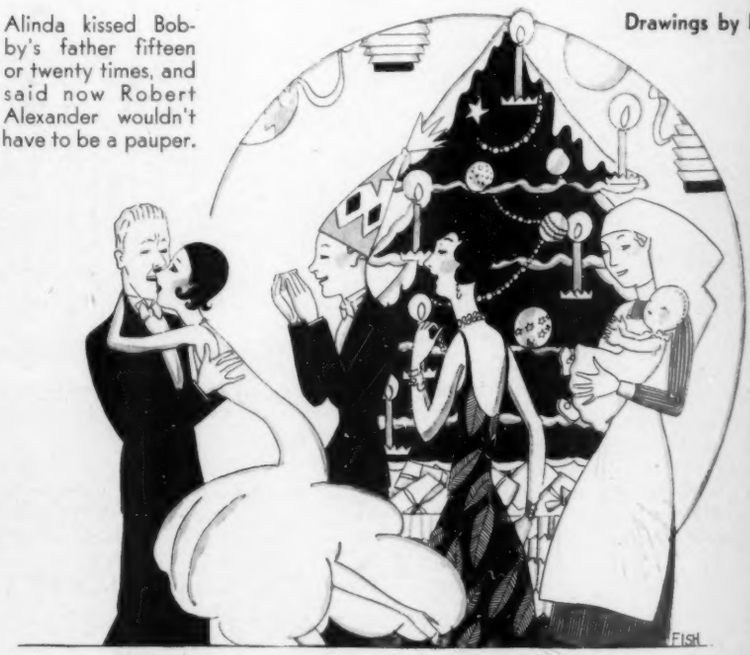
Sam didn't seem to see Bobby, though he was only fifteen feet away. And then Bobby noticed a kind of set, far-away, gazing look in Sam's eyes, and Bobby realized that Sam was away off somewhere in his mind and only his body was standing there. Where was Sam's mind? What was Sam thinking about? Finally Bobby couldn't stand it any longer. So he walked up and said, "Hello Sam." Sam started. He looked at Bobby hard for a minute or two, and then blinked and then laughed. It was the first time Bobby had ever heard Sam laugh. He had always thought Sam couldn't laugh. But this was a real laugh and a good-natured one. So Bobby laughed, too, and slapped Sam on the back and said: "Where are you going, Sam, with all those coats and bags?"

Sam didn't say anything right away. He seemed to be deciding what he should say. And then he said he didn't know.

"You don't know? What do you mean, you don't know? (*Continued on page 106*)

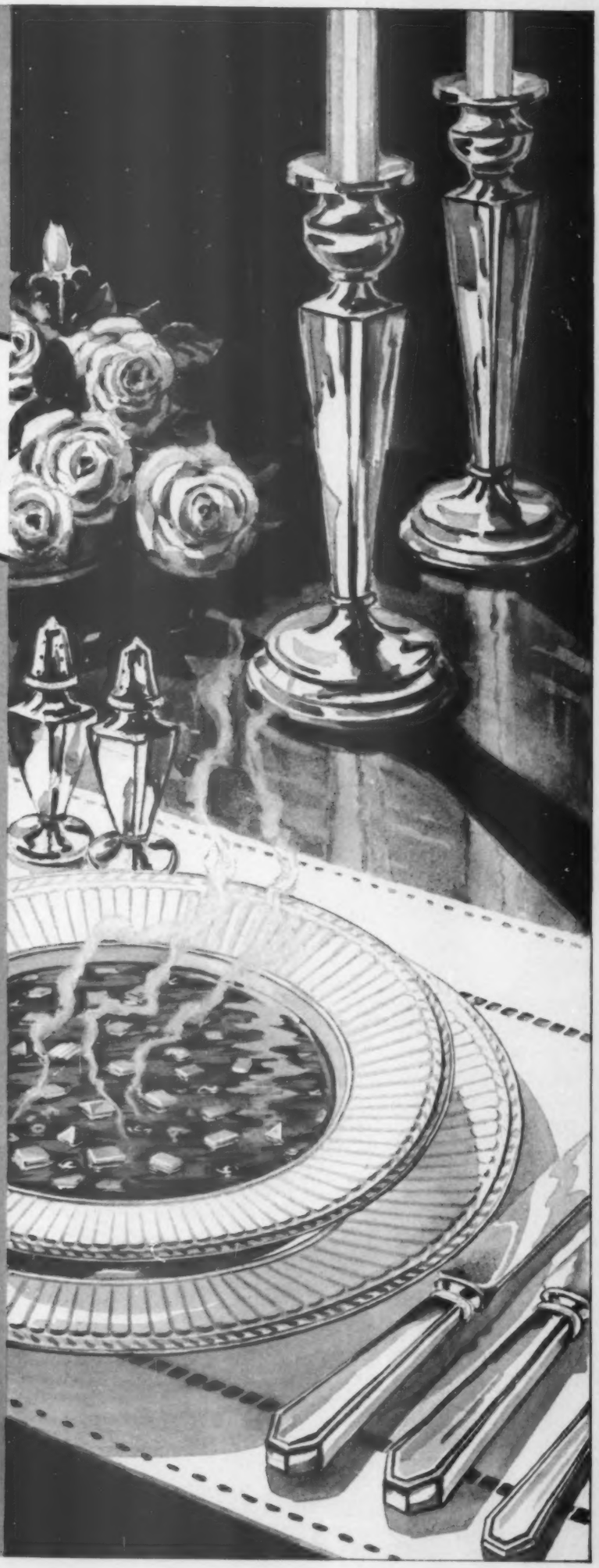
Alinda kissed Bobby's father fifteen or twenty times, and said now Robert Alexander wouldn't have to be a pauper.

Drawings by FISH



LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

SOUPS that are the pride equally of the hostess and the mother!



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The splendid quality of the 21 different Campbell's Soups makes their convenience all the more remarkable. This is especially evidenced in such a blend as Campbell's Vegetable Soup with its fifteen garden vegetables—healthful, substantial, delicious.

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Countless glistening oblong Mirrors mounted on a silver bar. In Satin Suede or Dull Smooth Calf. $32.50

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Ornamented with a Pearl centered on genuine hand-carved Carnelian, Crystal or Amethyst. In Brocade $32.50; Satin Suede, $17.50; Crepe or Velvet, $15.

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Helena Rubinstein has a new perfume, Tabac Russe, with a black and gold atomizer; a new triple compact; an evening case in gilt leather and charmingly packaged dusting-powder.

THE COSMETIC URGE

By HELENA LEIGH

ARE you a gift giver? If so, you are probably at this very moment cudgelling your brains and tearing your hair over a lengthy Christmas list. It seems a rather appalling feat to choose the psychological gift for the individual. The chances of getting the right thing have never been better than they are this year. In the course of my peregrinations, I have unearthed the most enchanting lot of packages, boxes, cases and altogether charming what-nots which you should know about, for herein may lie the perfectly satisfactory solution of your Christmas problem; namely, finding the perfect present.

Packages Distinctly Smart

CHARLES of the Ritz has combined some of his preparations into gift packages that are quite delightful. You are going to love his new make-up box. Outside it is black and silver, and inside there are many surprises. A large mirror in the lid enables you to scrutinize yourself at close range. Set the box in front of you on your dressing-table and tie about your neck the dainty attached bib of flesh-coloured rubber. Though you may be clad in your most fragile pyjamas, or your black velvet frock, you may now make up with all the nicer things you will discover in the box, and not a fleck of powder can go astray. There are small boxes of old-rose and silver which will appeal to your sense of thrift, for beneath the triple or double compact which the box contains, you will find, in a little drawer, neat cellophane-wrapped refills.

By the by, Charles of the Ritz has just discovered the most interesting way of diagnosing skin troubles. By means of tiny pads called Revelateur Pads, chemically treated, he is able to diagnose your case and tell you what properties your skin lacks, what ingredients should be supplied to make it normal and, in the case of acne, what treatment is indicated. This is the procedure: the pads are used in the morning and are applied by pressing them on the chin, forehead and at the corners of the nose, being careful to use nothing but cleansing cream the night before. They are sent to Charles of the Ritz, who puts them through the chemical process which reveals whether your skin is too dry or too oily and whether or not a condition of acidity exists. The whole thing

(*Continued on page 102*)

Photographs by Carlo Leoni

Every cosmetic that you could dream of wanting will be found in this compact little kit of Dorothy Gray's. The let-down front and ample lid-mirror furnish a dressing-table in the wilderness.

CARON
ACACIOSA
PARIS
ACACIOSA
Parfum de Jeunesse
CARON
Paris

LIGHT WEIGHT
WOOLENS
at FIFTH AV AT 57TH ST Dobbs

FOLLOW THE SUN TO
ITS SMARTEST HAUNTS

Havana...Agua Caliente...Cristobal...where you will...let your favorite costume be in featherweight wool...from the Dobbs new collection. A Rodier knitted jacket and light wool frock in tropical tones, $55.00
A matching beret in wool or straw, $25.00

Of sufficient proportions for a prolonged stay is this very beautiful travelling-bag of Marie Earle's, which boasts a separate compartment for the nightie, slippers and tooth-brush.

THE COSMETIC URGE

(*Continued from page 100*)

reduced to an exact science, with all chances of speculation eliminated.

Alluring Novelties

CAN you risist the allure of a beautiful box of soap? There's something about the shape, the colour, the scent of the cakes, or maybe all three, which makes it quite irresistible. Altman's have brand-new boxes from France which are so beautiful that even without their interesting contents they would make useful gifts, ideal for gloves, handkerchiefs or knickknacks. Made by Tolman (said to be the best box-maker in Paris), some are gay and colourful in modern flower patterns, some are shellacked over old-fashioned prints. Inside are fat, sleek cakes of tempting fragrant soap, celophane-wrapped and all in the most divine shades. For instance, a bright green lining contrasts charmingly with soap of pastel green, or orchid cakes are posed against pale lavender.

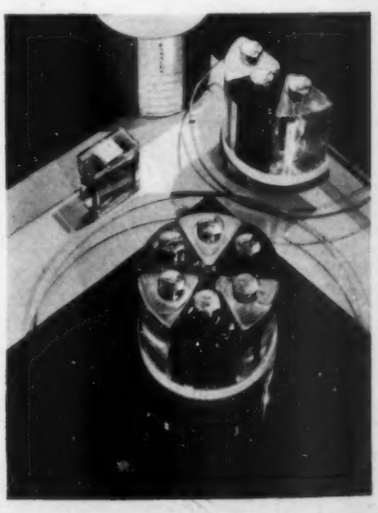
One hardly knows, nowadays, how to decorate the dresser. Opinions seem to be about evenly divided between using practically nothing and displaying a few very choice toilet pieces. Altman offers a solution for the last-named plan in lovely sets made on a silver base and gold-plated. A mirror, powder-box, clothes brush and even picture frames may be had to match, banded with genuine enamel in delightful shades, a carved medallion of semi-precious st set in the centre. Of these you may h your choice of rose quartz, jade, ca lian or topaz.

Pour Le Bain

HAVE you ever experienced the lirious sensation of having on Yardley's wooden soap bowls flo about in your tub, giving off that hilarating lavender fragrance? If Santa Claus should do something a it not later than December twenty-f To set beside the tree on Christ morning there is a special box con ing the aforesaid bowl, full to the l with grand English bath soap, a floppy brush for lathering purposes a generous box of dusting-powder. Y morning bath can never again be stereotyped thing it was. Still ano box holds a delightful group of Yar make-up preparations: English C plexion Cream in its charming old-i jar, Face Powder, Lavender Clean Lotion and a box containing three c of Old English Lavender Soap.

There's something so wholesome a these grand old things of Yardley's men adore them. A compact travelling-case of green leatherette, pecially designed for male consu tion, contains three shaving requisi a stick in a glass jar, a metal box Invisible Talc and a bottle of Lave

(*Concluded on page 104*)



Photographs Carlo Leon

Six of the famous Pinaud products are contained in this de luxe package for men: Lilac Vegetal, Violette de Bois, Eau de Cologne, Eau de Quinine, Eau de Portugal and Shampoo. Jasmine perfume is bottled in the smart modern container.

The Loveliest Women in the World... follow Pond's 4 steps to Beauty

TRAVEL round the world and you will find this to be true: The loveliest women follow Pond's 4 steps to beauty . . . It is the four delightful preparations that keep their skin always flower-like, radiant . . . The Duchess of Marlborough says: "Pond's keeps my complexion exquisite" . . . Lovely Countess Weymouth says: "Since using Pond's, all complexion cares have vanished" . . . The Marquise de Polignac exclaims: "I have got the Pond's habit!" . . . Charming young Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Jr. declares: "I'm devoted to the marvelous Two Creams, the exquisitely fine Tissues, the invigorating Tonic" . . . Lady Buchanan-Jardine finds Pond's Method "easy, complete" . . . and pretty Mrs. Gifford Pinchot II says: "Just the four steps, faithfully followed, will keep one's skin fresh, smooth and clear" . . . Your own experience will prove this . . . Swift, simple, scientific, Pond's Method assures the thorough-deep cleansing, the gentle bracing and toning and the exquisite protection essential to preserve the youth and beauty of your skin.

POND'S METHOD: **1.** For pore-deep cleansing, amply apply Pond's Cold Cream several times a day, always after exposure; pat in with upward, outward strokes. **2.** Wipe away with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, soft, super-absorbent . . . they come in the new Parisian peach color as well as white. **3.** Pat cleansed skin briskly with Pond's Freshener to banish oiliness and tighten, tone and firm. **4.** Smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base, protection, exquisite finish.

SEND 10¢ FOR POND'S 4 PRODUCTS

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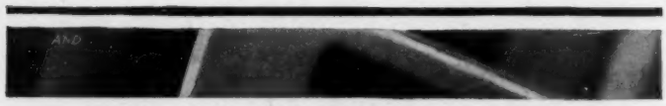

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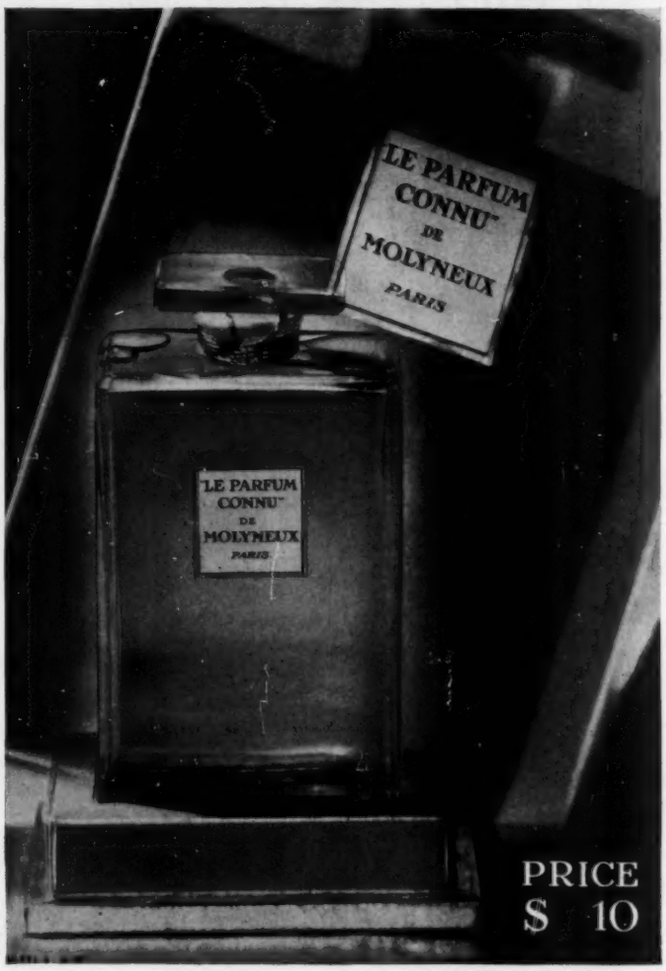


KNOWN IN EUROPE AS "LE NUMÉRO CINQ"

"used by famous women known for their chic"

MOLYNEUX
PARIS

41 West 57th Street New York City

obtainable in all the best shops

Carlo Leonetti

True elegance marks this slim zipper case of Angela Varona, which carries an adequate supply of her preparations. Lelong's Baguette powder-box in black and silver is the acme of beauty and luxury.

THE COSMETIC URGE

(*Concluded from page 102*)

Face Lotion. Your men friends will like to take one of these with them when they go a-voyaging.

For The Young Thing

THE whole appeal of the "Seventeen" line of preparations is to youth. The packages are all dressed up in a blue and white plaid with large conventional pink flowers, a striking design combining modern dash and Victorian sweetness. For Christmas there is a specially designed package which would delight the heart of any young thing. Set in a background of old-rose suède are three very intriguing articles: first, the perfume, a bouquet odour, contained in a dainty French cut flacon; then, a generous box of powder, and finally an octagonal double compact in a gun-metal case. This, with the insertion of a little perforated lid supplied in the package, may be converted, if you prefer, into a loose-powder compact. Here is a sure-fire gift for the sub-deb, expressing her youth and enthusiasms, her tastes and preferences.

For Lovely Hands

THE most compact of handy little manicure sets is a new one which Harriet Hubbard Ayer presents. It is extremely smart, in a tan colour, banded and lettered in gold. The front of the box lets down conveniently and you have before you in delightful array all the requisites for a successful manicure. The three bottles and one jar are all set down into little grooves so they don't fall about and spill their contents when being used. Below is a little surprise drawer containing emery boards, orange-wood sticks and tiny rolls of cotton. Incidentally, the Ayer Liquid Enamel comes in a charming ruby shade and is noted for its enduring qualities. Also from the house of Ayer, I recommend for the little Christmas remembrance, or perhaps to augment the manicure set, two little matching boxes of tan and gold, one containing a double compact and lipstick in gold and black, the other a single powder compact in black and silver. Charming little trinkets they are.

For Men Only

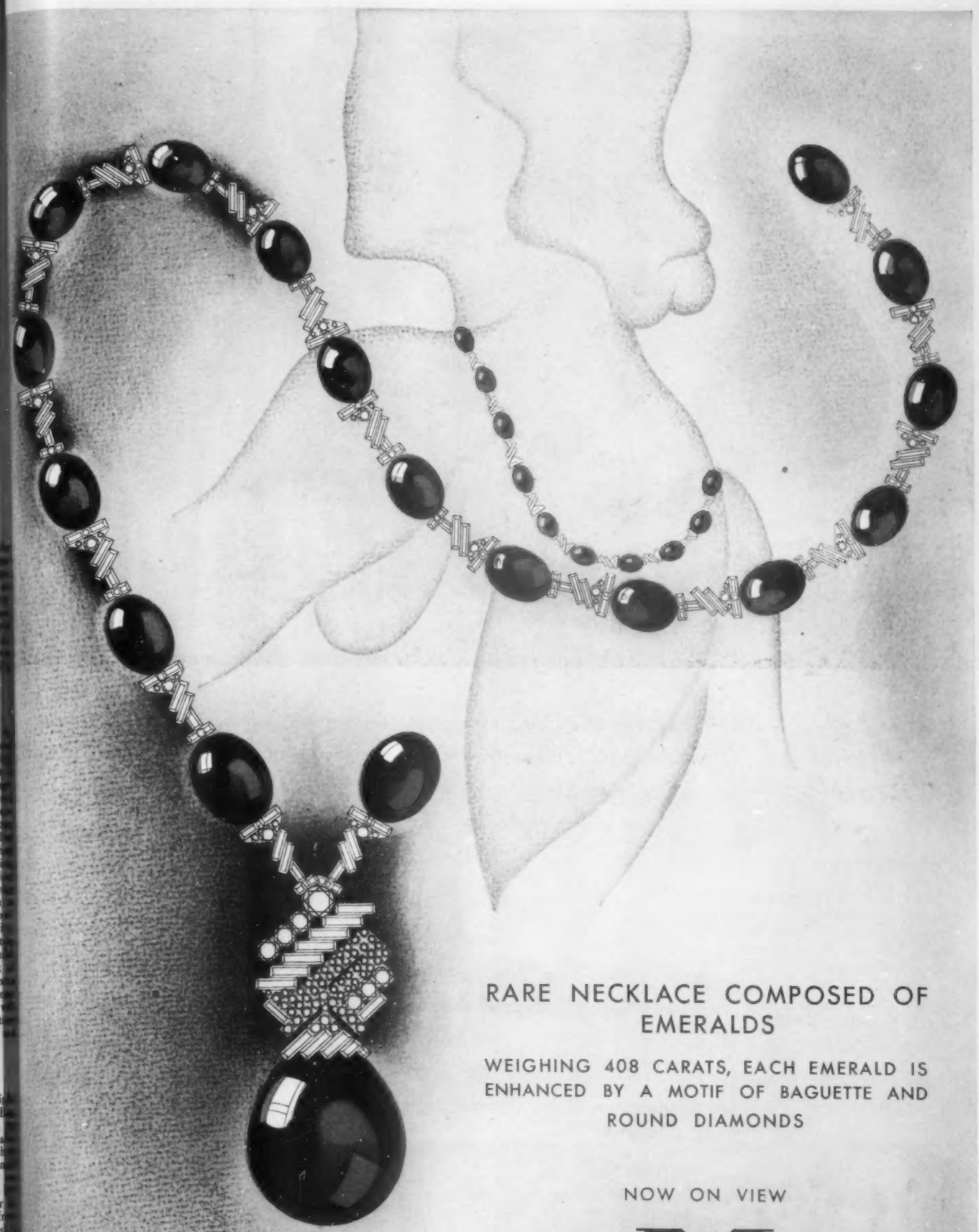
THE firm of "4711" has the men of the household very much in mind at this Yuletide season. They have accordingly designed two very interesting packages with a strong masculine appeal. Both are shaving combinations, containing a very generous tube of 4711 shaving cream and talcum. In one box is a bottle of 4711 Eau de Cologne, in other Lotion Vegetale. All these pre rations have the famous Eau de Colo scent—than which there is probably more refreshing fragrance. It is a p fume which enjoys a very great po larity with men, being both brisk invigorating. These things are gu anteed to stimulate a renewed inte in the daily shaving rites, a bet enough routine, so I've heard tell.

With the Coty Hall-mark

THE men of the family seem to coming in for more than their sh of attention this Christmas. These be parlous times, the simple gift with utilitarian slant is going to have a s cial allure. Now, Coty, who have alw done such charming things for the fe inine members of society, have got big-hearted and included mascul needs in their scheme of things. Th new shaving group has great distinct done in a very chaste manner, in col scheme of blue and grey. The shav cream and talcum powder are both metal containers, with graduated n ern stripes. The After Shaving Lot which comes in a handy shaker bot is especially recommended for its m ness. It will soothe the tenderest skins. There is, in addition, an ex bottle of Hair Dressing Lotion for ke ing unruly locks in place. This appeal to the man's ultra-conservat because it is slightly scented but perfumed.

The New Kiki Bag

Denney and Denney call their deli ful little make-up kit the Kiki And with good reason; for it has same quality of charm and origina as the fascinating little person for wh it is named. The bag is rather sm and compact and comes in either or black grained leather. The side down and the top up, with a mirror side so that when you open it in fr of you every imaginable toilet nece right at hand. You are sure to thrilled at the contents, which are luring jars and bottles of all the geous Denney Herbal preparati Herbal Cleansing Cream, Denney Tis Cream, Herbal Astringent Cream, H bal Lotion, and, in addition, the square lipstick, a box of Jasmin pow a sifter compact, as well as a dou eye-shadow and rouge compact. the week-end, or even a longer ja the bag is perfect because it is not h and has not one unessential article its roster.



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WEIGHING 408 CARATS, EACH EMERALD IS ENHANCED BY A MOTIF OF BAGUETTE AND ROUND DIAMONDS

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For a Discriminating Clientele

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The luxury of Packard transportation—now available at no greater cost than the lesser advantages of many lower-priced cars—has lately brought new thousands to the enjoyment of Packard ownership.

Motorists who thought the Packard Eight beyond their means have discovered that operating costs are no greater for a Standard Eight than for any other car of similar size and power. And also that depreciation, the most important cost of car ownership, is no greater, either, if the Packard is driven proportionately longer, which it nearly always is.

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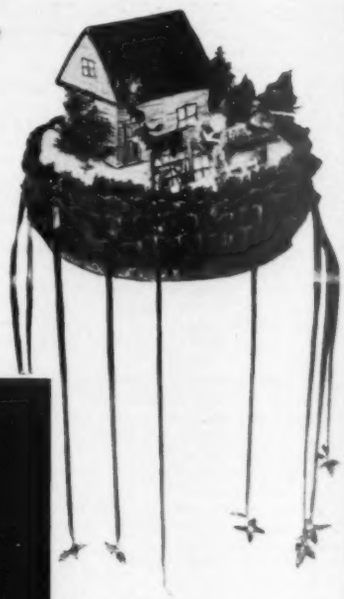
Any Packard man will gladly come and give you the actual figures on Packard ownership costs, so that you can compare them with your current motoring expenses. And you will be satisfied, unless your case is most unusual, that the luxury of a distinguished Packard Eight can be yours at no financial sacrifice at all.

PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

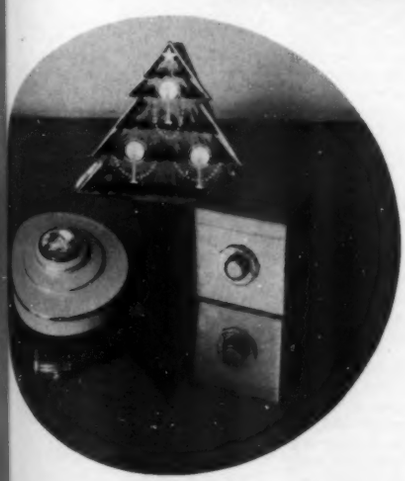
CHRISTMAS DELIGHTS

The holiday Season is Quite Unthinkable without the Addition of Candy



This miniature Santa Claus, in the midst of his character setting, delivers surprises to the one who pulls a ribbon. Made by Dean's.

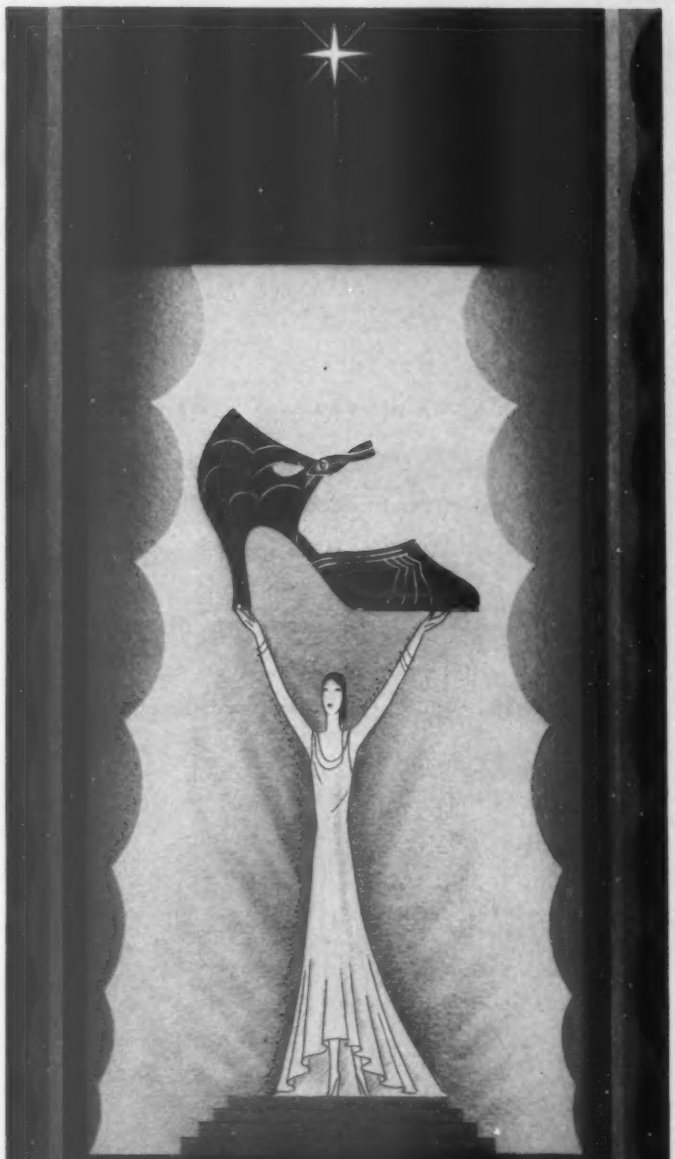
A decorative group by Schrafft's: a silvered candy basket; a silver-covered bonbon box; and plum pudding in a quaint porcelain jar.



A Whitman's specialty; one of a number of attractively decorated and deliciously assorted boxes of their Christmas candy.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY F. M. DEMAREST

A decorated green satin candy box in tree form; a green enamelled box with a charming painted top, and a scarlet cigarette safe, containing popular brands. Sherry's.



The joyous season . . . . and for these brilliant, festive nights, the Marquessa's slipper . . . a distinctive attribute of grace and elegance.

Strictly hand-made by LAVALLE, in dyeable white or black silk faille with silver kid piping.

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24 FAUBOURG ST. HONORE, PARIS
CANNES, BIARRITZ, SAUMUR, CHANTILLY

LO AND BEHOLD!

(*Continued from page 98*)

You must know where you're going, Sam."

Sam laughed again at that; but not so hearty this time, more amused. He looked at Bobby quizzically.

"Well, I don't. And that's a fact," he said. "I did know until you spoke to me, but now I don't."

"Good joke," Bobby said, and took a very careful look at Sam but not too noticeably. Either Sam was drunk or he was, and Bobby knew that he had had quite a lot to drink, but he certainly was not drunk. And just to prove it to himself he counted the buttons on Sam's vest and they came out "lawyer." But that was ridiculous, because Sam certainly wasn't a lawyer, no matter what. And Bobby was just about to tell Sam that his vest buttons counted "lawyer" when Sam interrupted that idea entirely.

"That may seem impossible to you, Robert, but the explanation is really quite simple. I said that I knew where I was going until I saw you. I did. I was going out to Jack Hines' house at Greenbrook and ask him to let me spend the night with him. But the moment you appeared and spoke to me in that informal way, an alternative arose. I instantly decided to ask you to take me to your house instead. And as you might say either yes or no, I was completely justified in saying I didn't know. And I don't."

"Well, I do," Bobby roared at Sam's logic. "You are coming right home with me."

"I'd like nothing better," Sam said. "The gates are open, so we may as well go." Sam picked up his bags that he had dropped when Bobby slapped him on the back and they went through together into the train.

On the train Sam talked about Bobby's father, and spoke so highly of him that Bobby suddenly began to like Sam. Bobby said he was sorry that Sam hadn't had any luck prospecting in Saskatchewan. And he really was sorry, and that surprised him, because right up to twenty minutes ago he didn't ever want to see Sam again as long as he lived. But now that was all changed, and he wondered if it was just because he had been lonely.

At Waverley Bobby got a taxi and they drove home, and Bobby asked Sam to make himself comfortable in the library, until he saw about the spare room.

WHILE Bobby was upstairs Sam looked around. This library was a larger room than you would expect in so small a house, and very beautiful to Sam. Sam hadn't been in many people's houses except Jack Hines'; but some sense dormant within him rose in instant appreciation. Everything in this room had individuality, and yet harmonized with everything else. Even the piano was in the style of William and Mary, though Sam didn't know that. He only knew it wasn't a shiny black piano, and that it belonged with the rest of the things; but that a gilded piano he had once seen, with turned spindle legs and decorated with garlands and rosebuds, would not have belonged in this room at all.

His first thought was of Alinda. But there was a deliberately definite touch about this atmosphere that denied her. He knew that Alinda had not chosen and assembled these things; that she could not. She was an adorable little girl. To Sam that's exactly what Alinda was, and full of life and loveliness, but not knowledge. Not the kind of knowledge this library bespoke.

But Bobby came in just then and said everything was all right about the spare room and would Sam have a drink.

Sam asked if Bobby was having any more; and Bobby laughed and said only a nightcap. So Sam said he would, too. And after he'd had one and poured out another, he turned to Bobby very soberly.

"The reason I wanted to come here," he began, "was to apologize to you."

"That's all right, Sam; don't do it," Bobby said.

"But I've got to, because I was wro about both things," Sam went on. "Y did not injure me with your father, the contrary— And," he paused, "y did not seduce Clare Fox."

"Look here, Sam!"

"No." Sam was insistent. "No, R ert, I must go on even if you hit again."

"I'm not going to hit you, Sam. I awfully sorry about that. I'm frig fully sorry. But you must not go arou calling people liars. They don't und stand that. They can't. You must do that, Sam."

"I know," Sam said, "but I was ang And I lied myself. I did not actua see Clare go into your house. But I d see her car in your drive. And as what I inferred from that fact, I w wholly mistaken. Clare told me so."

"I won't talk about Clare," Bob got up. "You mustn't do that, Sa You must not. Men don't."

"Very well. Let it pass, then," S said. "But, of course, you realize t she is everything in the world to m She has opened my eyes to a new wor I'm not the Sam Geffreys that w away from here. I'm not even the sa man you knocked down. Inside, I m My head is still bald, but my *self* transformed. There are two men every one of us, Robert. The man world sees and the man that his s knows. And they are wholly unli The man the world sees doesn't cha easily, is pretty much the same day as another, year in, year out; little older, that's all. But the in man, the soul, can change in a secon

"Yeah, of course," Bobby agreed. was getting uncomfortable and wished Sam would stop. But Sam did stop and with his very next words B by's eyes began to open wider and wid

"Clare is not for me," Sam said. "L the bee, the glory of life came and en for me in the hour. But those Canad days, the long tramps over the hills through the black woods, breakfast lunch in the open, suppers by a roar fire, and the eternal nights under stars or in our cabin beds. Rob those days are mine, and come life death, they can never be taken f me. I have lived. Lived with one rious woman who is utterly free. companion whose purity comes within, from a clean heart and a cl mind. The lewdities of morality do exist for her."

He stopped, stopped so suddenly Bobby was left open mouthed. this Sam? Could this be Sam? only with his silence did Bobby rea that it really was Sam, Sam once m the every-day Sam: the living fire moment ago gone from his eyes, only his hairless head and mirthless distinguished him from a hundred commonplace men.

"I'd like to go to bed now." Sam up. "Thank you, Robert."

"Wait! Hold on!" Bobby cr "We've got to have another little d Sam. I'm frightfully sorry. I'm s about everything. But how coul know?"

Sam smiled.

"I will have one more drink," he s "but I won't talk any more. Tomor afternoon I'm going back to Brazil."

"Brazil!" Bobby stopped with glass in mid-air.

"Brazil. Yes." Sam's eyes were k "Your father was just to me, Rob I did not find ludite in Saskatche After I had taken a dozen geolog samples, I knew definitely that I w not find it. But I located a very vein of silver ore, and so reporte him. He paid me liberally. His c came today. Now I can go back Brazil."

"You want to?" Bobby couldn't lieve his ears. "You want to g Brazil, Sam?"

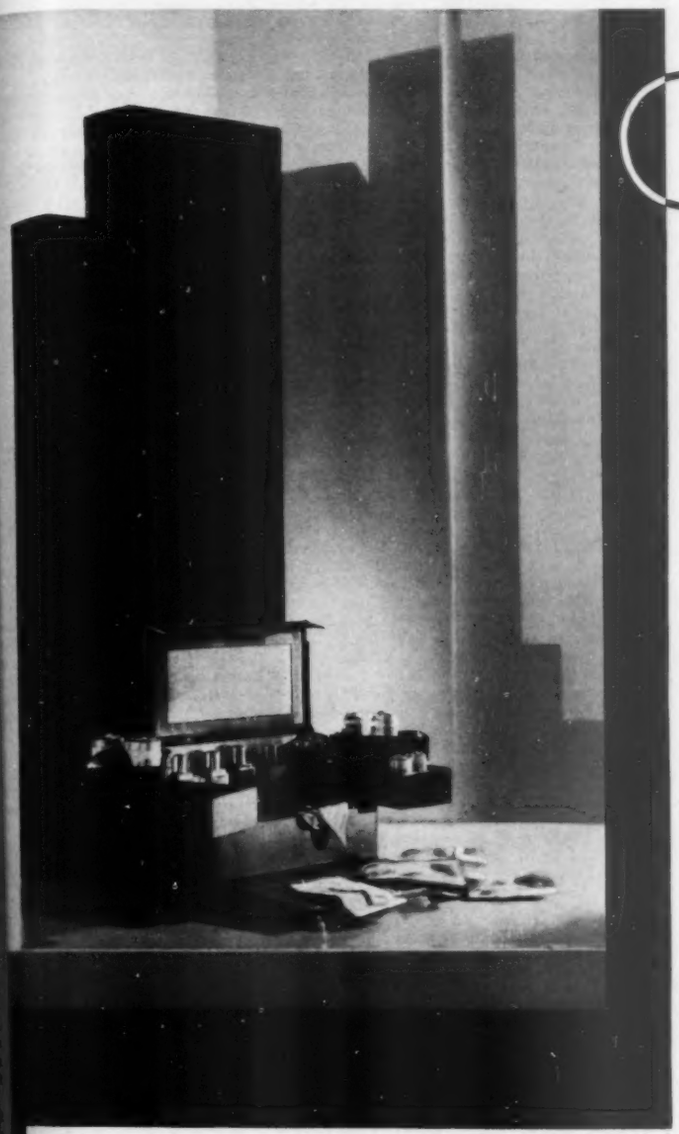
"Of course," Sam said. "My is there."

"Here's luck, then." And B drained his glass.

After that they went to bed.

(*Continued on page 108*)

he soul is never empty of the loveliness it gives



GIVE YOURSELF at Christmastime

"Elusive, subtle substance of the soul,
that ever gives of self, and yet remains intact."

Give your best, your highest ideals, your tenderest emotions, expressed in a thing of beauty. The best of you should reach those who receive your gift • This beauty you thought you wanted for yourself—if you would keep it—you must give it! Beauty grows as it is shared. An ancient proverb says:

"There must be two to bring any beauty into the world.
One to say it—and one to hear it."

The great desire for loveliness has been planted in our hearts, impelling us to gather beauty—just to scatter it again! As seeds are blown about and multiply, nourished by the earth. Always more and more. Thus we glimpse the Cosmic purpose, the divine pattern in our yearning to be beautiful. This is the ebb and flow, the back and forth, the pulse, the rhythm of the Universe! • So give your beauty gladly—with prodigal abandon—in laughing and loving and high endeavor to soothe and bless the world • The soul is never empty of the loveliness it gives.

● ELIZABETH ARDEN'S BEAUTY BOXES are filled with the loveliness every woman longs for. You may have a luxurious leather traveling case, completely equipped. Another charmingly satisfactory small gift is a box of rose lacquered metal...just enough for a week-end. And, in between—special cases for motoring ...for short visits, and long ones...each ingeniously fitted with those preparations you are sure to need. $3.85 to $250.

● PERFUMES...the woman who receives one of Miss Arden's exquisite perfumes for Christmas will be truly thrilled. There are four fragrances—Mon Amie Elizabeth, La Joie d'Elizabeth, Le Rêve d'Elizabeth (irresistible on furs.) Whether you select the Twin Package, containing two perfumes at $6, or the gorgeous thirty-two ounce bottle at $125, you are assured of distinction.

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● BATH SALTS...rose, pine or nirvana, as you prefer. Invigorating crystals in transparent jars, with satin bows that give a real holiday air. $1.75, $3, $5.

● FRAGRANT SOAPS...The perfect example of a glorified practical gift—soaps that are velvet to the touch, lather lavishly and leave a delicate aftermath of fragrance. Arden Jasmine Soap, in a jade green box, 3 cakes $3.75. Arden Allamanda Soap, in a lapis blue box, 3 cakes $3.75. Arden Ambre Soap, in a black and silver box, 3 cakes, $3.75.

● Elizabeth Arden's book "The Quest of the Beautiful" will tell you how to secure for yourself the precious gift of loveliness through the scientific care of your skin. It will be mailed on request. And a second book, "Your Masterpiece—Yourself," will tell you about Elizabeth Arden's Home Course for beauty and health.

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INC.
13 and 15 West 57th Street, New York

LO AND BEHOLD!

(*Continued from page 106*)

But in the morning Bobby showed Robert Alexander to Sam, and let Sam watch Nurse Atwill feed him his first taste of anything out of a spoon. They both roared at Robert Alexander's attack on the spoon; he wanted to grab it instead of eat out of it, but Nurse Atwill was patient and would take the spoon away just as Robert Alexander's fist was closing on it. Finally she got the orange juice into Robert Alexander's mouth and he swallowed it.

And all the time Sam and Bobby were making the most ridiculous faces themselves whenever Robert Alexander made a face. Bobby caught himself doing it, by a chance glance into a mirror, and then he watched Sam. Sam was worse than Robert Alexander. Sam was grotesque.

But Bobby didn't have much time to play because he had to go to town. Sam wasn't going in until lunch-time. So Bobby told Sam good-by, and shook hands with him three different times and wished him good luck, and asked if there wasn't something he could do, and left him to play with Robert Alexander until time for him to go to Brazil on the *Southern Cross*.

ON THE train going in, Bobby tried to think out clearly in his mind just how he did feel about Sam. But he realized that it really didn't make any difference, because he didn't feel about Sam now the way he had felt before he met Sam last night; and the next time he saw Sam, if he ever did see him again, he might feel entirely different.

But he was worried about one thing. Sam had only two bags and two overcoats, and the money his father had sent. Bobby had asked him if he wasn't taking a trunk, and Sam said he always travelled light and would buy his outfit when he got to wherever he was going. So Bobby realized that everything Sam owned in the world was probably in those two bags. Because Sam certainly didn't have any home. That, Bobby decided, was a miserable way to live. And he felt awfully sorry for Sam.

"You know," Bobby said to the man in the seat beside him, "I know a fellow that never laughs. And he has a perfectly rotten time."

"Yeah?" The man looked at Bobby.

"I was wondering if that wasn't the reason." Bobby cut short his confidence because it was perfectly apparent the man thought he was crazy.

At the office there was a telegram from Alinda saying she had reached Santa Fé all right, and had had a long talk with her mother, and Captain T. was very bad, indeed. Bobby wished he was worse, but he was glad Alinda was with her mother. And all the rest of the day he was too busy to think about anything.

On the way home he stopped in at the club to look up Jack Hines. But nobody had seen Jack Hines since last night, and Bobby didn't see him again until Sunday.

Sunday, Jack telephoned and said he couldn't play golf as he was feeling very low. It turned out that Jack had kept that party going right through Thursday and Friday and Saturday nights, and so he naturally wasn't feeling like golf. Bobby went around to see Jack in the afternoon and they talked, and Jack said he must get away somewhere and rest.

Bobby thought a Turkish bath and a rub and a good sleep were all Jack really needed, but Jack said there was something on his mind that he couldn't talk about. So, of course, Bobby knew he meant Clare Fox.

But Clare was gone. Bobby had heard somebody say at the Greenbrook Club, when he stopped there, that Clare Fox had sailed for France with her mother yesterday afternoon, which was Saturday. He told Jack that, but Jack already knew it, somehow, but Bobby didn't see how he could, being in bed. Jack didn't tell Bobby till later that Clare had sent him a note, and it was in his pyjama coat pocket this very minute. But she did. And the note said:

"*Au revoir, mon cœur*, see you in the moon."

And that just finished Jack.

BOBBY'S father reached New York the next Tuesday night, and Bobby met him at the station. His father looked tired and old, Bobby thought, but, of course, he was having a very thin time without Freya to cheer him up. So Bobby decided to do what he could.

They were alone together now, except of course, for Robert Alexander and his nurse, and in some ways it was the most wonderful three weeks in Bobby's life. But in another way it was terribly lonely. Lonely for Bobby and for Bobby's father. Right in the middle of grand talk, there would suddenly come a deadly stop, and Alinda would rush into Bobby's thoughts. And once, when Bobby happened to look at his father he saw something in his father's eyes and he burst right out:

"You're thinking about Freya."

"I was, Son," his father said.

"I was, too," Bobby gulped. "Alinda I mean. It's hell."

"It is," his father said. And then he sort of laughed, and lighted a cigar and said men were men, and there was nothing like them, but that women made life endurable.

Bobby knew exactly what his father meant, but *he* would have said "heaven." Of, course, both of them were right.

Jack Hines came in some evenings, and they all went into town for dinner and a show, but Jack was practically useless because half of the time his mind was not even on what he was saying. He was pathetic.

Bobby's father had a long talk with Jack one afternoon, but he didn't tell Bobby anything about what they said except that he told Jack a change would probably do him good, and Jack thought so, too.

Every morning after breakfast Bobby's father got a night letter from Freya, and there was always a message for Bobby in it from Alinda. But it came after Bobby had gone to town and so he heard it when he got home in the evening. He and his father finally called the telegrams "bulletins" because, all joking aside, there were always those few words: Captain T. better, or Captain T. about the same. Of course, Bobby always hoped it would be Captain T. dead. Not because of anything he had against Ollie Thomas except general conditions.

Once or twice in the evenings, his father asked Bobby sort of indirectly about his mother. It wasn't so hard to talk about her, now he had got to understand his father so well. But Bobby hadn't anything special to tell. He had written his mother, but she hadn't answered. Little by little, though, they did talk about her quite a lot. Bobby would tell his father funny little things that had happened a long time ago. Like the war. How his mother had packed him off to Genoa the very first day of the war, and there they had stayed until they could get a ship for New York. They just left everything at Beau Soleil. Never even stopped to shut the front door. His mother was always like that. Impulsive.

But Bobby's father said his mother did exactly right and that he was glad Bobby wasn't a day older than he was. Because it was a perfectly rotten war, especially the first two years.

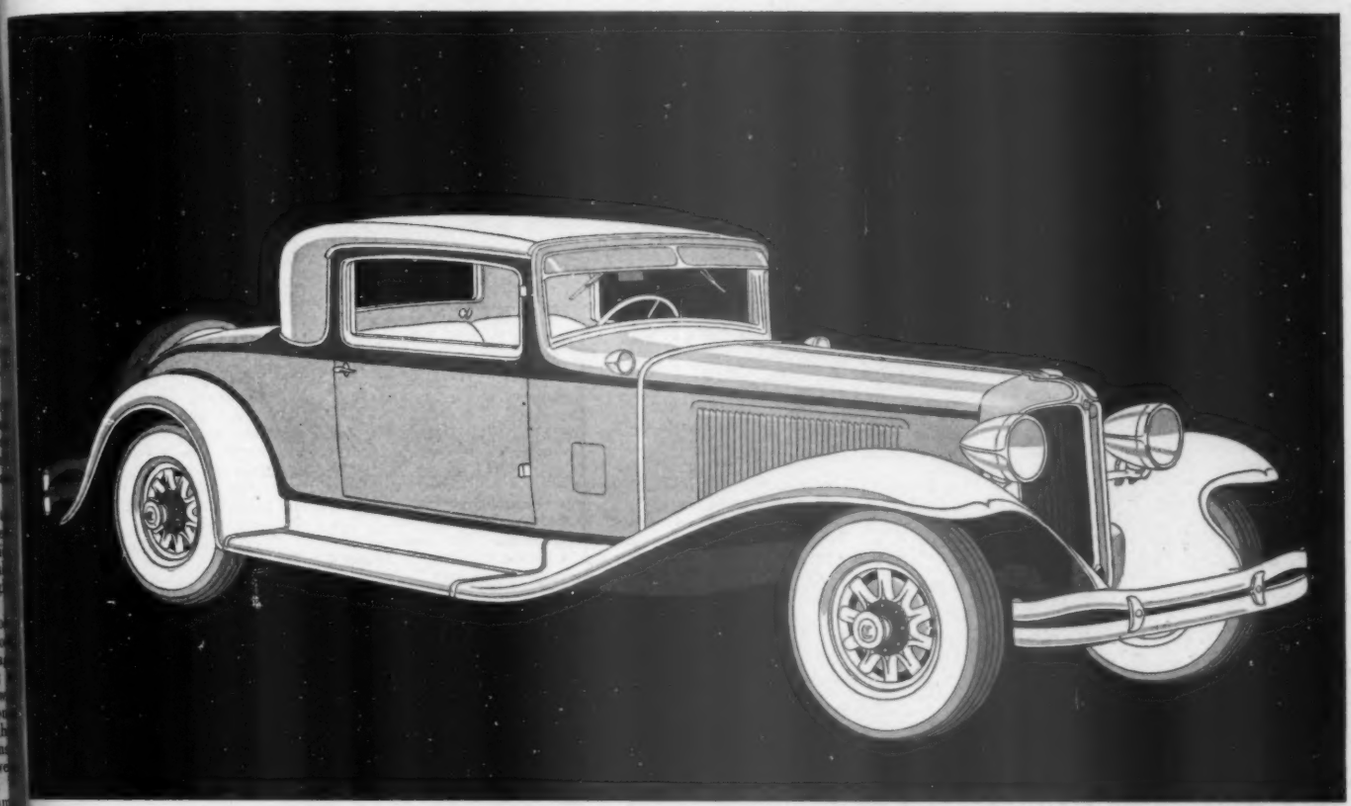
But Bobby did not think it could have been as bad as all that, because afterward his father said he wouldn't have missed it for anything in this world. So how could it?

But Bobby realized his father didn't want to talk about the war so much. He'd talk half the afternoon to Jim Blake in the office, and they'd smoke and laugh and go on by the hour. But to Bobby, his father didn't seem to want to discuss the war, and Bobby felt it.

One morning at breakfast Bobby found a letter by his plate from

(*Continued on page 110*)

CHRYSLER
STRAIGHT EIGHTS



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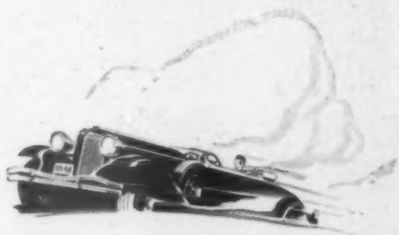
These Eights have such a remarkably low center of gravity that other cars seem needlessly high by comparison. And this low center of gravity also gives a perfection of balance that adds immensely to riding easiness and safety.

In these new Eights, Chrysler engineering has produced smoothness of performance that is in itself the greatest evidence of a supremely fine mechanism.

Of all recent developments that make driving easier and pleasanter, the greatest is the Chrysler Multi-Range 4-speed transmission together with a quick, quiet gear shift. It offers the advantages of *dual high* gears, one for normal city driving and climbing hills, and one for the open road.

The Chrysler Eights also have internal hydraulic brakes that are safe and sure in all weather. A new degree of strength and quietness in body construction is still another important feature.

Driving one of these Chrysler Straight Eights will be a new and fascinating experience. The nearest Chrysler dealer will gladly place one at your disposal.



CHRYSLER EIGHT — *Coupe (with rumble seat) $1495; Sedan $1525; Convertible Coupe $1665; Roadster $1495. Six wire wheels, $80 extra. Sport Roadster (including six wire wheels and trunk rack) $1595.* CHRYSLER IMPERIAL EIGHT—*Five-Passenger Sedan $2745; Close-Coupled Sedan $2845; Seven-Passenger Sedan $2945; Sedan-Limousine $3145.* CHRYSLER IMPERIAL CUSTOM EIGHTS, *bodies designed by LeBaron — Coupe $3150; Roadster $3220; Convertible Coupe $3320; Phaeton $3575. All prices f. o. b. factory.*

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A Chanel dress made to be adored by the debutante . . . So entirely flattering are the lines of it . . . so exquisite the detail . . . The original is in red, and there are copies in all colors.

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LO AND BEHOLD!

(*Continued from page 108*)

mother. His father hadn't come in yet from his walk. Bobby's father had a habit of getting up early and taking a walk before breakfast. He'd be up at seven o'clock, every day, rain or shine, summer or winter, and dress himself and go out and take that walk. Bobby didn't see why on earth anybody wanted to do that; but his father said he always had and guessed he always would.

Anyway, his father hadn't come in yet from his walk. So Bobby opened the letter and read it, and had just finished when his father did come in. "Letter from my mother," Bobby said, and handed it across to his father. "Read it. She's perfectly miserable and everything is all right again."

Bobby's father just looked at him: "You do know your mother, don't you?" he said. But he didn't read the letter. So Bobby told him what his mother said.

She had sent Prince Tullio packing. She said he was a sycophant and that he had completely deceived her, because she had tried to help him in his career, and had always looked on him as a son. And she said she was terribly hurt by such ingratitude and was so ill that she was going to Algiers after Christmas and to Venice in the spring. And she sent Bobby a fat Christmas cheque, and one to Robert Alexander, his first Christmas; and said she was sending some things from Paris to Alinda. And she spoke of Robert Alexander three different times and never called him *Maurice* once.

And a lot more. But she never mentioned Bobby's father, nor Freya, nor said anything at all mean. So Bobby knew everything was all to the good. But at the very end she said: "Tell Alinda that what I told her about my Blue Cameos was in confidence."

So Bobby said: "My mother's got some Blue Cameos. Did you ever know anybody named Raymond?"

Bobby's father jumped. That is, Bobby knew his father *did* know somebody named Raymond from the quick look that came into his father's eyes. But all his father said was: "Raymond who?"

Bobby didn't know who; but he did know that his father probably felt about this very much the same as he did about the war. Anyway, as far as Bobby was concerned. So Bobby let that drop.

BUT finally *it* happened. The thing that Bobby wanted to have happen more than anything else finally did happen. Things do happen just like that. You may be disappointed over and over again. You think it has just got to come off this time and then it doesn't. But in the end it always does. This did. The telegram came on the afternoon of the sixteenth of December. *The* telegram came. Ollie Thomas was dead.

Bobby knew it the second he came into the room. He knew from his father's expression. His father was sitting in his favourite chair down at the end of the library by the bay window. He had the telegram in his hand. Not looking at it. He was looking out of the window, and the telegram was lying on his knee in his hand. He turned and looked up, though, when Bobby came toward him, and he lifted his hand with the telegram in it and held it out to Bobby. He didn't say a word. His eyes spoke for him. In his father's eyes Bobby saw all the burden of the last three weeks gone. And in its place pure joy. He knew his father wasn't glad because Ollie Thomas was dead, but because the barrier that had risen between Freya and him was gone forever.

And it was funny, too, but Bobby couldn't say a thing. He wanted to shout. He wanted to get hold of his father's hand. He wanted his father to know that he was glad, now that everything was all right again. But he couldn't speak. But what he could do, he did. He went straight to his piano and began to sing. And what he sang was:

"Little David, play on your harp,
Hallelu. Hallelu!
Little David, play your harp,
Hallelu!"

And he kept right on into the second verse, when he heard his father say h thought that was about enough of th

And after supper they talked.

Bobby supposed, of course, his fathe would be taking the midnight train f Santa Fé, but Bobby's father said n He had told Freya that he would wa until she was ready to come to hi and that was exactly what he intend to do. Not stubborn, his father was stubborn; he was just knowing. Bob realized that. His father had intuitio that made him always know what to to make it easier for you. And to ha him waiting for Freya was just exac what she would want in a time li this.

Then Bobby thought he would himself. But his father said, "N again. That everything was probab arranged.

And his father was right, becau another telegram, a long one, came la that same night, and at the end it sa Alinda and Freya were starting E on the nineteenth.

The nineteenth. That was six da before Christmas. They would be ho in plenty of time for Christmas. Th would all be at home and together ag for Christmas: Alinda, and Alind mother, and Bobby and his father, a Robert Alexander. And it would Robert Alexander's first Christmas.

Bobby began to prepare.

"OOH, Bobby! Merry Christ Bobby! Wake up Bobby and g us a little kiss. It's Christmas."

Bobby gave Alinda her kiss and th he began to wake up, and Alin laughed at him and said he was lazy a rang the bell for Nurse Atwill to br in Robert Alexander. Bobby looked Robert Alexander.

"I'm glad he's getting bigger, Alin Here, give him to me. Merry Christm Robert Alexander. Ouch! He bit thumb," Bobby laughed. "I'm glad doesn't have to chew you all up more, Linda. I didn't like him chew you all up."

"He didn't. Don't hold him like t Bobby. He'll spill. He's just had second feeding."

"You take him, then." And Bob handed Robert Alexander to his yo mother. "You two look grand," Bob said. And they did. Anyway, he thou so.

So they played with Robert Alexan and talked for half an hour or so, bef Bobby got out of bed to take his sho And it was while they were play with Robert Alexander that Alinda t Bobby about her mother's decision.

"You know, Bobby," Alinda said, am going to be very careful about bri ing up Robert Alexander for the three years, because that's the m critical time, they say."

"I suppose so," Bobby agreed. he was really thinking what a beaut neck Alinda had. He was lying d and she was sitting up in bed so could see the back of her neck r where it started to be a neck, and it so lovely that he wanted to kiss it.

But Alinda didn't know that Bo was thinking about kissing her neck she went on: "My mother said that own childhood was almost like m and that's how it was possible for to have made the decision she did."

"What decision?" Alinda's ni had slipped off one soft round shou and that distracted Bobby's thoug

"To give me up and go with Cap Thomas to India," Alinda proce "Of course, it was all right for her, w she was little, to be brought up by aunt. So she thought it would be right for me. That was her idea. I said I didn't think there was anyth in that, because even if my Aunt was just as good as any mother poss could be, still it wasn't the same. of course, now that I've got Ro Alexander, I wouldn't dream of gi him to anybody."

"I should think not." Bobby h that all right.

"No. And, of course, I realize

(*Concluded on page 112*)

ft—MAN'S GOLD WRIST WATCH • DIAMOND CLIP PINS • CHRISTMAS TREE BROOCH • GOLD SCOTTY BRACELET • SILVER ARETTE BOX WITH CRYSTAL ELEPHANTS • STAR SAPPHIRE RING • DIAMOND RING • GREEN AND BLACK SILVER COMPACT D KEY WITH ACCESSORIES • DIAMOND BRACELET • CRYSTAL SLEEVE LINKS • PEARL STICK PIN • GOLD BELT BUCKLE

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LO AND BEHOLD!

(*Concluded from page 110*)

that's mainly the reason I came right back from France. Because I realized that our mothers and fathers do have the most ridiculous views about their children, besides being perfectly cuckoo when it comes to managing their own affairs."

That made Bobby laugh.

"Well, they are. Or, anyway, you know what I mean."

THE tree was grand. Bobby had the room all darkened, with the curtains drawn, and the hundred and more tiny lights twinkled and winked at you, and made you forget that you were old and knew better than that. Bobby played Santa Claus. He would go up to the pile of gifts and haul out a package and read the name. Then he kissed each person as he gave him his first gift. And that was the first and only time he had ever kissed his father in his life, as far as he could remember. And when he realized that, he made an excuse in his own mind and went straight across the room and kissed Robert Alexander. And Robert Alexander pulled Bobby's paper crown off.

Everybody had piles of presents, and Bobby had bought out Schwarz's, almost, for Robert Alexander.

Alinda and Freya were simply agog at the basket of things Bobby's mother sent to Alinda from Paris. So while they were hauling out frocks and things that looked almost useless to anybody north of the equator, because you could see right through any of them, Bobby and his father started in to breakfast, and Bobby's father sort of hesitated and fished an envelope out of his pocket and said: "Oh, yes!" and handed it to Bobby.

Bobby was frightfully embarrassed. His father had already given him a perfectly wonderful shotgun, and he thought this was a cheque. And then his fingers felt a stiff card inside a square envelope. So he opened it. It was an announcement card. Jimmy Blake had written it. And this is what it said:

"Mr. Robert Alexander Delaine, Jr., has this day been admitted to partnership in the firm of Stafford and Blake, and the style of the firm hereafter will be: Stafford, Blake and Delaine."

Bobby gulped. Good old Jimmy Blake! And Stafford. Old man Stafford's grand. And then, suddenly, he realized. His father. His father had done that. Partner, a full partner. What a frightful lot of money his father must have put up, for him to be made a partner.

And Bobby would have just stood there speechless forever, if Alinda hadn't seen him and realized that he was having one of his dumb thankful fits. So she rushed up and said:

"What is it, Bobby? I'll bet it's something grand. Let's see."

That made Bobby articulate and he tried to tell Alinda what it all meant and what his father had done, but his father said, "Never mind that detail, Son"; and Alinda jumped up in Bobby's father's arms and kissed him fifteen or twenty times and cried and laughed, and said that Robert Alexander wouldn't have to be named *Maurice* now or be a pauper.

And Bobby's father said: "What? Well, I guess not."

SO, finally they all sat down to breakfast.

But even that early, and it wasn't noon yet, the telephone began to ring, and it kept on ringing until the party started at four o'clock, because Bobby had felt so good this year that he had sent flowers to all the girls and women that he and Alinda knew; and more than twenty dozen bottles of "this and that" to his various men friends. And, of course, the telephone and the front door bell just never stopped ringing all day.

It was quite a party. Bobby's father had made the egg-nog in a brand-new wash-tub, but even that finally gave out, and Bobby's father admitted, toward midnight, to a new but very close and intimate friend he had made that very evening that on the whole it was just as well he and Freya were leaving for Florida in a day or two because, while he hadn't been exactly a hermit or recluse all his life, he had never seen anything like this.

But Bobby missed Jack Hines awfully, and he thought it was putrid of Jack to have gone away last week and not said where, or even when he'd be coming back. And once or twice he actually thought of Sam: Sam with his two overcoats and two bags and nothing else in the world. But on the whole, it wasn't so bad.

Nurse Atwill took Robert Alexander to spend the night up over the garage where Bruce the yardman and his wife lived. But she needn't have; because about two o'clock somebody said, "Let's go over to the Greenbrook Club and dance, and I'll blow everybody to breakfast at half-past five."

That emptied the house. And only Freya and Bobby's father stayed with the wreck.

And she said: "Aleck, I love a good time. I always have, but these children are too much for me. Put me to bed, Aleck."

Freya wrote that to Alinda after she had got to Palm Beach, and she may have said it, at that.

But Bobby and Alinda thought "children" was putting it a little bit strong, considering everything. And after all they were a man and woman with a child of their own, and Bobby was a full partner in the firm of Stafford, Blake and Delaine. And he was Delaine.

BOBBY was sleepy when he got back from the Greenbrook Club, and Monday was a holiday, so he wanted to go to bed. They did go to bed, but Alinda was wide awake and naturally wanted to talk.

"You know, Bobby," she said, "I've been thinking all evening about your mother, and—"

"When, all evening?" Bobby interrupted. "You didn't look very much like thinking to me. You looked grand, Alinda. You looked like you were having a pretty grand time to be thinking."

But Alinda didn't think that was very funny, as she felt quite serious.

"You know," she said again, "I've decided that your mother and your father and my mother and my father have been a very good lesson to us."

"I know that," Bobby agreed, even if he really didn't know any such thing, because he was almost asleep and only heard the last two words.

"Yes," Alinda persevered, all unconscious of his closed eyes. "A very good lesson. We are profligate and hedonistic, in a way, and if a serious situation should ever arise, I don't know how we would actually meet it. But, of course, we would. But when I think of that, I've come to the conclusion—"

Bobby!"

"Yeah? What? What you Alinda?"

"You're singing, Bobby. Bobby, you're asleep. You're singing in your sleep."

"Yeah, singing. Grand song, Alinda—I wish Jack Hines—"

"Bobby!" Alinda sat bolt upright in bed. "Bobby. I didn't tell you. I've got. The cable came while I was in the garage seeing about Robert Alexander. Bruce answered the telephone. Wake up, Bobby."

"I'm awake."

"You're not. Listen. Jack Hines married. Jack Hines has married Fox. They sent a cable from Paris. They were married—"

"Yeah! In the moon. Clare *Meet you in the moon.*"

"Bobby. Don't be stupid. perfectly impossible, Bobby, when stupid."

"Not being stupid, Alinda. Just opposite. Call him Maurice if you but his name is Robert Alexander

(The End)

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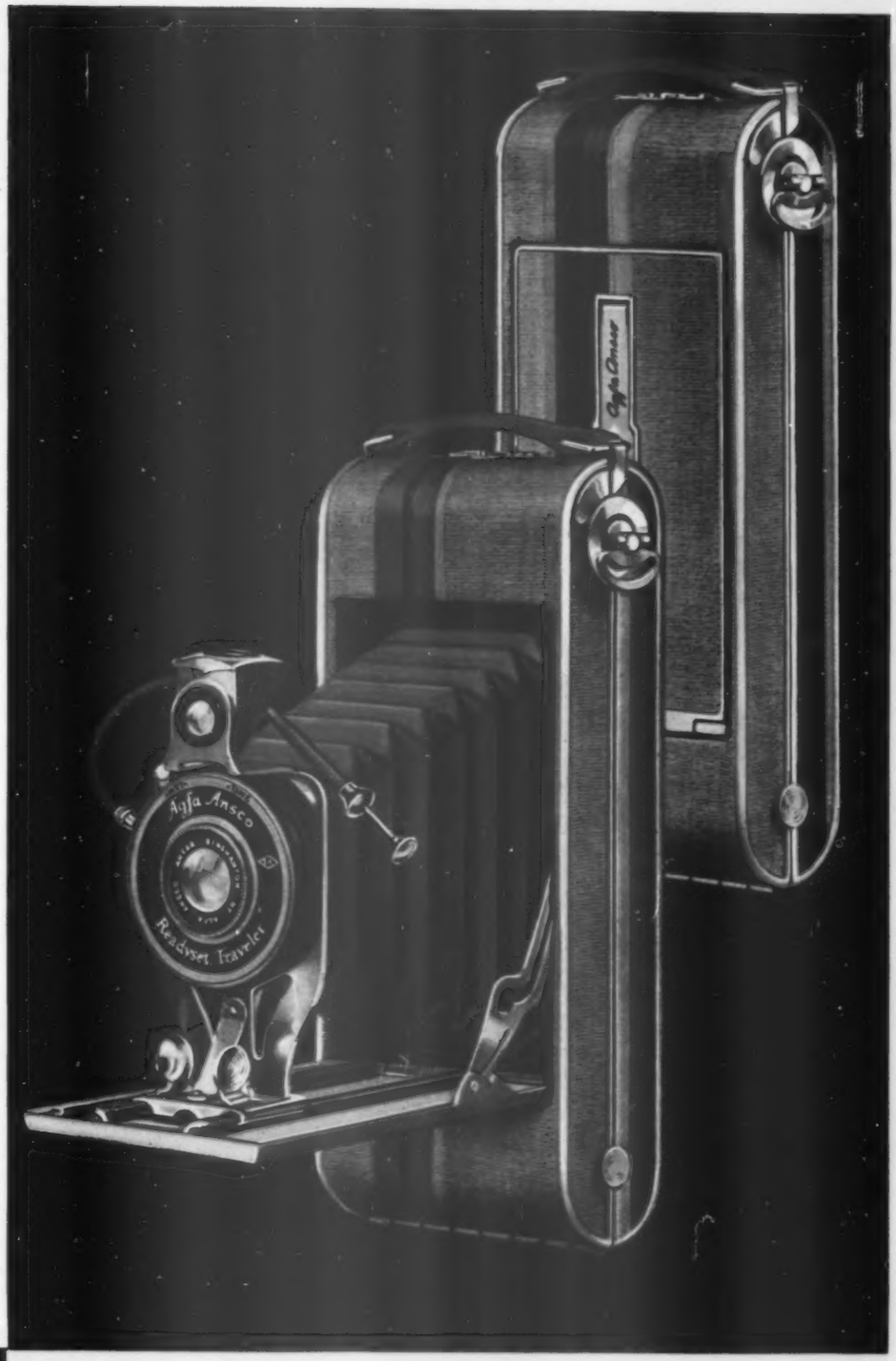

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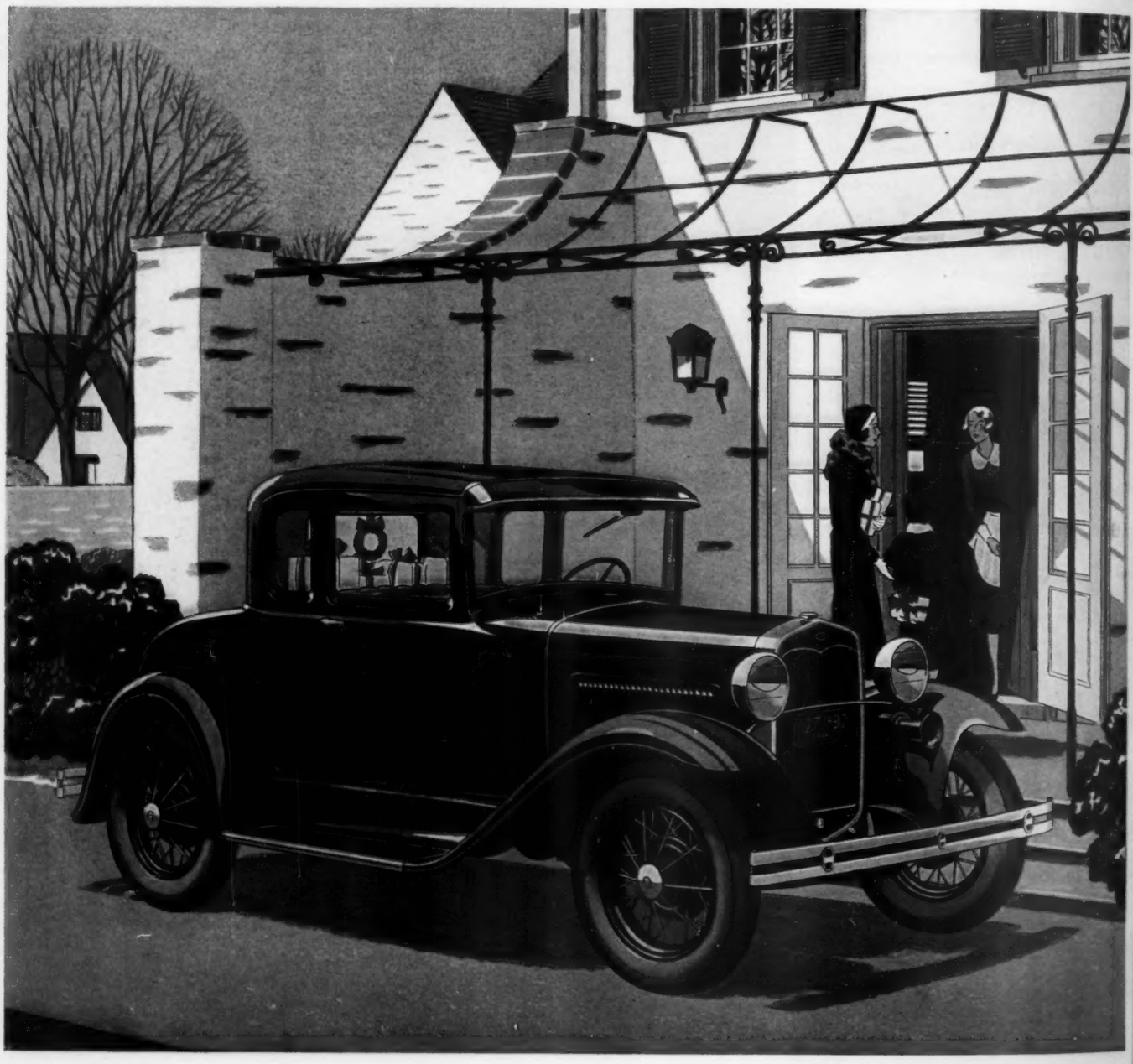

DREAMS will come true in many homes this Christmas. For there, among the holiday gifts, will be a gleaming new Ford. From Dad to Mother. Or from Mother and Dad to Son or Daughter.

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Ford

A GREAT LADY

(*Continued from page 69*)

God! Did you bring me here just
ee a fawn?"
ill replied, "Yes, I'm interested in
. Take a look."
I looked. What I saw was a girl,
ng, tall, slim, and lithe. On the
ly-lighted stage I could not distin-
sh her features, but I could see she
d dark hair and eyes, and that she
ved with easy, natural grace.
I said, not in the best of humour,
ill, I've looked. What about it?"
ill said, "What do you think of her?"
replied, "She seems all right from
. But what is it all about?"
e answered, "She's a cute kid, and I
her."
Does she like you?"
She says she does."
Then why don't you?"
She has a fellow already."
Such obstacles have been overcome."
Yes, but he's giving her a hundred
rs a week and she won't quit him
I agree to give her the same."
looked at Bill and said, "Oh! A
ness woman!"
replied, "I don't blame her for
ng to protect herself."
said, "Then why not give her the
ney? You can afford it."
ill said, "That isn't all."
There's more?"
Yes."
What?"
She wants me to agree to give it to
for a year no matter what happens."
What do you mean?"
Suppose we didn't hit it off and I got
of her in a month or two. Where
ld she be then? That's what she
to know."
A prudent gazelle," I said, "with an
for the future."
replied, "I can see her side of it
I think she's right."
said, "Not many girls who were fond
fellow would be so foresighted."
That's one of the things I like about
. So long as this other man is put-
up, she won't cheat. If she won't
with him, I figure she won't cheat
me."
Not unless the other fellow sees your
."
nd then she won't cheat. She'll
."
ere's something in that," I replied.
er a while Bill asked me if I would
to meet her. By that time I was
sted and said I would. Bill said
uld arrange it.

EXT day the three of us met for
nch. Bill had engaged a table in
ner. When the girl came I saw
as younger than I had thought.
roduced her as Miss Constance
oon learned her first name was
. At the table I studied her. She
s unusual type. Her face was
provocative than beautiful. I
ht that perhaps, not very far back,
family name might have been Con-
. Of this I was never sure.
was ordinary and uneducated.
ear was a stranger to her and her
ported like a file. She was dressed
eaply. But she deported herself
She kept herself in the back-
d of the conversation. She made
ense. When I finally got her
about herself she said her father
waiter in a cheap restaurant in
n. She had one brother and no
. She had had practically no
ng. Until she was seventeen, that
year ago, she had kept house for
her and brother. Then she struck
herself. She knew she was
y and uneducated, but she wasn't
to be like that always. She was
to be a lady; some one really
ast.
n she had left to go back to re-
Bill said, "Anyway, she's differ-
I admitted it. Bill continued,
n't clever." That I denied. "I
e said, "she isn't smart. She
learn things quickly. For in-
she's a natural dancer but she's
king up the steps. She's one of
to get 'em, but once she's got
never loses 'em. I guess she's
like that in everything."

"Bill," I asked, "did you notice how she was dressed? No girl getting a hundred a week has to dress as cheaply as that. How do you know she isn't raising the ante on you? What proof have you she has any fellow at all?"

"Get out," Bill said; "she couldn't think up a trick like that."

"I'm not so sure," I replied.

"Anyway," he said, "she's a cute kid and I like her."

THE Lilac Girl was a great success, bigger in fact than Bill's previous hit. Soon after its opening Bill told me he had come to an understanding with Katie. Some three months later he asked me to lunch with them. I was astounded at the change in the girl. She was beautifully dressed. Her hair was arranged differently and it improved her appearance wonderfully. Pictorially she fitted her surroundings, and we were lunching at the Ritz.

Katie was still a good listener. I discovered she was also a close observer and that she learned from what she saw. Her grammar had already improved. Two or three times she corrected herself in the middle of a sentence. More than once she appealed to Bill. She did it frankly and without embarrassment. She was not sure and she wanted to know.

Bill said they lunched together nearly every day at some fashionable hotel or restaurant. Katie wanted to learn what ladies wore and what ladies did.

Later I spoke to Bill about Katie's improvement, especially that of her appearance. He said he had taken her to the designer of the firm that made the modern gowns for his shows. He had studied her carefully and now he dressed her. Katie was studying herself just as carefully as the designer had studied her. She already knew what she could wear and what she could not; what her colours were and which were the forbidden ones.

They had a flat in Fifty-sixth Street. They practically never went out after the theatre and never went to the all-night restaurants. Katie did not want to be identified with that crowd. Bill was teaching her how to write and spell correctly. She found the spelling rather difficult but once she knew a thing she knew it.

"I'm proud of that kid," Bill said, "and she's just the girl I've been waiting for. I want a girl that will look up to me, not one I've got to live up to. I want my girl to listen to what I have to say and not try to give me advice all the time. That's the kind Katie is. She knows I know more than she does and she listens to me. She's anxious to learn from me and she doesn't try to boss me."

It was plain that Bill was deeply in love with Katie. What her feelings were toward him I was not able to fathom.

Soon after the end of the season Bill and Katie were married. They went to Europe for the honeymoon. They returned for the rehearsals of Bill's new musical play which he had written before they left. Soon after they came back they dined with me. The march of Katie's improvement still went on. There was now about her an air of poise and refinement. She was still, at times, hesitant and undetermined about her grammar. But her voice had lost some of its harshness. It had taken on a slight tinge of the English tone. Occasionally she used a broad A.

There was no thought of Katie's returning to the stage. They rented an apartment in a fashionable neighbourhood. Bill spent a lot of money on its furnishings and draperies. He bought some good pictures.

Bill's new show was a success. It made three in a row, a record few composers have achieved. In spite of his lack of musical education—he had refused to study because he thought it might in some way affect his writing—he was the most successful composer of the day. Managers offered him his own

(*Continued on page 114*)

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A GREAT LADY

(*Continued from page 113*)

terms, but he stuck to the man who had given him his chance.

They received many invitations, but accepted few. This was not Bill's idea. He was inordinately proud of his wife. She was his handiwork and he was vain in the possession of her. He was delighted to show her off on all occasions. It was Katie's idea that they go slow. As she phrased it, she didn't want to step out till she was ready.

Katie now had a teacher. Ostensibly, she was Bill's assistant secretary, for he already had one. She had been social secretary to a former society woman. That was principally why Katie engaged her. She wanted to learn exactly how to phrase her acceptances and regrets. She wanted to know what was correct; what was done and what was not. She wished to learn social forms. She learned them and many other things. For the woman knew.

Of course, they did not decline all invitations. I was at their apartment when they received one from a mutual friend to a dinner she was giving to a famous Englishman. Katie repeated the name and said to Bill, "I think I've heard of him." Bill laughed and said, "I wouldn't be surprised. He's the celebrated explorer who came back a short time ago from his voyage to the South Pole."

Katie said, "Oh, yes. I thought I'd heard his name."

ON THE night of the dinner, Katie, in her white, creamy dress, was a picture of ivory and elegance. She was seated next to the explorer. I was opposite them. The explorer was attracted to her immediately. She led him on to speak of himself. Then she took up the conversation. What she did not know about that man and what he had done was not worth knowing. She knew where and when he was born; where he went to school; when he had entered the navy; whom he had married; what voyages he had made; the decorations he had received; how long he had been away on his last voyage; the length of time he had been on the ice and away from his ship; the latitude he had reached; in fact, she knew about everything his biographer would have to know.

Later I congratulated Bill on the cleverness of his scheme. He grinned happily and beamed proudly. "Guess again," he said. "I knew no more about it than you did, and I was just as much surprised when she sprung it. It was her own idea and her own stuff. Great kid, isn't she?" This time I admitted she was.

She did the same thing when she was invited to meet a famous poet who was visiting New York preliminary to a lecture tour. When she received the invitation, she had never heard the man's name. When they met, she assured him she had read, and loved, everything he had written. She quoted from several of his poems and repeated his favourite, *The Angel*, without missing a word.

Sometimes, however, things did not go so well. Once, in a lull in a conversation during which the people about her had been discussing Napoleon, she said, "Bill, dear, was Napoleon class?" Foolish though the question was, it showed the trend of her mind.

On another occasion she had been to hear *Martha*. Asked her opinion, she said, "It's very charming, of course, but why introduce such chestnuts as *The Last Rose of Summer?*" Bill was not the least embarrassed by these remarks. He really and honestly thought they were simply funny. For him, Katie could do no wrong.

They rented a place on Long Island for the summer. Several English and American stage celebrities visited them. The people they invited to meet them found the celebrities and their host and hostess interesting. They invited them in return. Katie liked the life. She persuaded Bill to buy the place. It cost more than he could afford, but his income was bigger than ever and he had a new show ready for production.

When he played the score of the new musical play to him, the producer did not show the enthusiasm he had displayed on the three previous occasions. He said the music lacked something. To his mind, the sparkle was gone. He would produce it, of course. He realized a composer could not be at the top of his form all the time. Besides, his judgment might be wrong. Bill said he did not have to produce it out of gratitude. In fact, he did not have to produce it at all, if he felt that way about it. Plenty of other managers would jump at the chance to put it on. The producer told him not to be foolish. It would not be fair to either of them if he did not express his real opinion. Of course, he would produce it.

The producer gave Bill the cast he wanted. The scenery was gorgeous; the dresses beautiful, and the chorus girls the pick of the crop. He spent more money than he had ever put into a show before. He was not going to give Bill the chance to say he had skimped or slighted.

The show was not a success. It was not an absolute failure. It made a little money the first two weeks. After that it slumped gradually for about a month. Then the bottom fell out. On the road its fate was the same. After five weeks on tour it went to the storehouse.

Bill took the failure much to heart. The producer said no one could write all successes. His advice was to think no more about it; just go ahead and do his best with the next.

Bill's royalties from his road shows were still very big. During the winter he and Katie entertained handsomely. During the summer, to keep up with their neighbours, their entertainments was lavish. It seemed to Bill he never had the time really to concentrate on his work; that he had to do everything intermittently. Instead of having the score finished by March, as he had always done previously, it was not completed until the end of June.

When the new score was played for the producer, he shook his head. Bill was astounded. His score was being refused.

The producer said, "Bill, you know I'm your friend. Well, I've been in the game longer than you have. I've seen them come and I've seen them go, but your friend, I'm telling you that you've lost the spark."

"Do you mean to say," Bill demanded, "you think I'm written out?"

"Not at all, Bill," the producer protested. "In my opinion you're probably tired. You've been entertaining a lot. Cut it out. Take a holiday for six months, without even writing a note. Go to some nice, quiet place where you can rest during the winter and let the sun sink into you. Rest, you understand! Above all, Bill, take care of your money."

"And what do you mean by that?"

The producer regarded Bill steadily for a minute. Then he replied, "I mean just what I said. Take care of your money."

FOR the first time in his life, Bill had to peddle his work. His pride would not let him do it directly. So he managed to meet the various producers with apparent casualness. Then he would ask, "Want to hear my latest?" Everyone said he would be delighted. But they all knew Bill's previous producer had had an option on it and must have turned it down. And if anyone knew what the public wanted, he did. They were prejudiced before Bill even sat at the piano. When he had finished playing every one of them congratulated him. But they all found some excuse for not putting it on.

Bill finally realized that no one wanted it. The knowledge sickened him. He could not understand it.

When Bill discussed the matter with Katie, she said she could not understand it either; that in her opinion it was as good as anything he had ever done. Bill asked if she honestly meant that.

(*Continued on page 116*)

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A GREAT LADY

(*Continued from page 114*)

She replied that she did. "All right," Bill said, "since we both feel that way, I'll put it on myself."

Against this Katie protested vehemently. Not with her consent would Bill risk a dollar on the show. If it failed, it would take every cent they had. But, Bill argued, if it succeeded they would make a fortune. And if it was as good as his first work, it must succeed. Katie admitted it all, but she would not yield. Bill understood.

Bill went to the librettist who had written the book and lyrics of all his shows, and suggested they produce this one together. The librettist said Bill was crazy. He was not a speculator. That was the producer's business. His business was to hold on to the money he had made. He said Bill did not seem to realize that it was his capital and not his income.

It took Bill some time to grasp the librettist's point of view. Having accepted it, he suggested they get to work as quickly as possible on the next show. The librettist said he thought the wise thing for them to do was to separate, each getting a new collaborator. New blood would probably help them both. He was nice about it. He did not point out that it was Bill's score and not his book that had been refused. Nor did he remind Bill that it was the score to which everyone had attributed their previous failure. Still, there was no mistaking his meaning. He refused to work with Bill any longer. This, to Bill, was the hardest blow of all.

His producer had lost faith in him. His wife had lost faith in him. His librettist had lost faith in him.

He lost faith in himself.

From that moment Bill never wrote anything that even approached success. A new type of music became the vogue. It swept the world. Bill could not write it. His work was old fashioned, passé.

In two years Bill's income dropped from thousands to nothing. Such things happen in the theatre, as many can testify.

In those two years the relative positions of Bill and Katie changed absolutely. Bill was a failure. Katie no longer regarded him as an oracle. She no longer looked up to him. She dominated and looked down on him. And Bill accepted the situation.

Katie agreed to the putting of a mortgage on the Long Island property. But she insisted on living there during the summer. Nor would she agree to move into a smaller flat. Her idea was to go forward. She said she would not go backward.

NOW it was Katie who was sought after. She was attractive and charming. She dressed beautifully and danced divinely. She did not try to monopolize the men. She was an ideal guest. People began to ask her to dinners and parties without inviting Bill. He allowed her to go alone. He said all he wanted was for her to have a good time.

Katie made the acquaintance of many rich men. There was one of them in particular. His name was Alvin Thompson. He was short and dark. When he stood, there was a deep crease in his neck. When he sat, there was a roll of fat just above his collar. He was a widower. The beginning of his fortune was some money his wife had brought. He had a genius for real-estate speculation and was a daring operator. He was now a multi-millionaire.

Men did not like Thompson. There were many stories current about him and not one to his credit. He had learned that wealth brought curious privileges, among them that of being disagreeable, especially to the less fortunate. His affairs with women were open and flagrant. He was said to have treated his wife abominably. But that was years ago. And money compensates for many eccentricities.

Thompson and Katie lunched and dined together frequently. It was done openly. Katie never failed to tell Bill where and with whom she was going.

Bill began to drink. He could carry much and when he was over-loa he cried. His was a quiet, path drunk; a tearful, sorrowful one. his sorrow was not for himself. It for Katie. She ought to have ev thing in the world, he would say choked voice and with tears ro from his eyes. And he was a bum a failure. He could give her noth And yet she stuck to him. That's kind of girl she was. The greates the world!

One day, when Bill ventured a ti criticism of something Katie had d she told him to be careful what he and to remember she could marry a lionaire any day she wanted.

I was fed up with her attitude tow Bill. I said she should be ashame herself. She should be the one to the remembering; she should remem where Bill had found her and that ing her there, and knowing all ab her, he had married her. Whatever knew and was, she owed to him. W he married her, Bill was the most cessful musical comedy composer America. Since he had married he had not written even one succes song.

All the time I was saying this, old Bill was fluttering about and testing like a thrush whose nest being robbed.

Katie demanded, "Are you clai that Bill's marriage to me is the c of his being a failure?"

I said I was claiming nothing. I simply stating a fact, a strange but disputable fact. I challenged her deny it.

She did not try to deny it. She though, that I was greatly mistake saying she would never have got w she was if it had not been for Some man would have put her t Bill just happened to be the one. knew what she wanted, and what wanted she got, because she knew way to get it.

After that night she never spok me.

The money they received for mortgage was soon spent, but K continued to dress as well as ever. caused many comments but none them from Bill.

A rich woman invited Katie to g French Lick for a month. When had been gone about a week Bill me aside and showed me two check had given her dated ahead. "That's kind of a wife to have," he said. not only doesn't have to use the ch but she wins enough at roulette to b lot of clothes as well. She's a g kid." He laughed fatuously.

Thompson also was at French Lic

A few months later, the inescap came. Katie told Bill she was goin Reno to divorce him. Bill made it e for her. He killed himself. But he not do it at the apartment. He to room at an hotel for the night. He left a note thanking Katie for h been so good to him and so patient him. He said he was tired of bei failure and hoped she would forgive for the sorrow and the pain he causing her.

THERE was considerable specula as to whether Thompson would m Katie. Nearly everyone who k Thompson thought he would not. asked what he would gain by it. I knew Katie, and my idea was tha would.

In less than a year after Bill's d they were married. On their re after a brief honeymoon, I congratul Thompson. He looked at me stran for a minute. Then he asked, know Katie pretty well, don't you?"

I replied, "Very well."

He laughed and said, "Oh, no, don't. I'm the only one who knows very well. Do you know why I ma her? Because I couldn't get her other way."

A look of surprise must have co my face, for Thompson rose from

(*Concluded on page 118*)

Patent back, tapestry toe for men

The crepe pajama boot is so feminine

"WHY . . . tell us exactly why more Daniel Green slippers get on or under Christmas trees than practically any other present," we asked Mr. Claus, famous authority on tactful giving.

"That's easy, my dear," said he, "Daniel Greens are grand to receive, correct to give, and ridiculously easy to buy."

Somesense to giving Daniel Greens! Everybody, six or sixty, always needs them, always wants them. And Daniel Green, being a regular crank on quality, makes a gift slipper that lasts.

All this fuss about what to give . . . him or her or anybody . . . keeps Christmas jokes going. But it's silly! Give everybody Daniel Greens.

You'll find a wide, smart choice in all good shops for girls and boys and men and women . . . even for babies.

Priced from $2.50 to $10 a pair.

If you don't see our name on the sole, they are not Daniel Green slippers.

Give her this very mule in satin

Formal comfort in leather for him

Women are proud to wear the Bridge

Dear old comforting Comfy in felt

For men who don't like trimming

Brilliant kid D'Orsay—satin lined

A Comfy sole for this kid D'Orsay

Men always feel at home in felt

Crepe Monte Carlo crossed in gold

For boys and girls—rose felt or green leather with a sheep collar

Daniel Green Company, Dolgeville, New York

DANIEL GREEN *Leisure Footwear*

ON THE
"BERENGARIA"

Stateroom on S. S. Berengaria

As on most Smart Boats . . . the Preference for Hartmann Trunks Is Easily Apparent!

WHEN the Berengaria docks, more good-looking Hartmann Trunks come down the first-class chute than any other fine trunk made. A recent investigation proves this. It also proved that more and more experienced travelers have found that the rugged wear, the unusual conveniences and the uncommon smartness of this fine trunk make it worth while to own one.

On the boat your Hartmann—any size—travels in your stateroom, not the hold. The old fourteen-inch regulation now applies only to those staterooms shared by passengers who are not of the same party.

Hartmann will be glad to provide you complete information on steamship luggage regulations and other valuable information pertaining to luggage. Merely write to Hartmann Trunk Co., Racine, Wis.

HARTMANN TRUNKS

50 Models and Sizes—Colors Galore—Sold by Most Good Shops and Department Stores

A GREAT LADY

(*Concluded from page 116*)

chair and continued, "That shows how much you know her. She knew damn well I'd never marry her if I could get her without it. She would let me pretend I'd won for her at roulette, or had taken a successful flyer for her in the market. She'd even let me pay for her clothes. But a kiss was all I could get. And as I wanted her, I married her. My wife's a pure woman, a damn pure woman, and don't let anybody tell you anything different."

Very soon stories were floating about concerning them. Without exception, they said he treated her shamefully. He cursed her before the servants and accused her of having cheated him. One or two stories, circumspect ones, said that on more than one occasion he had struck her. People wondered how she could stand the beast. But she did it with an erect head and smiling face. I felt sure she had her reasons. Events proved it. In a little over two years, he died suddenly of heart failure. In an interview, his physician said he had warned both Thompson and his wife that death might come at any minute.

Thompson left nothing to charity. With the exception of a few legacies he willed everything he possessed to his wife. Over thirty million dollars!

For another year or more I heard nothing of Katie and had no idea where she was. Then, by chance, I picked up the *Tatler*. In it there was a picture of Katie and another woman. The caption was "Lady Merriam and the beautiful American widow, Mrs. Alvin Thomson." Then I watched. There followed many paragraphs about her, including mention of her generous gifts to various charities. Her photographs appeared constantly in the *Sketch*, the *Tatler*, *Eve*, and similar papers. Always she was in the company of people of title and distinction. At any fashionable ball or other function, her name was generally among the invited guests. This continued for a year or so; then her engagement to the Marquess was announced. The list of those present at the wedding read like the greater part of Burke's Peerage.

THE Marchioness of Mettlingford is a great lady, honoured by royalty, admired by her friends, and adored by her dependents. A wonderful mother, she is also a marvellous wife, devoted, helpful, tactfully zealous for her husband's success, solicitous of his reputation, proud of his achievements, and happy to shine in his reflected light.

In all probability the Marquess will one day be Prime Minister of England. This, in my opinion, depends entirely on whether his wife wishes it or not. Also, in my opinion, she does.

Also, I wonder, even now, if any man *was* paying her a hundred dollars a week!

LET'S GO ON A CRUISE

(*Concluded from page 71*)

chiffon with a little jacket also gives good service.

Many stockings should be taken; they are expensive and hard to find in seaports, I am told. A pair of white, white and black, or white and tan spectator sports shoes are necessary; lowish-heeled shoes for sightseeing. Several pairs of evening slippers should be packed. They must stand hard wear, dancing on shipboard. Crêpe de Chine is a good material for a boat slipper, or satin. The darker they are the happier you will be.

Washable gloves are practical; those of white cotton of Van Raalte make, with suède finish, being unusually so.

Underwear of simple design of the Van Raalte type, easy to launder, should be chosen. If you are young and sporting, the mesh kind is cool and moisture-absorbing for wear under the hot sun. Nighties should be tailored.

A swimming suit, or two, must be included, and several rubber caps. Basque bérets might be chosen to match different frocks. They pack well and are always smart. Felt hats of the knock-about type we have shown you and a broadish-brimmed straw hat, perhaps a panama, which rolls into a triangle in the trunk, will be most useful.

Thin woollen dresses, with or without sleeves, are excellent for travel. They require little pressing and withstand humidity most satisfactorily. Several frocks of sport silks with simple skirts you will, of course, include.

Your evening coat problem is not an easy one. Heavy brocade is good for a much-packed garment; better the lamé or velvet, requiring less care.

On page 82 we have shown you a Pullman pyjama from Mrs. Frankl. It would be perfect for any kind of travel.

Let your luggage be light, and take bags of several sizes so that you may be ready for long or short side-excursions. Don't forget a summery-looking hand-bag or two, to carry your change and compact when you go shopping ashore. The heavy leather bag which will be your joy on shipboard will look too dark and clumsy with your warm-weather frocks. Take a box of paper handkerchiefs with you; they are very useful for removing the grime of travel. There is a new washcloth, called Lavi, made of soft cotton which swells up in water and which may be thrown away after using, thus avoiding packing a damp rag with your toilet articles.

CONSIDER YOUR PERFUME

(*Concluded from page 67*)

perfumes, by the combination of different essences. Now and then the result is an agreeable one, but very often the blend is chemically so imperfect that such a scent has no permanence. Worse still, after a short time such a compound is very apt to produce an unpleasant result, due to decomposition.

"Naturally the woman of today, with her strongly developed individuality, finds the idea of a perfume especially blended for her, and her alone, very alluring. But the old formula designed for any and all occasions can no longer serve her adequately, since she leads a double life, divided into daytime and evening activities. Her days are spent in the freedom of woollen sports clothes and her evenings in the formality of trailing elegance, a veritable return to the old traditions.

"A woman of refinement should use fragrance which is a subtle expression of herself, but this essence should be blended with different proportions so that it may conform both to her outdoor and indoor life. The perfume of the golfer in her tweeds should be as individual as possible, but it should be dominated by the masculine note, expressed in such invigorating scents as amber, chypre, Russia leather, balsam and other outdoor fragrances appropriate to masculine pursuits.

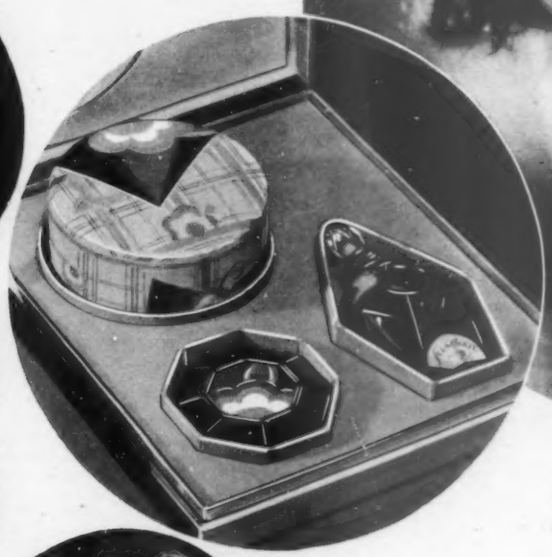
"For the evening, on the contrary, the perfume of the woman of the world should suggest delightful attributes, femininity, beauty and refinement, allowing essentially feminine odors such as jasmine, rose or even aldehyde to predominate."

The clever, subtle blending of fragrances to augment moods and occasions, to express personality or to complement a costume, is the suave modern procedure in perfume technique. And certainly it would be difficult to mention a name more authoritative in the elegant world of fashion than Jean P[atou] as a sponsor of this vogue.

"This Christmas worry is so silly... just give Seventeen to everyone"

Sue Carol

"Honestly, can you think of any girl who wouldn't love Seventeen for Christmas? And when you fall in love with Seventeen—you simply can't be happy until you have it in Face Powder too . . . and even in your compact! In fact, I think those three would be a perfect Christmas gift."



Alice White's Choice

An impressive gift for a nominal sum . . . Bath Powder in a beautiful metal container, Toilet Water and Brillantine. $3.00.

Sue Carol's Choice

A handsome Gift Package containing Seventeen Perfume in the French-cut flacon . . . the double Seventeen Compact . . . and a box of face powder. $5.00

June Collyer's Choice

A single Seventeen compact and petite bottle of Seventeen perfume, specially packaged. Convenient for stuffing. $2.00.

Seventeen

CHRISTMAS SHOPPERS—here's help! Advice from Sue Carol—June Collyer—and Alice White.

These three know what girls like. They know the likes and dislikes of the nation. And what is even more important, they are typical normal girls themselves!

They tell you here that every girl adores Seventeen.

Seventeen is the latest perfume hit. It was named Seventeen because it breathes Youth. It is an odor that speaks to you of the dreams, the fancies, the April moods of Seventeen.

But perhaps you want to give a more costly gift. Sue Carol, June Collyer and Alice White tell you what to do. Select *several* Seventeen toilet articles.

Or if you want a little gift, you may select several Seventeen articles that cost but 50 cents each!

The packages are so gifty looking! They combine the smartness and colorful charm that go straight to every woman's heart. The same *motif* runs through all . . . Seventeen gives you an *ensemble* of toiletries—the latest, smartest note!

Study the gift selections of Miss Carol, Miss Collyer and Miss White. Or make up your own groupings. Then take your list to your nearest toilet goods counter.

Toilet Water $1.25

Talcum Powder 50c

Compact $1 and $2

The Perfume $2.00

Dusting Powder $1.00

Sachet 75c

Brillantine 50c

Face Powder $1.00

Correct in usage . . in flavor and goodness

No desserts can replace the time-honored Plum Pudding or Mince Meat for holiday dinners. In fact, very frequently through late autumn and winter your menu should contain one of these two, with an alternative in the lighter Fig Pudding. Many, many years of usage have made these three desserts correct and favored for winter dinners.

So few hostesses bother now with making their own Plum or Fig Pudding or Mince Meat—even when well-staffed with servants. They have found that they can rely on Heinz Plum Pudding, Heinz Fig Pudding and Heinz Mince Meat to have all the delightful, full-bodied flavor and richness one could want.

They know that no matter how ambitious their dinner—how delicious—how elegant—these three Heinz holiday desserts will be in keeping.

***The Heinz label on any jar, bottle or can is a sure promise of flavor inside—flavor in its happiest form!* · H. J. HEINZ CO., PITTSBURGH, PA.**

57

★ HEINZ ★

★ SOME OF THE 57 — Heinz Plum Pudding Heinz Fig Pudding · Heinz Mince Meat ★

A DIRECTOR OF DESTINY

(Continued from page 55)

back for certain success. He knew. He always knew. And soon his activities became news. When people heard that a Clay Cody discovery was appearing in G. D.'s new revue, they flocked to it.

"He became as famous as G. D. himself, and lost a lot of his youthful nonchalance. You see, it meant responsibility. He became a bit ruthless, as people will when the public begins to count on their keeping up to a certain standard. He told me that in the beginning he often left a certain winner with her family because he anticipated trouble for her. But he couldn't go on being quixotic with the public on the watch, eagerly waiting to approve or disparage. The thing he looked for was rare. So he took it whenever he found it. Where the promise of wealth wouldn't break a family tie, he said vanity always would. Until he was halted in his stride by that unfortunate affair of the Norwegian dancer.

"He found her in the Bristol at Oslo. She was dining with her father and her fiancé. He soon separated her from them and got her to run away—made her a dancer. She was seventeen and had never had a dancing lesson. You know what that would mean to the average agent. Too late to start. Besides, there were trained young dancers ready to his hand. But that wasn't what he wanted. Astrid had that certain something—and she was so slender and fair you could nearly see through her.

"He was right, as usual. She became known as the Hans Andersen girl. She went and she would never go back. In the end, her young lover shot himself."

I REMEMBERED that affair. Astrid Ulm! A dancer like a candle flame. She, too, carried the hurt look I had surprised in the eyes of Mitzi Adler.

"Yes, I can see how that must have cramped his style," I said, as Breisky seemed to be waiting for me to say something.

"But not for long, Leon. Clay confessed that he was within an inch of giving up the game after that. But he discovered that the public enjoys second-hand tragedy, and it seems to expect a little blood and shadow in the background of a dancer's life. It rather heightened Astrid's popularity. Besides, the girls he found made trouble all round, the moment they were rich and successful, with such maddening monotony that by the time he found Anita Goya he was more hardened to it.

"He found Anita in Granada. There was the usual gipsy performance in the little casino under the Alhambra Palace Hotel. Know the place?"

I was sorry to admit that I didn't.

"Well, that's one of the places where it would be very easy to make an error of judgment. It's so full of atmosphere that you might mistake the glamour lent by the setting for that personal quality Clay always looked for. He told me he once spent a night sitting on the warm stone seat of the hotel balcony. I can well imagine that."

BREISKY ground his cigarette end into the overflowing tray, but not before he had lighted another. He looked thoughtfully into the distance framed in the trees. I hesitated to break in on his thoughts. He continued at last:

"Yes, I've always thought that must be one of the most stirring views in the world. You stand on the balcony as if you were on the lip of a cliff. The Sierras ring the plain in a stupendous circle. The town tumbles down the hillside and sprawls below: ochre roofs, white walls, orange and lemon trees. The plain is silvery green with olive plantations. At night, you should hear the voice of the town rise on the still air: dogs barking, goat bells tinkling, men singing to guitars, the purl and splash of fountains. And the colour! Incredible! The mountains turn into a jagged violet wall in the dusk, and the sky becomes an emerald. I should think you could see from that balcony every star that's ever been heard of. That's where he found Anita Goya."

He ruminated for such a long time that I thought he was not going on.

"Was she one of the gipsy dancers?" I asked him.

His smile was contemptuous. "No, they're a poor crowd. I've seen them. Of course, it's the genuine gipsy dancing, and they do it very well. They dance in calico skirts and cotton stockings. The men stamp and sing. It's handed down from mother to daughter, and there's usually a toothless old hag in charge of the proceedings who will join in the revels to show she can still move if sufficiently encouraged. Oh, yes, they can dance, but they're usually as ugly as the devil. The public won't stand that from a dancer unless——

"Clay went into the performance because he hated to miss a chance, should anything young and authentic be added to the family. The hotel manager met him in the hall as he came up the stairs. 'No luck, señor?' He knew all about Clay's woman-hunts. It wasn't the first time he'd stayed in Granada. 'Ah, but you should see Anita Goya. She's the girl for you. No voice—but what a way with her!' He kissed his fingers to the air. Of course, Clay was on the scene at once. A way with her! That was what he wanted. So he made the manager go right down into the town then and there to find her.

"They found her singing to some friends in her mother's garden, and Clay knew he'd made the discovery of a lifetime. You know that little husky voice, that inimitable Goya drollery, that sudden whirlwind of temper? Well, she didn't have to change one scrap to get across, except to learn to sing her little Spanish songs in English."

Breisky's words brought the little Spanish singer to life. I could almost see her smiling beside the balcony. No wonder she was idolized wherever she went.

"Clay told me himself he knew that was one of the cruellest things he ever did, separating that girl from her husband. He knew history would repeat itself. The thing had been tragedy so often that he expected it. And he consoled himself every time by saying 'Well, all I do is give them a chance. I'm not responsible for human nature, am I?'

"But when he heard that Anita had been married only three weeks, and that her husband had worked for years to acquire the big olive plantation he farmed on the plain, he had a nasty twinge of conscience. He returned to the hotel without telling his story of the great big world outside which would fill her little hands with gold."

I INTERRUPTED him. "But Anita Goya did leave Granada, and she did work in the Hyam revues. She was one of Cody's biggest finds!"

Breisky smiled at my impatience. "But naturally. Clay believes in fate—when it suits him. There was a letter from G. D. waiting for him at the hotel. It said, 'No more dancers, Cody, please. And I don't want the most beautiful woman in the world this year, either. Find me something different. Someone, for instance, who can't act, dance or sing, but can charm the birds off the trees by sheer personality. The public is tired of cleverness. We're all too efficient. Pick something unspectacular to take the public off its guard—then let her be a spell-binder. You've never failed me yet—'

"I expect it was that little goad to Clay's vanity that did it. He went off first thing in the morning to the farm among the olive trees."

"Oh, yes, I know the rest," I interposed.

"You don't," he contradicted. "You know about Anita's meteoric rise to fame. But you don't know that Clay stole a march on the girl's husband, got her to sign a contract witnessed by ignorant servants in her farm kitchen. It was all drawn up in her native tongue.

(Continued on page 122)

Alluring etched glass... by Heisey... *the most expressive gift*

Magnificent, surely, is the gift of fine glassware . . . that betokens gracious living and elegant hospitality. What an air this exquisite etched glass gives to holiday tables! And after, how treasured a possession! Here is a creation by Heisey that evokes instant admiration ... a touch of smart originality in its design ... adornment of delicate tracery ... and, through sure artistry, a complete beauty that will always charm.

You may choose the sparkling crystal, or there is the interesting *Sahara* color to add a soft gleam of gold to the picture of one's table. An appealing combination of *crystal* and *Moongleam* is offered, too. In complete table services, these are being shown by leading *department stores, gift shops* and *glassware stores,* along with other designs of Heisey's superb glassware.

"Gifts of Glassware" contains a wealth of suggestions to help you choose a gift to delight another ... or one that you, yourself, will cherish. Write for your copy.

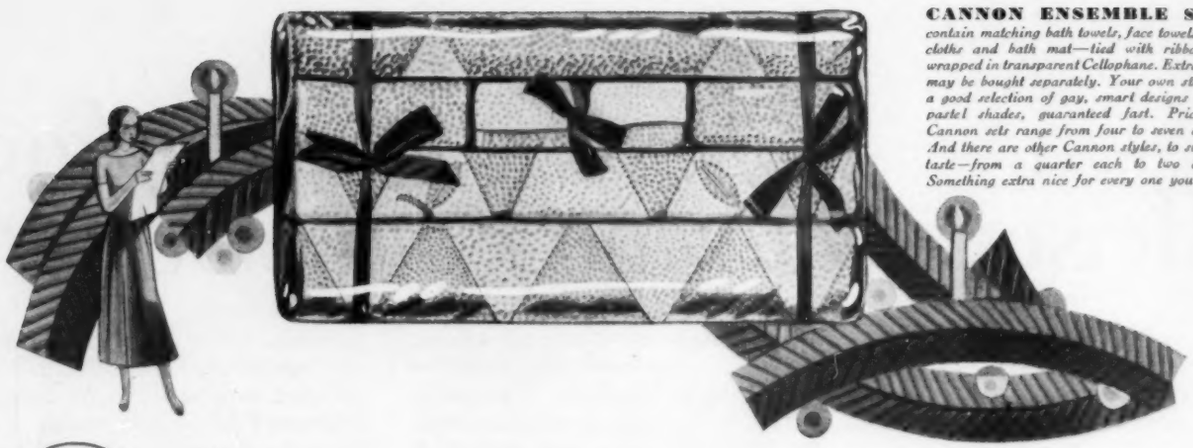
A. H. HEISEY & CO., Newark, Ohio

Glass Perfected Through the Secrets of 4000 Years

They say that when *Emperor Frederick IV of Germany* paid a visit to Venice in the fifteenth century, the doge and senators of that city presented him with a beautiful glass vase. They deemed glass to be the *gift most worthy of honoring royalty.* Now Heisey glass, created upon the secrets of all the centuries, is chosen by those who wish their gifts to be fully in keeping with the finest sentiments, honoring both the donor and the recipient.

Look for the H on every piece
embossed on the glass or on adhesive label

Heisey's
GLASSWARE *for your table*



CANNON ENSEMBLE SETS
contain matching bath towels, face towels, wash cloths and bath mat—tied with ribbon and wrapped in transparent Cellophane. Extra pieces may be bought separately. Your own store has a good selection of gay, smart designs in soft pastel shades, guaranteed fast. Prices for Cannon sets range from four to seven dollars. And there are other Cannon styles, to suit any taste—from a quarter each to two dollars. Something extra nice for every one you know!

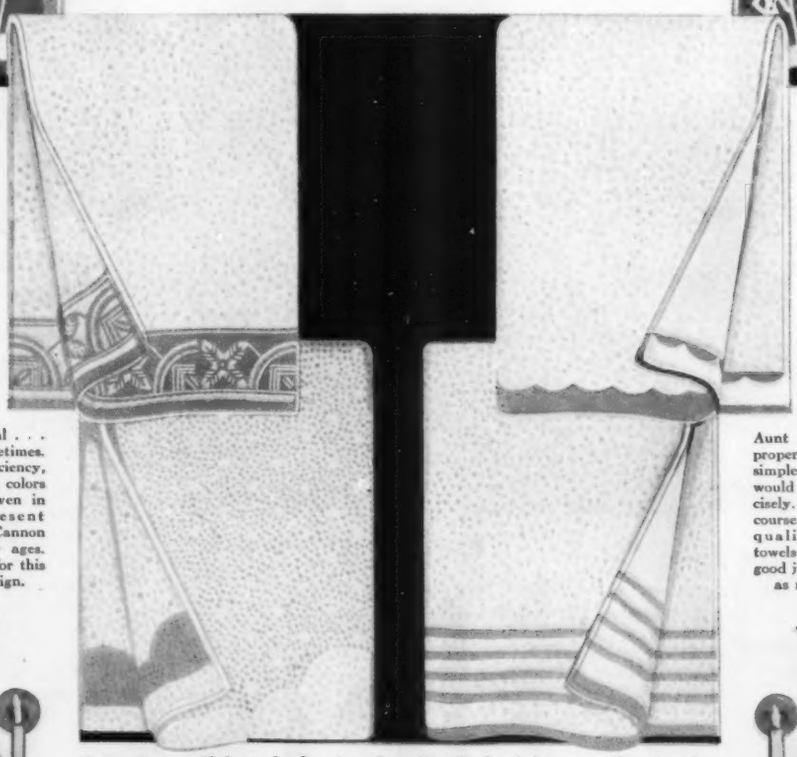
Be kind to them all this Christmas!

Give CANNON TOWELS in sets

WHAT makes your gift a success? Just that it perfectly suits the person, and the purpose—with a dash of chic for good measure. . . . In the new Cannon ensemble sets are packed *all* the virtues *all* your friends look for in towels and wash cloths and bath mats. . . . You get credit for *all kinds of cleverness*. And you get the most for your money—anything that wears the Cannon label is the world's best value in its class, always. . . . Cannon Mills, Inc., 70 Worth Street, New York City.

How about this fascinating three-tone set for Irene? She's the smartest girl in the world! Always looks like a Paris fashion sheet—correct, from toe to top-knot. This brand-new idea is just her style, and these are exactly the colors she likes.

Let's see . . . Helen has only one interest nowadays—that precious boy-baby of hers. So here's what *she* gets. A set of towels and wash cloths and so on, in the wooden-soldier pattern—and in jade to match the new nursery bathroom.



Dot is so practical . . . too practical, sometimes. She'll expect efficiency, long service, fast colors and all that—even in Christmas-present towels. Well, Cannon towels wear for ages. Let's mark her for this neat floral design.

Frances is easy. She's a color fan. Any of these clever reversible styles would give her a thrill. Maybe the cloud and dot design is the boldest and brightest. I want some like this myself. . . . Oh, *perfect*, in that soft, lovely shade of rose!

Now for Cousin Lucy. . . .Never hear from her except at Christmas—but still she deserves something nice. Why not this pretty, smaller set? So soft and snowy-white—and the orchid borders lend a touch of real swank. Done!

Aunt Jane is such a proper person. This simple scallop border would suit her—PRECISELY. In turquoise, of course. She'll notice the quality of Cannon towels—remark on my good judgment, as well as my good taste.

LET FASHION COME AND TOUCH YOUR HOME

Leopold Stokowski, the great concert master, lives in an "uncrowded" house which combines early America with modernism. From November Home & Field.

THREE things may happen to you upon seeing HOME & FIELD.

First you will be elaborately entertained by it. Its skill in bringing into the pages of a single number so much that is beautiful, tasteful, distinctive in text and illustration, in the estates, houses, apartments, gardens and landscapes it shows you—all this will delight and fascinate you.

Then, when you have paged it through, HOME & FIELD will begin to have its own subtle but very practical influence on you. And you will find yourself unable to resist the desire to carry out, in your own home, some new fashion or idea that it has suggested to you; some entirely new decorative scheme, or a design for a rock garden, a fabric or panel for an apartment wall, or even to plan a whole new house itself, set into its proper landscape.

And finally, after this has happened to you, you will want to see more of HOME & FIELD; you will *want to subscribe to it.* You will decide that nothing quite like it has ever come your way before—that you *must* see each number as it appears for the next year—yes, the next two years. Fashion will have come and touched your home!

For HOME & FIELD is appropriately called "the magazine of fashion applied to home and country life." And the most substantial of fashions, too, whose appeal is both artistic and practical, and well within your means—fashion interpreted in brick and stone, pine and oak; in draperies, rugs, furniture; in winding garden pathways and stately delphinium or a flashing golden weathervane for your garage.

HOME & FIELD'S power to help you in your quest for a beautiful and livable home is limited only by your capacity to accept its ideas and adapt them to your own needs. Within its pages you will find old houses and new ones, houses in America and houses abroad; apartments; penthouses; working plans and arrangements from the distinguished architects who made them; classic as well as unpretentious interiors, rooms, closets; even single pieces from the shops and studios; examples of tiling, panelling, flooring; fine gardens, pools, landscapes, garages. Each illustration is rich in attractiveness—each article or description intensely interesting.

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Then he waited till the young man returned for his mid-day meal and siesta. Clay told me he had his tongue in his cheek when he told the frantic husband that if he really loved his wife so much, he would not stand in the way of her ultimate success—that he was selfish to deprive the world of a chance to see such an artist. The man didn't believe all that. Anita couldn't sing, couldn't dance, couldn't act. He loved her, and her place was in his home. Then Clay produced the contract—said it would cost him a fortune to break it. He was ignorant, Anita was aflame with ambition; she promised to come back soon.

"The husband's old mother, listening to Clay's description of what lay before Anita, decided to go with her. The two women left the young husband abandoned on the farm. He wouldn't leave the thing he'd slaved for all his life.

"Of course, neither of the women would ever go back to him. Anita had love affairs wherever she went—finally lived openly with a lover. There's no divorce in her religion. The husband developed melancholia, sat about his farm all day and let his plantations go to ruin."

I was indignant. "That's all very fine," I said, "but these things don't naturally follow. It would be just as possible to assume that she would make a fortune, return to Spain and settle down with her husband on the farm."

Again the mocking laugh. "How very English. We Continentals understand women so much better. Anyhow, Clay said he felt responsible because he knew what would happen. It was as clear as if he could read the future. And that's only two of the tragedies at the door of the genius who discovers genius."

BREISKY relasped into brooding silence. I turned and saw Mitzi Adler's eyes looking down on the remote spires of the town with a still dreaming look, as if all feeling lay dormant for the space of an afternoon.

A DIRECTOR OF DESTINY

(Continued from page 120)

What a colourful life Clay Cody must have had—the contacts he had made, the careers he had started, the variety of experience he had known. A lonely man, though, wandering in search of something he couldn't put a name to.

"I wonder why he never married," I said. "A man with such a range of choice, such opportunity—or do you think continual contact with such richness of temperament made him immune to women?"

Breisky was staring at the ash-tray with an apologetic air.

"I was coming to that, Leon. He did marry. It took him a long time to find his woman, but when he did he worshipped her. He married here. That's why the whole thing was so much in my mind."

"I never heard a thing about it, Breisky." I was intensely interested. "Who was she? What happened?"

"She was a girl who visited him while he was at the Kranz in Vienna, and asked him for an audition. She said she knew she had what he wanted, but nobody believed in her. She couldn't sing or dance. But she sang some little German songs in a quaint husky voice, and he knew at once he'd found another Anita Goya. That rare thing, the born spell-binder. I can imagine how it came about.

"Looking at her, he felt lonely for the first time. It's funny how a man gets along quite well knocking about the world till he meets a woman he can't live without, and then he feels incomplete. Clay told me it was the hardest thing he ever did, telling that girl she had no talent. For you see she believed in him. Everybody did. It was like a death sentence. She knew if she had the thing he would recognize it. And if he didn't, it wasn't there. She was heart-broken. But you see he'd seen so many men trying to keep pace with successful women that he wasn't going to handle his marriage that way.

"He told her he would like to see her again to advise her about her future, as if to soften the blow. They were married within three weeks. For a year their happiness was idyllic. I've never seen two people look at each other as those two did."

Surprise was a mild word for the emotion I felt. "How extraordinary that such a conspicuous person as Clay Cody could keep his marriage a secret."

"There was method in it. He kept her here in Vienna where nobody believed in her, and made this his home town. That's not strange. There's an atmosphere here. Visit the place and it enchants you. Live in it and you love it. It was no hardship. Clay had any amount of money by then. So he left the theatre game and took his wife off on a book-writing expedition.

"They were in the Caucasus when he discovered a girl who had invented some entirely new dances for herself. She was a whirlwind of speed and vitality—nothing she could not do. The old fever took possession of him. He separated her from her family and her fiancé, and sent her to Hyam. That was Vera Orsinova."

It was incredible. "Was that marvelous artist really found as casually as that?"

"She was. After that, Clay took his wife back to Vienna and went off alone on a new hunting expedition. I suppose ethnology is a little tame if you can juggle with the lives of men—in his case, women. Funny, he never had that sixth sense of success with men. Never found a male artist in his entire career."

I was burning to hear the end of the story. "And then what?"

"Why, Maurice Packard came acr... Madame Cody in Vienna. Heard ... singing at a private party. Told ... she was great and ought to be on ... stage. Offered her a contract. S... was so anxious to make good and ... something to please Clay and comp... with the women whose gifts he admi... so much, that she signed a contr... there and then. That meant New Yo...

"Besides, she'd always felt that C... was wrong for the first time in his l... and wanted to prove it. That's the wo... defect in the feminine character."

"What is?" I couldn't help aski...

"Why, the desire to impress a m... the way she wants to, instead of be... what pleases him most."

I couldn't help feeling that Brei... and his like took too much for gran... "I don't see that as a defect. W... shouldn't she develop herself the w... she likes best?"

"No reason at all, if that's what ... wants. But if it's happiness she's af... why, it's against reason. Two pe... can only join forces on a joint ... bition. You English encourage wo... far too much."

"I don't encourage them at all," ... said shortly. "Now I suppose yo... going to tell me that this Ameri... impresario separated Cody and his w... and spoiled their marriage."

"That's exactly what happened. ... his way Clay is a wonderful fellow. ... told me he couldn't help appreciat... the irony of it when Packard said t... if he really loved his wife so much ... would not stand in the way of her u... mate success, that he was selfish to ... prive the world of the chance to ... such an artist. They didn't know w... he meant when he said, 'Right, be... won't divorce her either.'

"He went with her to New York, ... he could neither write books nor h... talent there. It wasn't in his line. ... loved her too much to leave her, but ... was too broken-hearted to stay and ...

(Concluded on page 124)

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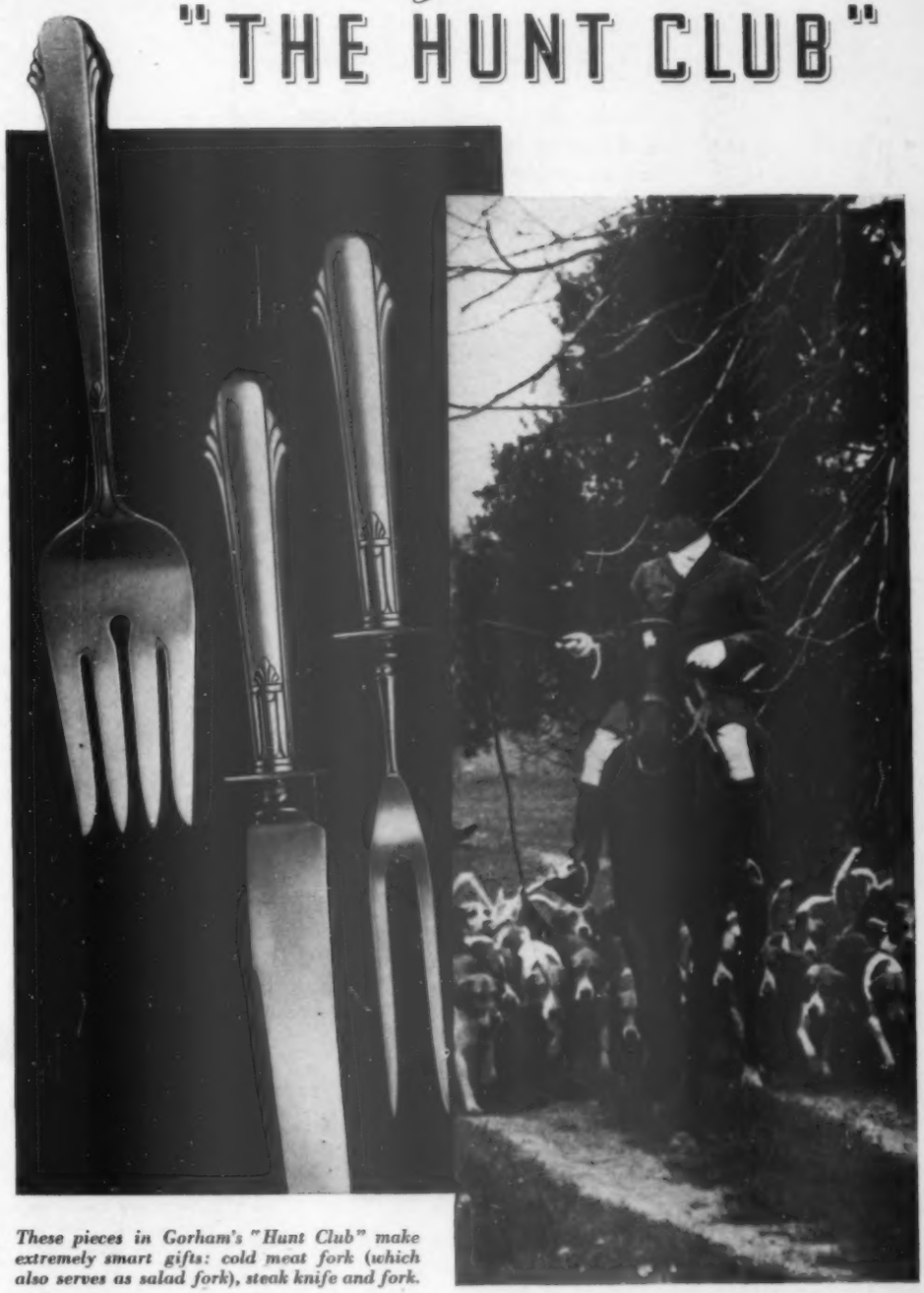

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(*Above*) AUSTIN N. NIBLACK, M. F. H. *of the Onwentsia Hunt, with his famous pack of English-bred hounds. (Left) The beautiful Hunt Cup created by Gorham for the Onwentsia Hunt.*

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I LOOKED upon the trees
In their tinsel trapping,
And I heard the melodies
And the chatter and the clapping—
But I could not think of these,
But I heard the dead heels tapping
Of the dead men overseas,
But I heard the dead hands rapping
By ghostly two's and three's
On doors that have forgotten,
On floors that have forgotten,
On hearts that have forgotten
That the dead were ever these!

And I saw a dingy tree
In a derelict hotel
Somewhere on the Bowery,
And I heard a broken bell—
But I could not bear to see
The faces I saw well
Of the homeless there with me—
And I saw another hell
And the muck and misery
Of the dead who fell forgotten
In the trenches now forgotten
From a Great War long forgotten—
But I could not bear to see.

And I thought, this golden Birth
Under stars in a stable
Is a matter of small worth,
Is a faint and hollow fable,
Is a mockery on earth
If the loud and lavish table
Can neglect these in its mirth—
The men who are not able
To boast a princely hearth—
And the dead who dropped forgotten
Over there in graves forgotten,
Under seas in depths forgotten—
For the fruits we have on earth!

Joseph Auslander

A DIRECTOR OF DESTINY

(Concluded from page 122)

the life her career imposed on him. Madame Cody was disappointed that her success didn't have the effect she had hoped for. She wanted him to admit she was right, and worship her talent—get down at her feet where all the others were; whereas all he could talk about was supplying her with enough money to break her contract. In the end, of course, she got the kind of worship she wanted from somebody else."

"And did he divorce her?" I asked.

"No." Breisky blew several smoke rings into the sunny air before replying. "It's a very unfinished situation. Clay is so certain that no love affair can be successful where the woman is a public idol, that he is holding on, waiting for the prodigal's return. She is, so to speak, a prisoner of his wedding ring."

I thought this over while my eyes rested on the roofs of Vienna swimming in the golden bubble of afternoon. It must be a great thing, I thought, to storm a city, hear applause thunder in your ears, captivate a crowd. To renounce it for love was a lot to ask of a woman—particularly if she happened to be very successful. I turned to Breisky.

"And the runaway wife? Was she very successful—first rate? You know what I mean?"

"Judge for yourself," he said. "There she goes."

I looked round. It was Mitzi Adler who was passing by with a companion to her car waiting under the trees. It was a royal progression. And now I was sure she had the saddest eyes I had ever seen. "I think she will eventually go back," I said slowly, after a long pause, almost as if to comfort myself.

Breisky smiled his dark, cynical smile. He rose and straightened his jacket. "Young man," he said, laying his hand on my shoulder, "there *is* no going back. Life is a one-way street. Take care how you choose your route." Then he laughed gaily. "But all things pass."

A strange, cynical fellow—but like him I waited—watched the crowd which had gathered to see its idol drive away, while he paid the bill.

"Come," he said, "we will go to the show tonight to cheer ourselves up. Mitzi shall make us laugh. There is one thing she does superlatively well."

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. . to brace tired tissues to radiant life

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IN THE LAST 24 HOURS, JUST WHAT CARE HAVE YOU GIVEN YOUR SKIN? (Be honest, now!) A dab of cold cream? A scrub with a wash-cloth? Probably it's fortunate you can't look down into those choked little pores—deep down where dirt and make-up and waxy traces of yesterday are clogging and actually drying your skin! Of course, the classic excuse we all gave (and it was a pretty good excuse) was—"Too busy!" But that was before Pinaud perfected their marvelous new method. For now—believe it or not—you can give yourself a complete scientific facial *every day*—with nothing but Pinaud's Cream and plenty of clear water. Compounded in this one silken cream are elements that set to work like a corps of deft experts, the moment you smooth it on. *Sinking deep into the pores . . . gently loosening the tightest-packed impurities and floating them to the surface . . . suppling the tissues with delicate, swiftly absorbed oils . . . then, as you splash on lots and lots of water, emulsifying and washing away! You can see—even feel—the difference instantly: skin as radiantly-alive as your body after a cold shower . . . as soft as the proverbial flower-petal . . . and exquisitely, immaculately CLEAN!*

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WINTER SPORTS CLOTHES

(*Concluded from page 52*)

you on your return home, thoroughly soaked, with icicles in your hair, find after a hot bath that you would rather slip on a tweed skirt, instead of trousers, there's nothing to prevent your doing so. You can go down to tea in it unblushingly, for you will find that, even in the crowd of trousered women, your day's prowess will have singled you out as being, even in your tweed skirt, the best sport of the lot.

What now follows, my dear Alice, is not personally meant for you. I merely mention it for the sake of my readers in Harper's Bazaar.

The fact is, anyone speaking about winter sports clothes never considers the vast contingent of women who come to winter resorts, who are not inclined to be active at all, women not interested in sport, disliking exertion. They have come for the sake of fresh air, or to keep others company.

The most sensible women belonging to this class wear comfortable skiing outfits, almost the same as actual workers. It not only gives them the kind of warmth which no skirted costume affords, but it does away with the unenjoyable aspect of both tweed skirt and rough woollen hose against a background of mountains buried in deepest of snow.

Here are a few suggestions:

Outfits for walks on the mountainside, for sleigh rides, or merely for having tea in the hall of the various hotels, for, I expect, the Château Frontenac has its hall, equivalent to the one at the Palace Hotel, St. Moritz—a social centre. I shall start by describing a smart-looking skiing suit in light grey gabardine. The trousers are slightly baggy at the ankles, the jacket double-breasted. This costume is to be worn with a man's shirt in white crêpe de Chine, with carefully fitted double collar and a black, or, if black is considered too sombre, with a scarlet sailor's-knot tie.

Schiaparelli is, this season, responsible for what she calls a rose-coloured gabardine skiing outfit. I have actually seen it worn, and, even though the shade hardly *sounds* suitable for skiing, it, in reality, looks quite all right. I must explain that what in terms sartorial is called rose is actually a new shade hovering between a greyish drab and a washed-out ashes-of-roses.

Patou has invented, and has lately shown, a butter-coloured, most business-like-looking whipcord suit, which is out of the way in shade only. I know it has been ordered and I'm quite looking forward to its being worn at St. Moritz. Any new colour venture always needs trying out "on location."

A few words about gloves. The warmest and undoubtedly most serviceable gloves for skiing are the ones imported from Norway. They, however, seem to be manufactured only in black and white, and, though apparently not of a heavier quality of wool than other knitted gloves, are made of a waterproofed Scandinavian wool containing a special preparation, which results in their giving more warmth than any other kind of glove I know.

A few words about furs. Don't burden your trunks with unnecessary furs. Only very few pelts look well in the mountains, especially in snow countries. All furs should try to look as if they had only just been bought from a trapper. Nothing about them should look either choice or valuable.

Exceptions, of course, are made for sports onlookers. I should say that, for them, nothing looks as well, from among towny-looking smart furs, as astrakhan. I've seen a few extremely well-dressed women in winter resorts wearing long black astrakhan coats, with high, pointed Cossack bonnets, and a scarlet muffler.

Another woman I saw looked smart in a grey astrakhan coat held in at the waist by a wide, buckled tan leather belt. With this she might have been wearing high Russian brown leather boots and a grey astrakhan cap.

This same woman, on another day, was seen wearing a jacket in two shades of brown astrakhan showing up over a bright yellow woollen skirt, with all knittings *en suite.*

Another very striking outfit, in white caracul made into a jacket of bolero length, was worn with long black skiing trousers and black knitted socks. On the head was a cone-shaped bonnet of the same white fur.

Isn't that about all you wish to know? It seems to me I've given you every kind of information.

Much love and a merry Christmas to you, in Quebec!

Yours,

GAYNE.

THE CHILDREN'S PLAYERS

By LYDIA AVERY COONLEY

IF WE had the power of turning back the clock and, in the light of present knowledge and tastes, could judge the shortcomings of our younger days, I warrant many of us, who are enthusiastic supporters of the theatre, would bemoan the fact that, as children, we had so few opportunities of realizing its delights. If plays intended for an audience of children were done at all, they were certainly few and far between. Generally, when we were taken to the theatre, it was to see something that, while not especially intended or adapted for us, would not contaminate us. For that very reason, what we got out of such occasions was largely over-excitement.

It seems amazing that so little has been done for the most receptive, the most enthusiastic and impressionable audience in existence. Of course, during the last decade the Junior Leagues all over the country have done plays especially for children, and done them very successfully and well. But it remained for Miss Adrienne Morrison, herself a distinguished exponent of the Theatre, to establish a Children's Theatre, to form a professional company, to produce plays adapted to a child's viewpoint and yet of such very real merit that they are constructive agents in forming a solid cultural basis for the painless development of critical discrimination.

It is Miss Morrison's contention that children should not be played down to any more than they should be talked down to. Children are peculiarly sensitive to a patronizing attitude, and Miss Morrison rightly feels that such an atmosphere creates an unconscious and potent antagonism. She insists that it is as easy to form good tastes as bad and far more inspiring! So she presents plays that are truly excellent and entirely childlike; she stages, casts, and directs them with sympathetic and imaginative understanding—in which she is ably abetted by the cast. The result is something of which New York City may well be proud: the first professional theatre for children—with a season of six months! The bill is changed every month, and the curtain rises at 4 p.m. on Fridays.

Beg, borrow or steal a child and go to the Princess Theatre. Feel the air of excited anticipation as the youngsters find their seats. Note the sudden deep hush as the lights fade and the curtain rises. Then, if you have time and sufficient will-power to attend to anybody other than yourself, listen to the enraptured laughter, the absorbed exclamations. Watch small faces which are mobile and unself-conscious, entirely submerged in the story which is being unfolded. For them there is no other present reality, no other world than that encompassed by a proscenium arch which is, temporarily, quite invisible to them.

You may have a pang of envy, wondering if anything will ever thrill you to such a vivid degree. But, if you can successfully cast off the years, you will find laughter and tears that are as fresh and simple as dawn.

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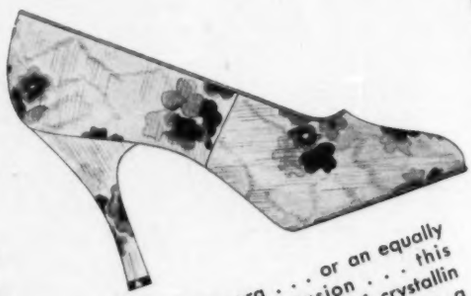

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MAYFAIR PLAYTHINGS

9 EAST 57th STREET, NEW YORK CITY

CHI-CHI THE CHOW

(Continued from page 95)

In Paris, I now conceived another plan to show my pluck. One afternoon when the family was out and the maid was sewing quietly in one of the front rooms, I stepped out of the window and walked along the stone coping which was only about six inches wide, the sills being about double that width. I strolled along quite *à la* tight rope. When I came to the window where the maid sat, I stopped and looked in at her. She was frightened almost to death. She dropped her work and ran to call a bell boy to get me in. I led them a pretty dance, and when my Missus returned and the maid told her what I had been up to, she said: "Impossible! A cat might do such a thing, but never a big dog like Chi."

She went to the window and looked out, and when she actually saw for herself the print of all my four paws in the dust, coming and going, she was convinced, but awfully astonished.

I had been rather proud of this escapade until Missus said a cat might perform such a feat. That took some of the wind out of my sails; yet, just the same, I do think it showed some pep on my part.

Of course, by this time my Missus and Master had begun to take an active part (and I with them, to the extent of my ability) in war work. Every day I accompanied my Missus to the Soldiers' and Sailors' Club which had been opened, thanks to the kindness of Dean and Mrs. Beekman, in the rue Royale. We used to jolly up the buddies and the gobs, as they called them. They were from every part of the United States, and most of them were dog lovers. They made a great fuss over me, as I reminded them of some companion or pet they had left at home. So I was the means of getting Missus easily into conversation with these poor fellows, down on short leave from the inferno at the Front. We all gave them a hearty welcome, and good cheer reigned as best it could under the sad circumstances.

THE American Ambassador and General Bliss told us that Paris was no place to stay in. So we reluctantly packed up our belongings and once more left on Easter Sunday for Biarritz. I was a little uneasy when I saw those trunks coming out. I did not really fear being left behind, but there is something about a trunk that makes one restless—just the smell of it. I know one dog who used to jump into the top tray as soon as the trunk was opened, and I had another acquaintance, a small Skye, who used to bring all his toys and put them down beside the trunk while the maid was packing, whereas an English dog friend, who was never taken, used to rush to the half-packed trunk and pull everything out. All these little hints are our way of saying: "Get a dog ticket, please."

In Biarritz we continued to do all we possibly could to make life easier for the poor wounded soldiers. My Missus sang for them, using her guitar to accompany the pretty Spanish songs she had picked up in Seville.

One of our friends at Biarritz was the Princess Frederika, a daughter of the old King of Hanover. Her Royal Highness was very simple and gracious, and a favourite with me because she was fond of dogs. She owned a beautiful villa where we used to go to tea with her. She was the old type of aristocrat, one who really looked like a great lady. Her especial passion was her love of flowers, and many were the times that we enjoyed the lovely bouquets she sent.

We were longing to get back to Paris, and just about this time we decided to return; and then, one morning, while Master and I were out having our walk, we heard the bells begin to ring. This time it was not a sad, melancholy tolling such as had struck awe to our hearts that first of August, 1914. This was a glad sound and, though we had not received the tidings officially, we began on all sides to hear them say:

"*C'est fini! C'est fini!*"

The war was ended . . . Paris went wild with joy. No sooner was the Armistice formally announced than the streets became one mass of seething humanity; it was like a carnival let loose, but with a deeper, more vibrant note. People were laughing, weeping, cheering, dancing, and anybody military, particularly the generals, came in for a very hot time in the adoring crowds. Some of them tried hard to preserve their dignity among all the hubbub, but soon gave this up as hopeless, and found it best and quickest to snatch the women and girls who pressed nearest, and bestow a hearty kiss and hug to enable them to get on their way.

When the Great Parade was announced there was a discussion as to whether I could be taken to watch it pass. It seemed too difficult for me to mingle with that vast crowd in the streets, and so it was decided that we should accept Dean and Mrs. Beekman's invitation to watch the celebrations from the Soldiers' and Sailors' Club where we had entertained so many of our doughboys. I shall never forget that sight!

Of course, I was stirred to the depths when the dog contingent marched in the procession, with the red cross on their breasts. They got a ringing round of applause, and I couldn't help barking loudly to show how proud I was of my kind. The next thrill I had was when our friend General Pershing, the typical soldier, singled us out for a salute, and all the wonderful French generals, Maréchal Foch, Maréchal Joffre, Général Gouraud and the rest marched down the Champs Elysées across the Place de la Concorde to the rue Royale right past our club.

THE months slipped by, and people were beginning to take heart once more, and to adjust themselves to the new conditions. Personally, I was feeling very fit, my coat was by means at its best, and I was tired to death of hearing about the war. So I was delighted to hear that we were to go down to Deauville for a time. What dog that *is* a dog does not love a scamper along the sands, with the wind blowing his fur every way at once? But I am sorry to say that my family didn't encourage this, murmuring words about sand-fleas. I didn't see why they should worry! This visit to Deauville was just for a short time; we motored down with our friend, Maisie, who admired me greatly, and before returning to America, after the season's end, procured a pedigree chow from England.

We had adjoining rooms at the Normandie, and one afternoon when Missus had returned, very weary, after some exercise, and my Missus had made herself very comfortable in negligée, boudoir cap and mules for a little rest before dinner, I began to nose about and suddenly caught sight of the lovely garden with the sea beyond. The irresistible desire to get out and explore on my own was too strong for me. Having snooped around the garden, I noticed the gate was open and said to myself, "Chi-Chi, this is your opportunity for a stroll." I heard my Missus calling frantically to me, but I turned out of the gate, and I got quite excited, finding myself alone, and broke into a dog-trot. Glancing over my shoulder, I saw my Missus in hot pursuit, ribbons and lace fluttering, but I was afraid I was very naughty for I only ran all the faster, straight across the road, down to the beach. My Missus, being fleet of foot, soon caught up with me and grabbed me; having no leash she had to take her girdle and tie it round me. By this time she was in disarray (Have you ever tried running in mules? I don't mean, of course, those things that are half a horse and half donkey.) and had had to remove her stockings which, fallen down over the mules, were in shreds, and, poor dear, she was half in tears, convulsed with laughter at the ridiculous figure she was cutting. Had we been at home in America, we should have had a row

(Concluded on page 129)

Delicately perfumed
Charmingly boxed

The *new* Cutex Christmas sets

NEW · FASHIONABLE · BEGUILING! In delicately feminine rose and gold boxes, the new Cutex sets arrive just in time for Christmas. "Marvelous," the beauty editors of the great magazines exclaimed when they saw them. "So convenient—such value." Ideal presents for every woman you know, at much less than you expect to pay for a lovely gift.

With bottles that stand up! The new Marquise Set (below) is wonderful—in its smart bakelite tray the bottles stand up like little soldiers. No danger of their leaking or spilling. Everything for the most luxurious Cutex perfumed manicure—all for $2.50, in Canada $3.00. The new Boudoir Set has a larger tray and includes a buffer, nail brush, file. $3.50, in Canada $4.00.

ee) In rose-colored metal case, this e Minute Set is a bit of modern gic! A blessing for a purse or desk er or the pocket of the car. A per- gift for $1.00.

he tiny Compact Set (not illustrated) ains trial-size bottles of unperfumed icure preparations: 60¢.

Weeks of fragrant manicures! This flat, trim, feminine box is the Traveling Set (at left) that slips smoothly into the most crowded bag or drawer. So complete, so pretty—it is a joy to own and an entrancing gift for just $1.50.

NORTHAM WARREN
NEW YORK · LONDON · PARIS

utex the original perfumed polish
Now in these Cutex Sets

Reduces mouth germs 98%— heals tissue

Your mouth is the open door to infection, the breeding place for millions of disease germs, the battle ground for the forces of health and disease.

Surely you realize the importance of using a safe antiseptic to maintain its cleanliness. Surely you welcome a pleasant germicide to aid in the prevention and attack of diseases that develop there. Listerine is both an antiseptic and germicide.

Under ordinary conditions of health, the usual morning and night gargle with full strength Listerine is deemed sufficient to assist nature in keeping dangerous disease micro-organisms under control.

Gargle every 2 hours

But when infection has actually started as is the case when you have a cold, influenza, grippe, or irritated throat, more frequent gargling is necessary. Once every two hours, authorities urge.

For in ill health body resistance is low. Nature alone can no longer cope with multiplying bacteria. Full strength Listerine with its swift germicidal action then becomes an extra attacking force.

Kills germs in 15 seconds

Exhaustive laboratory tests show that this safe, non-poisonous antiseptic destroys even the Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) germs in counts ranging to 200,000,000 in 15 seconds. Less resistant but no less dangerous pathogens such as the Streptococcus Hemolyticus (the germ associated with sore throat and cold), the Pneumococcus (pneumonia), and the Micrococcus Catarrhalis (catarrh) are destroyed in much larger numbers.

Reduces mouth germs 98%

And in the mouth, further tests show that full strength Listerine reduces the bacterial count of saliva 98%. Think of it! In order to maintain a continuous reduction of bacteria, frequent gargling is absolutely necessary. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

"No colds or sore throat in class," school-teacher says

Lambert Pharmacal Company, Robinsonville, Miss.
Gentlemen:

It has occurred to me that you might like to hear of the experiences we have had this year with LISTERINE—"we" meaning our little one-room school here. Perhaps no other letters have come from an old-fashioned district school of all ages and all grades: and because of this, you may be more than ordinarily interested.

On our roll are the names of twenty-eight children, a larger number than at any time in the history of the school. We have made the best average daily attendance, however, that I have ever known—and I have been teacher here for the past nine years. The entire school has been *almost perfect* from a no-cold-no-sore-throat-no-cough-no-sniffle standpoint, and I attribute this condition to the daily use of pure Listerine. The children are taught the lesson of "watching the gateway of the mouth"—to quote their Hygiene text—and *this year, I urged the gargling of full-strength Listerine*, in addition to the toothbrush and other sanitary precautions. The weather was unusually severe this winter, and the old schoolhouse full of cracks and holes, but we have come through with flying colors. It has been a source of comment to many, and we give Listerine the credit. I am sure you will be pleased to know this.

Sincerely yours,
(Sgd.) Mrs. W. E. Cox
Principal, Robinsonville Rural School

LISTERINE

CHI-CHI THE CHOW

(*Concluded from page 128*)

lowing us, but in France, no matter
st weird costumes people go about in,
one takes any notice. I did, how-
er, realize how naughty I had been
en I heard the shrieks of laughter
my Missus' expense, which came
ling from the people on the piazza
o were waiting to welcome us back.
ter this little vacation, which I must
I thoroughly enjoyed, we returned
the Ville Lumière, and resumed the
al Paris existence. I had no more
capades for the present; I had to
fine myself more or less to the Tui-
ies, which, you know, is my play-
und. I was sometimes taken to the
erican Women's Club in the Boule-
rd Malesherbes, where all the ladies
re busily discussing the necessity of
ding larger quarters. The Interallié,
Faubourg St. Honoré, is also a very
ic club, with a magnificent garden, no
gs allowed; and so it left me cold.

S THE winter drew nearer, I once
again heard my people discussing
ns for sailing on the *Majestic*, and I
w that we were about to return to
friends and many of my familiar
nts. We had a most eventful trip,
h weather and a hurricane. Being
y good sailor, I rather enjoyed it.
re were many interesting people on
rd whom we knew.
Notwithstanding the heavy seas, there
dances on board every night. We
d one lady complaining bitterly to
charming captain that she "thought
outrageous there should be so much
ion on such a big steamer."
"Madam," he replied with dignity,
re's a full gale on."
In a matter of fact, the captain said
s the roughest trip he had ever
n. We celebrated New Year's Eve
board and everybody was in high
its, some of them in more senses
one.
The Statue of Liberty was now loom-
on the horizon, and gave me a thrill,
m a real American at heart. Every-
was getting very nervous over the
ms—whatever that may mean—and
g, "Well, I have nothing new."
e managed to make our way through
hurly-burly of the regulated traffic
the Plaza, having plenty of time to
e the new skyscrapers which had
up in our absence. They say
York changes overnight.

HAT I enjoyed most were our week-
nd visits to Long Island. Elsinore,
was closed, and the dear people
lived, loved and laughed there were
emote as the ghost of Hamlet's
r, but, like him, I often revisited
spirit. Box Hill Farm, Long
d, which belongs to Uncle Harvey
w, is a happy hunting-ground for
n, dogs and humans. The stalls in
stables are always occupied by
oughbreds; one of these, a lovely
hunter called the Ghost (no rela-
to Hamlet's Ghost) was the mount
n to the Prince of Wales on his last
My friend was the Irish wolf-
d, who was as big as a small colt,
hen he jumped off the sofa—his
rite seat—or played around, he
ly shook the house. We spent
happy days at Box Hill.
e country-place I loved the most,
which was the substitute for Elsi-
was the Cross-Roads, Old West-
the beautiful home of Aunt Elise,
wedding I have told you all about
e of my early chapters. This spa-
rambling old homestead we all
, and the three adorable little girls
we called "The Three Graces"
tually was their family name)
sweet to me. Their Cairn and
other dog, a fine black-and-tan,
great pals of mine, and it was
to see us three fighting breeds
peacefully before the big open
the library after dinner. I might
re that the food was delicious. I
ed the lovely grounds, particularly
were covered with snow, and
pull the sleighs up the hill when
nt coasting.
need to go over to see the Childs Fricks, who had a lovely place at Roslyn. They had an enormous toboggan-slide, and all the young people and friends of the neighbourhood used to come for this sport. It was very amusing to see the cinema films of us all climbing up and sliding down this steep toboggan-slope. This was winter.

Long Island in the springtime has other delights: open-air horse shows and dog shows, and polo, and the International Game at Meadow Brook. We all love polo, and at the Cross-Roads we have a splendid polo field of our own, where the Prince of Wales, on that memorable visit of his, also played polo. *We* played it too, my dog friends and I, by chasing the ball, which we thought was expected of us, but found we were sadly mistaken when we were driven off the field.

Life in the country is the ideal life in America today; New York is impossible. I have heard my Master holding forth about the good old days when everybody knew everybody else, when the people were charming and society was delightful, with fewer colossal fortunes than we have today. Even in my time I found things sadly changed, but I have heard Master go back to the days when he drove four-in-hand or tandem up Fifth Avenue to Jerome Park to the races. I should just like to see somebody trying to do that now!

THE end of our delightful visit to America was now drawing near. When I saw my little dress suit-case and my steamer togs being laid ready, I knew that I should soon be taking my daily exercise on the promenade deck once again. We returned on the same steamer, the *Majestic*, and I was most affectionately greeted by my old friend, the stewardess, who was so kind to me coming over, and asked for one of my photographs, as she loved dog beings better than human beings, at least so she said. There was the usual, quite interesting list of passengers with their various plans and ambitions, some on pleasure bent, some on shopping ("without a rag to wear" was the way they put it), and the usual contingent of artists.

Paris was at the height of its season and glitter, with perfect weather, race-meeting parties, and fashionable gatherings of every kind, in most of which I took my part. I couldn't go to the races, but I often went to the polo and awaited my Master's return, finding much to distract me and many amusing sights. We dogs have a sense of humour, and I barked with delight at the sight of a very large and fat lady dragging along a poor little tiny dog that looked like a rat, and a very thin hungry-looking man being pulled off his feet by a Russian wolfhound. I felt very superior myself, sitting on a comfy chair, after just having had a delicious tea. The public at large seemed much more interested in the human parade of clothes and girls than in the game.

Of course, the Salon, as usual, was a great attraction—perhaps particularly so this year, as my statue done by the celebrated Russian sculptor, Prince Troubetzkoy, was on exhibition; I think it did me justice. Troubetzkoy also did one of my Master, with me lying at his feet. His likeness was excellent, but if I may criticize, I think that *I* look too Spitzian and not sufficiently chowish.

As the season advanced, Paris began to get hot and sultry; we all started longing for the sea, and Deauville seemed alluring. Before I realized it, we were once again at the Hotel Normandie, in our old quarters, which looked out on a sunny garden.

POLO was the great attraction after the races, and all the dog-world were members of the polo club. Every year they had a dog show, and I always took first prize. I had the distinction of renewing my acquaintance with my good friend, King Alfonso, and the privilege of seeing him play a rattling good game of polo. Watching the understanding polo-ponies reminds me of the touching story by Kipling, called *The Maltese Cat*, which I heard Missus reading aloud. When you sit watching them, they seem so clever that you feel they really understand that it's up to them—their horse-sense is almost human: this is what my dog-sense tells me.

I am sadly afraid this unceasing round of gaiety and too many good things was beginning to tell upon me, as I had a very serious attack of intestinal poisoning before we left Deauville, and feared my last hour had come. But, thanks to great care and Doctor Mathieu, my vet, who saved my life, I pulled through, but I was never quite the same dog again. They starved me to death at the beginning, but gee! the delight of that first square meal when I was convalescent. It was some sort of concoction that ordinarily I wouldn't have given a sniff at, but oh, say, it was good!

When the races are over, the Deauville season finishes, and everyone makes a mad dash back to Paris. We stayed on a little longer, motoring back quietly through the lovely Normandy country, and I always enjoyed our little stops on the road for lunch and tea. I'm afraid you'll think I'm always meditating on food, but they did do me well! I must say, all the same, that I was glad to get back to the Hotel Meurice, where I knew some of my friends would shortly be arriving. Rosie's little family of Pomeranians wouldn't miss their Paris season for anything. They have a suite to themselves at the Meurice and are champions, the very last word in the Pomeranian dog-world. One of them was so tiny that I should have thought that a cigar-box would have been big enough for its bed. As a matter of fact, they had the most luxurious padded baskets to sleep in (such as I should have hated myself), and their special food was cooked in their own private kitchen.

Paris means, first and foremost, "clothes" all the world over, and I had to go and be measured for a new raincoat and for a new harness.

IT WAS not yet too late in the season to meet all one's friends in the Bois, and it was certainly cheering to find that evidently I was still making a great impression on the ladies, and it was nothing unusual for the family to receive invitations asking me to call and pay my addresses to their marriageable lady-dogs. You know how these French marriages are arranged. The heads of the families get together and decide on what would be a suitable alliance. A very celebrated actress, Cécile Sorel, arranged a meeting between me and her lady chow, but being an American I preferred to choose for myself and resented having things taken for granted. Besides, the lady didn't appeal to me. So I just gave her the cold shoulder. Having met so many débutantes on Long Island and all over the world, I am afraid I was beginning to get a little blasé. I was also, perhaps, feeling a little tired, as so many people do at this time of the year. It was decided that I needed a change, and so reservations were booked in the Blue Train for Monte Carlo. The doctor who saved my life at Deauville gave me a *pigure* as a precaution against fatigue. I don't know what it was, but it made me feel another man, and I was quite looking forward to a little gamble—I mean a gambol—on the green.

We went to the Hotel Hermitage, as we always do. I again trotted on ahead and found my old room, much to everyone's amusement. Monte Carlo seemed very gay. Everyone arrived full of spirits, and those whose greatest attraction is roulette each hoped to break the bank with their various systems. I take my strolls on the Terrace as formerly, but not such long ones. They say the climate here is very enervating. I think it must be so, for I often have to be carried up and down the stairs. This rather worries me, and it's humiliating for a dog who has been compared to a lion to feel himself so feeble. I didn't much care, either, for the idea of my Missus picking up and carrying so heavy a dog as myself, but sometimes it seemed to be necessary. What I enjoyed most were my motor-drives, paying visits and lunching and teaing with all my Riviera friends. The villas here along the coast are beautiful, and each garden lovelier than the last.

I HAVE no ambition to write the history of the Riviera, which is being done every minute. Our rooms at the Hermitage look out over the bay, and it's a pretty sight to see the yachts coming in with one's friends on board, but why on earth do they fire off guns as a sign of welcome to them? It makes a fearful noise and I hate it; it reminds me of the war. We often used to visit the various yachts when we were at Deauville, and I used to get on board in great style when I visited Lord Michelham, but the last time I boarded Mr. Tony Drexel's yacht, here in Monaco Harbour, I was panic-stricken at the very idea of walking up the gang-plank, and couldn't enjoy my tea for thinking of the return journey. I am afraid my yachting days are over. They also have dog shows here, held on the Terrace, where I have taken prizes, but this time I asked to be excused, as I was not feeling up to the ordeal, and it's a nerve-racking experience at best, and quite a serious matter as regards awards.

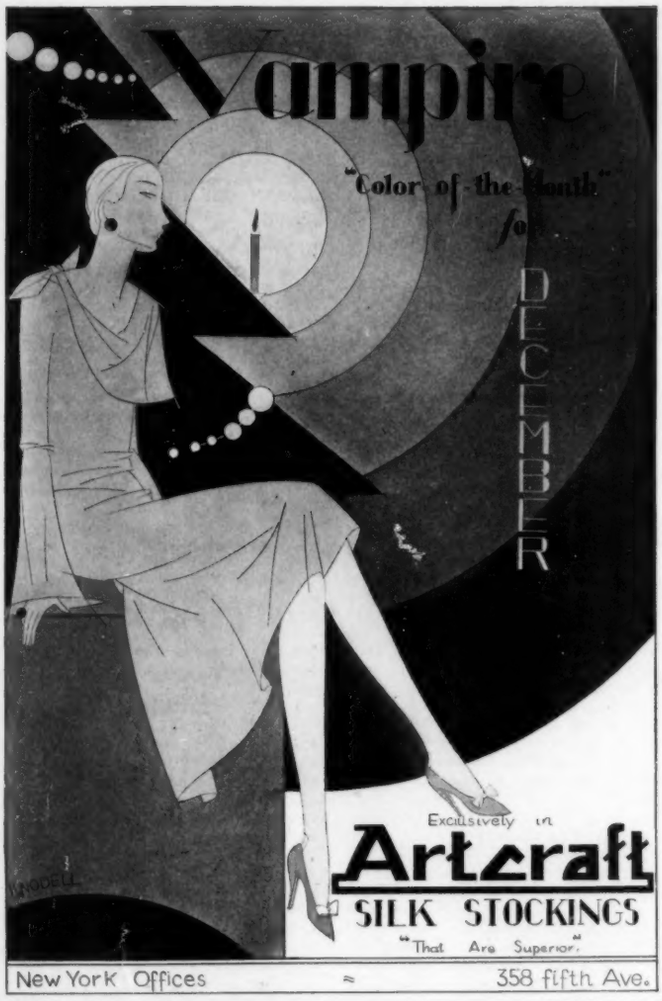
I find myself reminiscing, going back quite a lot over the past; they say that's a sign of old age. I wonder! *Such* a lot of friends I've had: dogs and humans, men, women and children. I adore children (most of my friends do, too) and they can do anything they like with me. It's amusing how many dogs, who are supposed to be ferocious, will submit to being mauled and having their fur pulled by these tiny mites. They feel quite proud to be left in charge of such small people, and have often guarded them against great danger.

I must now stop reminiscing, and try to pull myself together, for we have a gala on tonight—it is the Prince of Monaco's birthday—and they have all sorts of loathsome fireworks just outside my window. They are let off up on the Rock, and make a wonderful display, but I dislike the noise of them more and more each year. I hope Missus and Master will stay with me until they are over, as they did last time, before going out to dinner at the Hotel de Paris.

There is a lot more I could tell the world, but I feel so idiotically tired. I think I shall have to finish this a little later on. My eyes won't do what I want, and everything seems rather a long way off. What I like best these days is to be with my Master and Missus and have one of them hold my paw with sympathetic understanding, and tell me what a wonderfully good doggie I am. I am getting sleepy—I think I'll take a rest. I had a nightmare; I dreamed I was alone, and I gave a cry of delight when I woke to find my Master and Missus sitting on the floor by my side. Missus took me in her arms . . .

Epilogue

THERE was a great emptiness in our lives. Dear, faithful, kind friend Chi is no longer awaiting us. His ever-joyful welcome and constant companionship for over sixteen years must be a memory. This brave little dog was loved by all who knew him. There were obituary notices in all the papers. One said: "All Monte Carlo is in mourning—not for the Emperor, but for Chi-Chi." His little suit-case, with his necessary comforts, is now packed away—his life journey is over. Many people say there is a dogs' paradise, at least a happy hunting-ground. In any case, Chi's mortal remains rest at Asnières, just outside Paris, in the Dogs' Cemetery there, surrounded by many other deeply-regretted friends, as the little tombstones, with their touching inscriptions, bear witness. "The best friend a man has is his dog."



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Cosmetics for Elephants

The smartest elephants in India are made up as carefully as an actress. Wouldn't you love to ride one with such devastating eyebrows?

India boasts several unique modes of locomotion—for instance, private Pullmans which are as complete as houseboats on wheels.

For information about trips to India, or cruises which visit India, call or write Harper's Bazaar Travel Bureau, 572 Madison Avenue. Wickersham, 2800.

CLIENTS' COLLECTIONS

(*Continued from page 61*)

has been subtly eliminated, one does not quite know how. He continues to use his materials on the straight—gathered, shirred, or plaited; this, in itself, gives individuality to his collection. There were several new models of the type drawn by Marty on pages 64, 65. New, with jacket suits, were the big square muffs of astrakhan that accompanied frocks, often in black woollen material, with short jackets bordered with the same fur. There were many speckly tweeds, done in jacket suits with crêpe blouses, or in the dress and short-coat formula. Fur-trimmed suits, usually black, took an important place. There were novel suggestions in the evening models, many of which were black. One in fine lace had a wide skirt in three sections, put together with shirring, and open right up the front over a crêpe and lace slip. This wide, long skirt was tied twice, once at the high waistline and once just above the knee. Another new note in evening dress was the mass of fine hand-work, as delicate as that on de luxe lingerie, that appeared on the bodice and just below the belt of otherwise plain satin dresses, with "baby" waists, Empire belts, and limp skirts just escaping the floor. A third note, also in evening dress, was the use of fine beading, embroidery in strass, or spangling, on the high-waisted bodices of chiffon and georgette gowns, this embroidery being continued down toward the hips, and gradually losing itself in the folds of the plain material of the skirt. A white georgette gown was embroidered in ostrich feathers of black tracery and strass that ran three times round the figure.

At this collection, I sat next to Maxine Elliott, still handsome, and her niece, Mrs. Freeman Thomas, the daughter of Gertrude Elliott and Forbes Robertson, and looking a handsome mixture of both of them. They wore tweeds and had just arrived from Cannes. Molyneux's invited audience is always very international. I heard English, American, French, German, Spanish, and Russian that afternoon.

Vionnet has added short slips to her new semi-transparent evening models; these slips come just to the knee, and are wide enough for the mannequins to take their long steps, the chiffon flowing about the figure as they move. Among new models, I particularly noted a Russian blouse of rich brown seal, belted; dark coats and light-coloured dresses; many gowns that rolled and tied around the waist; and new interpretations of the little fur bolero, done in ermine with long-skirted, short-waisted frocks of satin, in black and white. Among the new evening gowns were several in fragile tulle, one in deep coffee colour with sections of little lace frills making the sides of the skirt; another in off-white tulle embroidered in rows of fern fronds in silver tracery; and a third in palest pink, the skirt a mass of little frills. A coral chiffon evening gown had a deep-gathered flounce about a foot deep, set just above the knee. Lovely was a gown of white georgette with immense silver spots; while the pale turquoise, aquamarine, and ice-white evening gowns of plain materials were more beautiful than ever.

Redfern turned his clients' showing into an afternoon reception, at which Baronne de Graffenried received the guests. Here I saw many smart black toilets, often worn with silver foxes as a concession to autumn. One good black suit without fur was worn with a scarf loosely knotted round the neck and tied once-over in front. This scarf was of heaviest white satin with fringed edges. Wrinkled white gloves added another white note to the dark costume. The new models included the charming frilled chiffon frock, drawn by Marty on page 65. This is a late edition of the pyjama, all in frills of black lace, that was shown in the earlier collection. I am showing it here as a home dinner gown, but without its little jacket of turquoise lamé with collar of black fox. The tea-gown, home-dinner-gown type of garment is found in so many collections this year that it really marks a reaction against dinner pyjamas. There are four examples on the pages drawn by Marty. Of course, the two black ones, from Redfern and Yteb, might easily be worn away from home on informal occasions.

Lanvin also invited us to see some new models. Here I noted a particularly well-dressed woman, whose costume is worth describing. She wore a black broadcloth coat with high-standing collar of red fox that framed her face, and a plain frock of black crêpe tied in the front. Her hair was a brilliant copper, and on her head was Reboux's shirred turban in yellow and bright brown. In her ears were long drop earrings of topaz, matching her great ring, and a brooch in the front of the gown. Her gloves and pumps were of black antelope, as was also her bag with its topaz clasp. One of the new models that I liked best was also in black broadcloth and red fox. The three-quarter coat was wrapped around in a diagonal line and buttoned under one arm; the blouse was of black chiffon, full and soft, the scarf collar coming well up around the neck and tied in a bow on the nape. Excellent frocks of black—velveteen, satin, and cloth—were touched with brilliant colour; for example, a belt and small bow at the neck of emerald green. One or two had jackets in the same brilliant colour, to wear with them. A pretty frock, called "Five o'Clock," was of lea green crêpe, pin-tucked horizontally all over, and worn with a black hat, black antelope belt, and black antelope gloves with gauntlet cuffs. The new evening gowns were nearly all shown with very short spangled jackets, bright blue, frosted silver, emerald green. A little double tab of spangled material was tied to one shoulder-strap on the gown. "Soleil de Minuit," the lovely gold lamé gown photographed by Baron de Meyer in the October number, was done again in black panne.

MADAME LEROY of Fourrures Max Leroy sent us wonderful golden invitations to see her winter collection of furs and fur-trimmed coats. Two that I liked particularly were shown together, one in brown broadcloth with brown astrakhan and the other, the same model in black velveteen with black astrakhan. These were cut in the front only, so that they looked like jackets, and they had deep fur bands at the hem and odd deep fur cuffs running up the outside of the arm. For the South, there were sports models in weasel, in Japanese ermine, which is a deep coffee colour, and in Canadian ermine of a natural beige shade. The same models are made in white broadtail for the South; for jacket and straight three-quarter coats of this lovely moire-like fur were *the* smart thing at Biarritz, late in the fall, and this is certainly an indication for Palm Beach. Madame Leroy's cloth coats are in two types: one, for town, of princess cut, often in many sections, pointed, flattering to the figure, and put together with slot seams; while for morning, country, or driving a car, she prefers a straight, pocketed, belted model, with important fur collar and cuffs. For evening, her coats are sumptuous, as the lovely model in blue fox and velvet of the same shade, drawn by Luza on page 56, well proves. On the same page is a very beautiful evening wrap from Hebe, which was created for his gala at Biarritz, and is shown in the Paris collection at the moment of writing.

Several houses included winter sports models in their clients' collections. There are always of two types: the classic suit of Norwegian inspiration, which is worn by sportswomen invariably choose, and fantasies, which show the invention of the couturier, and which sometimes succeed in influencing even the classic style to a certain extent. For example, this year some of the most serious skiers had adopted the very short, double-breasted jacket, instead of the Scandinavian tunic-length one. This short

(*Continued on page 132*)

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CLIENTS' COLLECTIONS

(Continued from page 130)

jacket was first shown as a fantasy at one of the Paris houses. While most sportswomen wear black or very dark blue, one does see, at St. Moritz, an occasional suit in dark brown, dark red, or dark green.

The ski suit photographed by Baron de Meyer on page 50 is the most unusual of all, and comes from Schiaparelli, who declares that she will wear it at St. Moritz herself. It is made of waterproofed black linen gabardine, with a short double-breasted jacket and trousers. Under the jacket is a hand-knitted sweater of pale old-blue, that winds round the waist with long ends that tie in front. Under this, again, is a blouse, for tea or afternoon dancing, of the same blue, but in satin with deep cuffs and tied collar of her famous openwork crochet trimming, in black silk. She says she is tired of seeing women dance in flannel shirts, and proposes these blouses instead. She is making the official sweater for the new Corviglia Club, at St. Moritz, up on the white heights of that name, where one can lunch in the sparkling snows, and to which every one who is any one will belong.

And now, what about the hats to wear with these new clothes? What will women find at their milliners, when they go, sample in hand, to complete their new costumes? Agnès has just shown a new collection, and two typical models are drawn on the Last-Minute pages. One shows her great novelty, the stuffed roll set around the head, like a crooked halo. The soft bird breasts at one side mingle with the hair. The other is an adaptation of the béret, also in hand-knitted tricot, and over the hair at one side is a series of ostrich tips, alternating brown and turquoise blue. Ostrich and tricot are a novel combination. Her hats, if they do not show this halo idea—carried out in fur bands, in massed petals, in braids of three strips of velvet—are of the bicorne persuasion, either in tricot, or in a taupé felt. Or they may be in fur, either broadtail, or astrakhan. One and all, they have a touch of feathers about them.

One tricot cap in black has the whole of the top covered with a mass of parrot feathers, green, blue and red; others have little feathers stuck round the face; one has a fringe of blue parrot feathers round the head, like an Indian bonnet. The halo ones have some sort of trimming set under the edge at the left side; ostrich tips, bird breasts, velvet flower petals, wheels of grosgrain ribbon, alternating black and white, or a series of little velvet ribbon bows. Black or coloured chenille is used for caps and toques with perky bows or feather fancies; shaded taupé felt makes larger afternoon hats flaring at each side of the face; one new hat in heavy black satin is of Spanish gipsy inspiration and is wonderfully handled. New tricot caps are made of heavy black silk twist, in openwork design, and for the theatre she embroiders them with real bits of red branch coral and beads of real turquoise in designs. The most original hat of all is done in black breitschwantz, and I will show it to you in the next number, as it will be her point of departure for further developments. Her "document" for it is a head-dress from the Belgian Congo. She confided to me that her next exhibition of hats will be based on French Colonial costumes, and that she has been inspired thereto by the preparations for the Colonial exhibition next year. But they will be entirely different from her famous model inspired by the Citroën expedition into Africa.

ON THE same Last-Minute page, you will see two or three of the Reboux successes. One, in particular, in felt, the brim turned up and faced with grosgrain, and a little brush of crosses at one side, I see every time I go anywhere in Paris. It is called "Pistache" because the original model is in green. There is also a broadtail cap with a smash of white velvet at the back, worn by Madame Martinez de Hoz, among other women; and one of the new felts, one side smooth, and the other like tweed, which is trimmed with a touch of green and red feathers. Another success, that I see very often, is a felt béret, matching the costume in colour, like all the bérets you ever saw, except that it has more fulness in the back, and is worn pushed off the forehead and toward the back. Still another that I often see is in one of the new two-faced felts, a black and white line plaid on one side, and a black felt on the other, with a point of the plaid at one side.

There are two other types, one in black and white fur which is sketched by Luza on page 60. This, seen from the back, is exactly like a cat's head with ears, and has a collar to match in the same fur. The other type reminds me of Marguerite's cap in *Faust*, and is done in the new felts that look like knitted jersey on one side and like soleil felt on the other. A new turban that I have seen several times reminds me of the popular shirred one of the summer. It is made in Coudurier's material, a fine crêpey wool with raised wheat-grains of velvet. One side is taupe on black, and the other black and white, and a band that has red ends twists round the head and buttons at one side with button and buttonhole. A new sort of *gaufré* or shirred felt, that I have myself, is made into a little cloche, turned up in the back. This hat is all in one; I mean that there is no division of crown and brim. It comes in a long crinkled felt bag, and is formed on the head, and trimmed and trimmed until it reaches the proper proportions. It is amusing to watch the transformation going on.

NEARLY all these hats show a good deal of the hair; in fact, in many of them, the hair that is seen seems to make an integral part of the trimming. All this means a lot of work for the coiffeur. On pages 62 and 63 are suggestions for hair-dressing from Antoine, all of which demand special training of the tresses. The days when a simple "blow of the comb," as the French say, was sufficient to put one's hair in order are well over. Many of us regret them sincerely, but there is nothing much we can do about it. Every one acknowledges that longer hair looks far better with our present evening dress, but many women, and all milliners, are troubled about what to do with longer hair in the daytime. The little roll of curls brushed up over the hat brim in the back is a fashion that is certainly not becoming to everyone, and some locks simply refuse to stay in place in spite of all the permanents ever invented. No solution is found for this vexed question by keeping the hair rather short at the "danger line," and letting it grow longer at the sides.

Then, in the evening, some women are resorting to postiches. Agnès, who always does something original, is keeping her hair short on the nape, and wearing it in two little Louis XV. curls over each ear. In the evening, she encircles her head with tiny braids, one, two, three, like a coronet, giving a very neat line at the back of the neck. Other women are having little half-wreaths of curls made, to wear at the back of the neck in the evening, hoping, with a silent prayer, that they will stay on. Antoine, as you see, is suggesting some evening coiffures that follow the historic suggestion of some of the evening dresses. One is First Empire, and the other distinctly Second. Both are achieved with the aid of a postiche. In his other models, he uses little curls on the forehead or on the temples to soften the hard line of the hair. This is very Second Empire, too. There is a portrait of the Empress Eugénie, dated about 1869, with just such curls on the forehead. Her hair is parted, and she has longer curls at each side toward the back. Every time I go anywhere in the evening, I keep a weather eye open for hair-dressing, and am sometimes rewarded, as I was the other night at Ciro's. A blonde woman wore her hair

(Continued on page 134)

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CLIENTS' COLLECTIONS

(*Continued from page 132*)

shortish, parted low on the left side, swept over the top of the head, finishing over the ear in curls that came well out onto the cheek on that side. Half-way down the head, she had also parted the hair in a circular movement that ran right round from the parting on the left side to lose itself in the curled ends at the right. Below this parting, the hair was arranged in a "fringe," with curled ends that rested on her neck all round. Perhaps you cannot get the picture from this description, but the effect was very good. The hair, in the back, was very little longer than it was worn last year.

Another fashion that I have seen recently, and that I am trying myself, is to brush the hair from the right side, including the lock over the ear, toward the left side, at the back of the head. The lock over the left ear then mingles with the curled ends, and when they grow longer, one tucks them into a short up-and-down roll with a comb. This is rather hard to manage, for the hair must be exactly the right length, but it agrees well with the new hats that are worn so much on one side of the head, in the fashion of the Agnès ones sketched on page 66.

With the coiffures, as you see, Martin has drawn some marvellous jewellery from Van Cleef and Arpels, Lacloche, and Mauboussin. The Van Cleef example is a wonderful set of cabochon rubies and diamonds cut in brilliants and in baguettes. The Lacloche pieces illustrate the revival of important diamond earrings, that go so well with longer hair. There is also a very new bracelet in diamonds, like a cuff. The Mauboussin pieces are very novel, and novelty in jewellery is rarer than one might imagine. One is an ornament to wear in the hair. The very fact that jewellers are thinking about hair ornaments illustrates the close relation of the different branches of the mode. Skirts lengthen, tresses follow suit, and longer tresses bring thoughts of hair decoration. The other Mauboussin piece is a shoulder ornament, which also turns into something else if one likes, in the same combination of red, white, and blue. There are two blues, however, as both pale and dark sapphires have been used.

On the Last-Minute page, there is a very novel brooch which may be worn in a lapel or scarf, or clipped into the side of a hat, like an earring. This is newer than the clip. But the newest placing of the clip, which remains very popular, is as a shoe ornament, illustrated in the crêpe de Chine pump from Ducerf-Scavini. This brings me to the new shoes. Many of the makers are showing a winter collection, now that the winter clothes are being ordered by Parisians. You will see in the examples sketched by Miss Engel on page 66 that shoes remain simple in form. Pumps are still first favourites for town wear. It is true that they are cut higher on the foot, this year, and that they sometimes have a buckle or other ornament. Hellstern is stressing the return of shoe ornaments, but very restrained ones. His newest note, for afternoon, is the little touch of metal, either in a polished edge to a buckle as in the drawing, or in a tiny bow of metal placed on a pump, or in a triangular end of a piping that runs round the top of the shoe, ending at one side in this silver tab. For evening, his newest note is the use of two satins, slipper satin and ciré satin, in two colours: one, the colour of the gown, especially when it is black or white, and the other matching the jewels. A discreet little ornament is done in the same stones as those of the necklace or bracelets.

FOR morning Ducerf-Scavini likes a high-cut pump of crocodile or lizard, with a self-covered buckle. His one-strap model in dark blue box calf is remarkably light for a calf shoe. For Palm Beach he proposes a new combination of black patent leather and white buckskin, because the powder used to clean the buckskin is so easily wiped off the patent leather. For the evening, he is making many slippers of crêpe to match or contrast with gowns, trimming them with applications of self material. One is shown with a diamond clip on page 66. He also has a new enamel, done on kid, that imitates the lamé of a gown. This he uses in a sandal of complicated strapping.

All the shoemakers are stressing calf for sports and tailored wear; and antelope for afternoon, or sometimes combinations of antelope and fine lizard, or antelope and patent leather. They use patent leather when the client asks for it, and some kid in restrained colours. Nearly all afternoon shoes are either black or dark brown. Occasionally one sees a dark blue or, still more rarely, a dark green one. A few crocodile shoes are seen for tailored wear, with bags to match. But shoes made entirely of reptile skins are less seen than shoes trimmed with discreet applications. For evening, crêpe de Chine seems still a favourite, but satin is growing in favour. I do not see, at the smart bootmakers, many of the silvered kid or gilded kid slippers that I occasionally see worn. Perhaps they are too utilitarian. A little lamé is used, at the request of the client. There is little change in form for evening, and slipper shapes seem even more popular than sandals. As I have said, foot jewellery is sneaking back by degrees.

As to stockings, there is really nothing new to report. Hellstern, whose colours are usually very accurate, has decided to launch almost no novelties, being persuaded that the present colours are just what women need. However, I will repeat that the fragile black stocking, as thin as a coat of water-colour paint, is making some headway for evening, worn exclusively with black dresses. I have tried this myself and like the effect immensely.

On pages 58 and 59 Luza has drawn some novel ways of placing artificial flowers, all shown by Paris dressmakers. You may do as you like about wearing flowers, either real or artificial. I cannot say that there is an overwhelming vogue for them, but it is quite true that I see them, especially white ones, as an added white accessory with black daytime costumes; and also, in the evening, to add another colour note to a white gown, in addition to the shoes, jewels and handkerchief.

I HAVE noticed a few individual costumes, recently, at the Ritz or at Ciro's, or at different dressmaking houses during the showings of the clients' collections. One, worn at the Ritz on one of our rare fine days, consisted of a jacket of white Rodier asperic, a plaited skirt of bright chestnut brown, a scarf of astrakhan in the same colour tied once over in front, shoes, gloves and béret in the same bright brown, and a huge chiffon handkerchief tumbling out of one pocket, and printed in chestnut on white. I saw the Marquise de C. Maury in a suit of rough nobbly woollen in a bright dark blue, buttoned straight up the jacket in front, and also up the front of the skirt. With this, a blouse of pale old-blue velveteen, the little military collar tied in front, with the ends drooping, fitted waistbelt, descending in the back. A small hat of dark blue felt showing a lot of forehead. I see quite a lot of pale blue, Delft, turquoise, aquamarine, with black, but still more black and white. Never has there been a blacker daytime season, in spite of all talk of dark rich colours; but I do see quite a number of dark brown costumes and some green. I have just lunched with Madame Agnès, Madame Schiaparelli, and Madame de Boirivin (who is now with Schiaparelli), and two of us were in black with white, and the other two in black with pale blue. Schiaparelli wore her amusing gloves, black suède, with narrow gauntlets of black patent leather, while her rough black woollen coat had patent-leather edges.

At the races, on our rare fine Sundays, there are always a few important women almost lost in the immense crowd

(*Concluded on page 136*)

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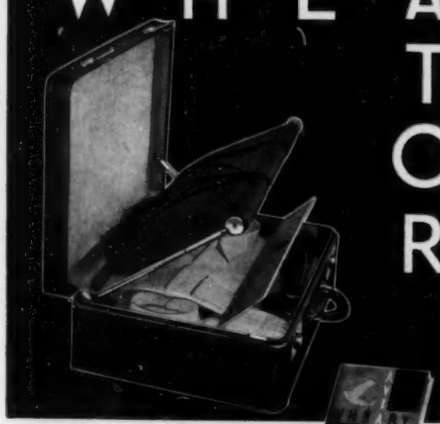

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CLIENTS' COLLECTIONS

(*Concluded from page 134*)

nobodies, like sparsely sprinkled currants in a vast deal of bun. Here, black is strikingly prevalent, in broadcloth, vigogne, velours de laine (though less of this), rougher cheviot-like materials such as Chanel uses for her popular coats with pinked edges, in velvet and velveteen, and occasionally in velvety materials that imitate broadtail. After black, greens—very dark myrtle green, hunter's green, and Patou's yellowed-greens—come next in popularity; then some of the very dark browns. Fur trimmings tend to the astrakhan family, with Persian lamb in first favour. As to headgear, most hats are small; there are many turbans and caps, and béret-like shapes; after these, bicornes and tricornes, their points set sometimes at unexpected angles. It was at the races, also, that I noticed the departure of the stubby umbrella from the equipment of the smartest woman. She now carries a slim umbrella, like a man's, tightly rolled, and with a crook handle that hangs over the arm. Even though the races present such a heterogeneous collection of womankind, one can establish certain fashion points, such as this one about umbrellas, just because one sees so many women together in one place.

I AM adding, as a postscript to this long letter, the description of a very well-dressed woman whom I have just seen at Agnès's, where I went to try on some hats. She was trying on two, and she wore Vionnet's black satin frock, the skirt finely plaited, a short tailored jacket of broadtail, and round her neck two scarfs, from Agnès, which are reall two very wide lengths of supplest velve ribbon. One, tied rather high on th neck and once over in front, was of tu quoise blue; the other tied below i but in exactly the same way, was white and they filled in the front of the jacke With this, she wore a black silk ca one of Agnès's new ones, with a crooke halo of ermine round it and a sho veil, black antelope gloves, rather lon and two-eyelet black antelope oxfor with rather dark brown stockings. He bag was black antelope, with a clasp turquoise, and in her hat was a turquois clip. I thought her quite perfectl dressed for the daytime.

At the opening of the new Théât des Ambassadeurs, which is part of th restaurant building, I saw another wo an whom I thought perfectly dresse for the evening. She wore a gown th looked like Vionnet, of white pann with a three-quarter coat of the sam with Vionnet's wide cuffs. Cuffs an huge collar were of dark Russian sabl and the wrap was lined with velvet exactly the same brown. Long brow gloves, brown slippers, and in her brow hair, over each temple, a clip of di monds and rubies. The interesting pla by Claude Anet, well known to reade of HARPER'S BAZAAR, is based on th story of Mayerling, from which it take its name, the tragedy of the Cro Prince Rudolph and the Baroness Ve sera. The first-night audience, whic had an air of great smartness, was fille with women in white, and wearing e mine wraps. This was almost a uniform

THERE MUST BE SOMETHING MORE

(*Continued from page 84*)

half-parted mouth. Never had she seemed more lovely, more desirable, nor more infuriatingly self-composed.

"If you just knew," he said, "how I'll be missing you!"

And with the intensity that "last moments" arouse in one, he began to talk of how much he cared, of how much he would always care; how, from the first instant of meeting her, he had begun to care. "As one always does," he said, "when it's the real thing. One knows at once, intuitively."

Her cheek against her hand, her thoughts concentrated on the packet of railroad and steamship tickets that bulged the black velvet bag that lay beside her, Marda Clainton gazed with unseeing eyes across the room.

"Dear one, it's all such madness, this," the pleading voice insisted. "You're restless. And because of that restlessness, you're wasting the best years you'll ever have."

Had she not been too happy, too excited over her departure, she would have shrugged her shoulders. "Wasting my best years," she would have retorted. "But don't I know it, and isn't that the very reason that's sending me off upon this trip?" She was too happy, too excited, however, to be acrimonious. She let him talk.

"You're restless," he repeated, "and discontented. You need someone to look after you, to work for you, to arrange your life. We could have such fun, together."

He outlined the life that they would lead; the house they would have in San Francisco, outside the city, half-way toward the Golden Gate; their six-cylinder racing Humber; their long week-end trips along the coast to Pebble Beach and Santa Barbara; the parties they would give and go to.

MUSINGLY, she listened. Yes, they could have a lovely time: the kind of time that the average girl spent nine-tenths of her time in envying. And Edgar himself, handsome, successful, trim, the tall blond clean-cut type that people turned round in the streets to look at, was the kind of man that the average girl spent nine-tenths of her time dreaming of. Which was the trouble with Edgar. He was just too eligible.

"If only," thought Marda, "he were n so completely the average man; a lit richer, a little handsomer, a little nic than the average. If only he were di ferent in some way!"

"We could make such a fine thing life together," he was saying. "You s that I'm going to be the most successf lawyer in California. But you ca think how much more I'd make of li with you than without you. You ca think what a difference it would make I had someone like you to work f With you, I'd be the most successf lawyer in all America."

She laughed at that. It was said confidently, with so fine a recklessne

"But, darling, I'm not in love wi you," she said.

"Love will come," he answered.

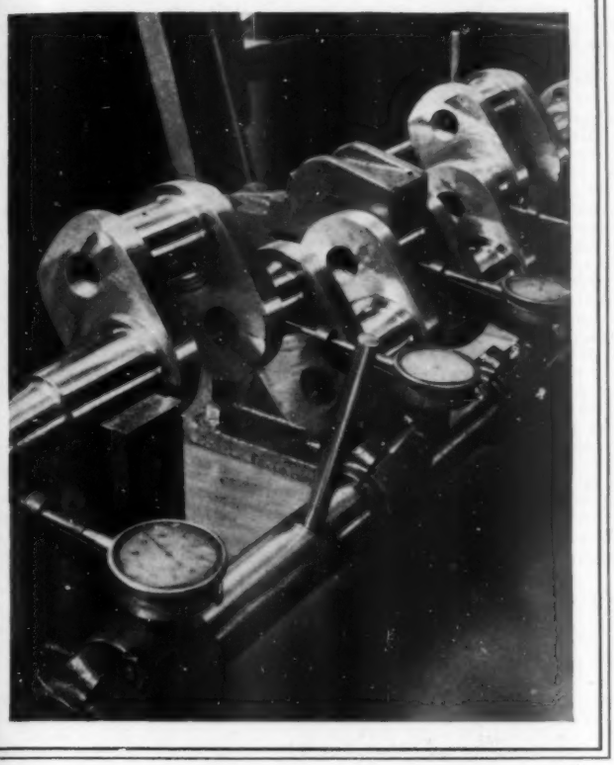
Which was what had been said every rejected lover in the world's lo history. Just as every argument that had used had been the property of ev suitor since language started. That t of the wasting of one's years; of rec nizing the real thing when it came; a woman's need to be looked after; the future that would be theirs to sha and then that final argument that lo in a woman's case, came afterward. every novel that she had ever read, had learned all that.

"Silly, it's no use," she said. "I not the slightest use. Let's talk of so thing else."

So he changed the subject, and beg to talk brightly, amusingly, making laugh in the way that he always co But there was unhappiness beneath laughter, an unhappiness that both f tered Marda and saddened her. It flattering to think that she had power to make so imposing a person Edgar Mountain sad. And, at the sa time, it saddened her that he should sad. He was nice. She was fond him, fonder than she was of any At the same time, she could not beli that there was not more to love t liking. When she had been a ch they had talked to her about a magic called Santa Claus who dispensed richness and happiness of life. A she had believed in that Santa Cl only to discover later that he was her father in a red hood and a false

(*Continued on page 138*)

Many people marvel at the fact that the Lincoln crankshaft can be turned with the forefinger after it has been finally assembled in its bearings. This is most unusual, and results from the highest type of precision workmanship. It is also extremely important to the owner of the car, because every imperfection, however slight, in the alignment of the crankshaft, interferes with the smooth performance of the car. The Lincoln crankshaft bearing surfaces are inspected simultaneously, as shown below, by six gauges to insure absolute alignment.



The extreme smoothness with which the power of the Lincoln is developed is constantly commented upon. In order to develop such smooth power, it is highly important that all pistons and connecting rods be as exactly similar as possible. This is necessary because the high speed of the motor tends to magnify greatly even very slight variations in weight, and thus to set up vibration. The utmost care is taken to see that all connecting rods and pistons used in the same Lincoln are identical.

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Yet, perfect as is each element that goes into the Lincoln's painstaking creation, these alone are but part reason why each Lincoln remains so mechanically well-poised throughout its long term of service. Quite the most important source of its quality lies in the admirable manner in which all these perfected elements of body and chassis have been brought into smooth, unfailing co-operation.

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THERE MUST BE SOMETHING MORE

(Continued from page 136)

It would be too bad if this other magician, this fairy prince that her girlhood had dreamed about, who had given the essential poetry, beauty, intensity of life, should turn out to be nothing more than Edgar Mountain in a new silk hat.

"It just can't be," she thought. "There must be more to it than that."

"YES, there must be more to it than that," she repeated like a refrain, as a ferry-boat pulled out through the chill spring afternoon toward Oakland Pier; as the long, lean train crept hungrily across the Rockies, eating up the dry cold miles between Ogden and Omaha; as the shaken, quivering hotel churned its gale-strewn passage across the Atlantic; as an English train rattled past Devonshire through the leafless countries.

"Life's going to begin now," she thought, as she sat hours later in her bedroom at the Berkeley, sorting out her letters of introduction.

It began in the confused breathless way that things do in London. There were the first formal invitations; the acquaintanceships that became the friendships that led to other friendships. It was like a kaleidoscope; one would not have thought that one city could have contained so many types in the same class. There were the fashionable friends who dined her at the Embassy after cocktailing her at the "500." There were the serious-minded who showed her St. Paul's and the Tower of London. There were the formal-minded at whose Sunday lunch tables stiff figures in stiff colours and braided coats would discuss American relations with her. There were the light-hearted who took her for windy drives in windy touring cars; and the athletic who took her to Twickenham to watch the Harlequins, to Ranelagh to watch the tigers, to Lord's, when summer came, to see cricket played.

Alone, out of all these excursions, the cricket bored her. It seemed, after baseball, the tamest thing beneath the sun. The striker hit the ball, neither far nor high nor often. The fieldsman did not exhort the pitcher nor abuse the striker. The crowd remained silent when a fieldsman failed to pick up the ball, and clapped its hands languidly whenever the striker tapped the ball far enough to change his base. She was told that three days were often not long enough to end a game in. She could well believe it. During the two hours she sat there, the same strikers remained at their bases the whole time, without, so far as she could see, attempting anything that approximated a home run.

IT WAS at Lord's, nevertheless, that she met Tony Kelvin. He was the only thing in the whole game that interested her. He was little, stout, slightly bald, with short plump legs that carried him at an incredible speed along the boundary. He was the most agile person on the field. The crowd adored him. Every time he chased the ball, a murmur rose, half applause, half laughter, half affection; a murmur that would swell into a roar when the ball was gathered cleanly, and flung low and fast, and straight to the abandoned bases; as he trotted back on his fat little legs, the sweat running down his cheeks and forehead. There would be cries of "Good old Tony!" In appearance, he was as unromantic as anyone could be. He was, Marda decided, the most absurdly, adorably sweet person she had ever met.

"He's a pet!" she said. "I'd love to know him!"

"That's easy enough," her escort answered. "We'll get hold of him in the interval."

The moment that the players turned back toward the pavilion, he ran out across the grass to Tony.

"Tony," he said, "here's an American that I've brought to see cricket for the first time. She wants to meet a real cricketer."

With the same broad grin across his damp plump face, Tony Kelvin came over to the Members' stand.

"So this is your first cricket match?" he said. "How dull do you find it?"

"The only thing that's amused her," her friend answered, "has been your fielding."

The broad grin broadened. "That's what I'm here for," he said. "Every side's got to have its comic to keep the crowd amused when the batting's slow. It's thirsty work, though. Let's go and have some tea."

As they walked in front of the stand to the Members' lunch-room, a number of small boys clustered round Tony for autographs.

"My dear boys," he said, "if I were to sign all those books, I'd not have two seconds left for tea!"

All the same, he took one of the books, scrawled his name in broad bold characters across it, and in the corner sketched a short fat figure chasing, under a grinning sun, a ball that was depicted as a human object with legs and a mocking smile. All the way to the boundary rope the band of urchins followed him, and as the crowd parted to let him pass, there was a hushing of previous conversation, with a murmur or two of, "Good luck, Tony!"

"So this is England," Marda thought, "and this is a national hero!" Nothing less like a national hero could have been conceived by one who was accustomed, in the woman's section of the Sunday supplements, to the firm-cut profiles of boxers, film stars and polo players. "This isn't going to be the last I see of him," she said.

WHAT Marda wanted, she went very straight for. By ten o'clock next morning a great number of people had been rung up, half a dozen telegrams had been despatched, and at twelve o'clock, instead of dressing herself for a lunch party at the Berkeley with a politician whose acquaintance she had been at some pains to make, she watched from the front of the grandstand a short, plump person chase a small red ball with ridiculous, astonishing agility. He was unlike anything she had ever met. "I was right," she thought. "This is not going to end here." And so when the players began to troop back to the pavilion, she walked resolutely across the grass toward them.

"Mr. Kelvin," she said, "I'm an American. I pursue celebrities. I'm throwing a party one day next week; I'll be heartbroken if you don't come to it."

"If it's on Tuesday or Thursday," he said, "I'll love to."

"It's on Thursday," she said, "at the Green Park at half past eight."

It was at the Green Park, and at twenty-seven and three-quarter minutes after eight that Tony Kelvin arrived in a suit that had been cut in Savile Row and looked as though it were ready-made. The collar fell back over the stud and the sleeves were creased about the elbow. Between the waistcoat and the trousers there was a gap. Along his forehead there were beads of sweat; across his face was the broadest, happiest of grins. Marda had collected for the party the best known of the people that she had met in London, but silence fell upon the other guests as Kelvin approached them. There was no question as to who was the principal guest of the evening. Tony Kelvin's opinion was invited and accepted by a celebrated publisher, by a general on military history, by a politician on Empire free trade. The women stopped talking when he spoke; the head-waiter treated him with a particular deference. Marda was aware, when she danced with him, of the whispered recognition from other tables. And all the time, with the broad grin on his face, the trickle of perspiration running down his cheeks, his collar growing limper and greyer with every dance, Tony Kelvin laughed and chatted with the calm, regal assumption of unquestioned superiority. It had been worth travelling six thousand miles, Marda decided, to meet anything so unlike anything that she could have met on her side of the Atlantic.

Well worth it, she added during the days that followed, as she came to recognize in this absurd, squat, important person the unmistakable signs of imminent submission. In spite of the broad grin, the noisy affability, she knew the meaning of those quick intent glances, those occasional mumbled phrases, those pauses that it would be dangerous to prolong. "He's fallen," she thought, "really fallen!" And her heart leapt as it had not leapt since those early, uncertain, self-doubting days when she had been unable to believe that a man could really be attracted by her. "He's fallen," she thought. And with a quivering, excited curiosity, she awaited the moment of avowal.

It would be something completely new. He was an English hero; English utterly. She had heard that the English were bad lovers: selfish, clumsy, inarticulate. They might be; but in spite of it, or rather because of it, they could be adorable; just as Tony was adorable, in spite of his bald head, his damp face, his absurd short legs. Whatever his wooing of her might not be, it would surely be unlike any that she had had before.

WHEN the moment did come, her heart beat faster than she had ever thought it possible for a heart to beat. It came as she had expected it to come, at the most ill-chosen moment; at Lord's, in the middle of a cricket match with people in front, behind, and to the side of them. "It's perfect," she thought, "perfect!" as she saw the familiar light coming into his eyes. "What other man would have dreamed of making love to me in a place like this?" With hands clasped forward in her lap, she listened to the voice pitched so low, for fear of eavesdropping, as to be scarcely audible in the murmur of talk around them.

"Not easy to say this sort of thing," he said. "But you know what it is I've got to say. You must have guessed. From the beginning, I expect. One always knows. That kind of thing—well, it's at first sight—with the real thing that is to say."

As she sat, hands clasped in her lap, Marda had closed her eyes. For a moment she could not think of what this voice at her side reminded her. For a moment she listened, baffled. Then she realized. It was like a very old, scratched record played on a gramophone with a defective sound-box. With the outraged incredulity of one who has been monstrously ill-used, she listened to the familiar words, the words with which Edgar, and how many others, had in their time wearied her: "One knows when it's the real thing—one must know. Inside oneself one knows. Affinities—that's the word—affinities." Miserably he murmured on. If only he really were a gramophone, so that she could take the record off.

"And I was thinking," he concluded, "you've never, I mean, met my people. Suppose they were to invite you for next week."

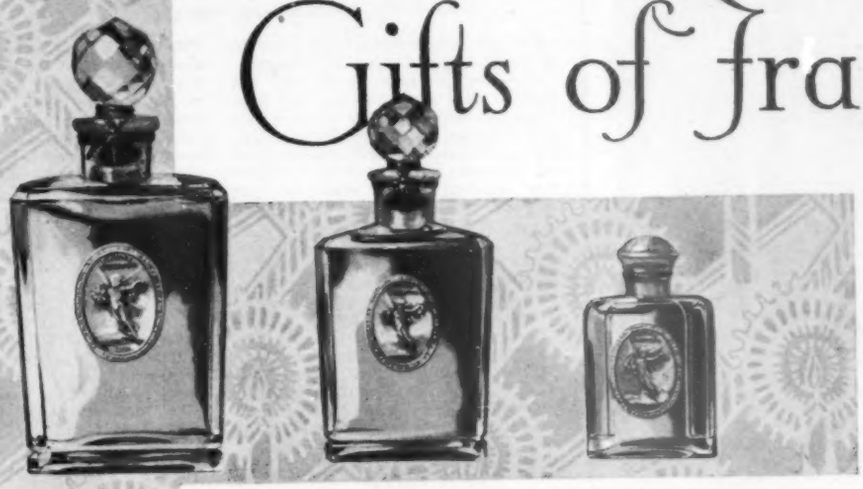
Slowly, gently, but with great firmness, Marda shook her head. "I'm sorry," she said, "I should have loved to. But on Friday I'm going across to Paris."

"For there must be more to it than that," she thought, as back in her hotel she telephoned the number of telegrams that a moment's-notice departure involved. "There really must be," she decided as two days later she prepared to take her place in that Paris that is called Paris; the Paris of discredited English, outcast Russians, holiday Americans, unscrupulous Frenchwomen, the Paris of Montmartre and Montparnasse, of heavy-eyed returnings by the wan light of morning.

Before she had been there a week she had become an integral part of that shifting unrooted population. Of Paris that the French inhabited she saw extremely little, and that little she found extremely dull.

(Continued on page 140)

Gifts of Fragrance by



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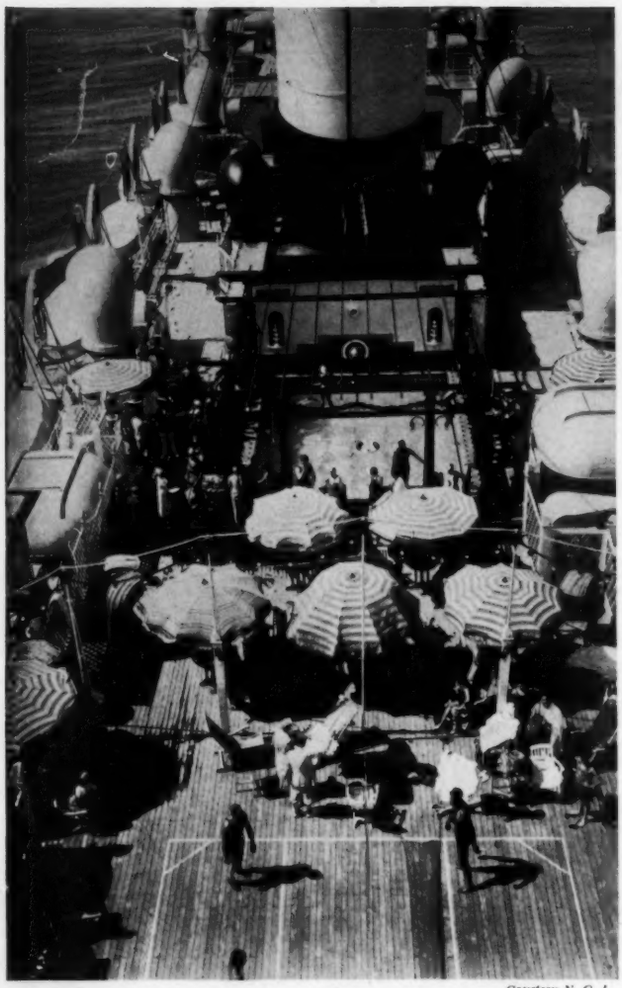

Courtesy N. G. I.

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THERE MUST BE SOMETHING MORE

(Continued from page 138)

IT WAS in the French Paris, however, that she met Roderigo di Porlingy.

He was the first person that she noticed when she came into the long, high-windowed Faubourg St. Germain drawing-room in which stiff-backed people were seated in stiff-backed chairs discussing the Naval Conference; noticed him, although he was taking no part in the conversation. Tall, grey-haired, dark-skinned, with slim figure and a short curled black moustache; he seemed, seated upright in his chair in his obtrusively unobtrusive way, the chairman of that party. Whenever he interposed a sentence into that eager exchanging of ideas, he gave the impression of having said the final word.

"Who is he?" she whispered.

"A Spaniard; the head of one of their oldest families. He lives permanently in Paris. He's quarrelled with everyone in power in Madrid."

"Or rather, they've quarrelled with him," thought Marda. He himself would not quarrel with anyone. He was too dignified, too aloof. For the first time she realized there could be a meaning to that phrase, "Too proud to fight." In his calm, impassive manner, with its impressive background of receding centuries, was implicit the contemptuous withdrawal of the Old World from the New. Nothing that was less than a thousand years old was, in his eyes, properly established. I've never met anything like this before, she thought; and went on thinking it till the afternoon when she went to his house to see his collection of Japanese prints. It was a good record, played on a good gramophone, but the words were familiar to her. The years were fleeting, the rich voice whispered; one should not waste life's best years. One must not run the chance of letting one's old age regret the pleasures that one's youth had scorned. The instant was uncapturable. The light butterfly hovered for a moment. The voice was rich and full and wooing. With a sigh Marda shook her blue-black head and, armoured with that self-composure which was more powerful than a suit of mail, rose quietly to her feet.

"And now," she said, "I think I must be going."

For there must be surely something more to it than that; all men could not be the same. There must be some men who were not mice, she decided, resolutely rather than hopefully, as the blue train ran into Villefranche station, and she saw from the carriage window the little land-locked harbour, with the white yachts at anchor and the boats moored against the quay, and the fishing nets laid out along the shores below the high straight-faced houses that climbed backward, blue, pink, yellow, into the solid rock.

"There must be," she said, as that evening after dinner she strolled through the narrow mounting streets. Every third house in the main alley was a café; through the open doorways she could see men in blue trousers and sleeveless tricots, sitting forward over the tables, playing at cards or dice. In some of them, gramophones were playing. From one came the sound of laughter and a voice, ringing and full and coloured.

SHE paused and looked. At a table in the centre of the room a man, dressed shabbily but expensively, was seated, a glass of wine in his hand, declaiming, a mock oration. He was tall, his hair was silvered, his nose long and curved, his mouth well-shaped and sensitive. At the other tables, the men were listening and laughing. At the sight of Marda, he lifted his arm above his head with a gesture of surprised delight, stopped speaking, came across to her, stretched out his hand, took hers, led her into the room, and with one hand holding her, the other stretched out in declamation, he proceeded with his speech.

His remarks were addressed half to Marda, half to the remainder of the room. It needed all Marda's self-composure to conceal the steadily rising tide of her embarrassment. Her composure was adequate, however. She stood in the centre of the room, her blue-black head tilted backward, her eyes smiling, her hand resting unresistingly in his, till on a last wild note of peroration he dropped her hand and strode dramatically through the door, leaving her standing in the middle of the room. It was a moment that required poise. Marda possessed poise.

"Now I do think," she said, "that having brought me here, he might have given me a drink."

In a rush they hastened to explain. They were sincerely distressed that a stranger should have been ill-used. He was drunk, they said. But he was a friend, a good friend. He was a painter. He often came there. He was called Grim Starling. The name conveyed nothing to Marda.

"Well," she said, "now I'm here, I suppose I'd better have a gin-and-ginger. What's everybody else having?" And with the greatest naturalness, she sat down at the rough deal table, and clinked the glasses that were proffered to her. And when finally she said it was time she went to bed, they all shook her hand, and begged her to come back next night, and she said she would.

She did not wake till the sun was high over the bay, and the market in front of the hotel was noisy with its crowd of fruit and flower and fig sellers. The life of the little town had been vibrant with three hours of animation before she sat at her veranda table under the tented canopy, dipping her *croissant* in dark brown coffee, breaking the purple skin of the full, ripe figs.

LOOKING out over the port the first person that she saw, seated at an easel surrounded by a crowd of picturesquely grubby urchins, was her acquaintance of the night before. The moment she had finished her breakfast she walked across to him.

"Now don't pretend," she said, "that you've never met me."

"I was so hoping," he said, "that you'd forgotten."

"You might have forgotten," she said; "not I."

"In that case, there's nothing for me to do but apologize, rather humbly."

"There's no need," she answered; "I didn't come down with the last shower of rain."

As she spoke she had moved round behind his easel.

"But you're a terribly good painter," she said.

He accepted her compliment with the indifference of one who has come to terms with his own personality and talents.

"There are those who think so," he replied.

For a minute she looked at his picture, then turned away.

"I'm not going to interrupt your work," she said. "But perhaps you'll take a cocktail with me before lunch."

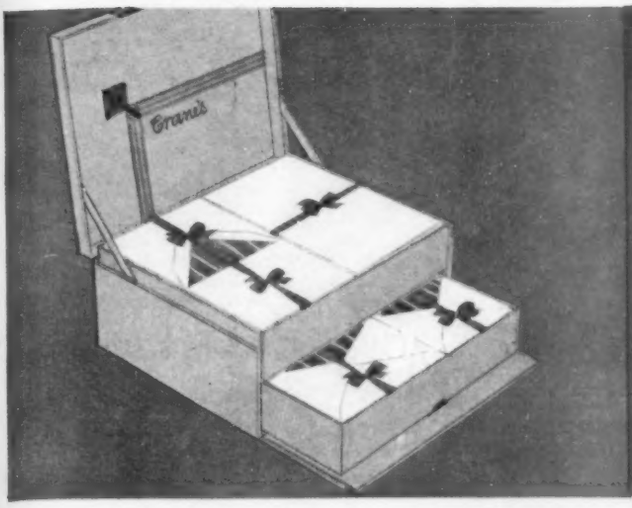
Over that cocktail a friendship started. Through the following sun-scorched days that friendship deepened. It was the first time that Marda had been brought in touch with a liberated intelligence of the first order. She had met artists before; a good many of them—but in the sophisticated atmospheres of London. Grim Starling was the first artist she had ever met who lived completely in and for his work, who was indifferent utterly to the world's opinion of it.

HE WAS the most stimulating companion she had ever had. He talked as she had known no one to talk; of art, of life, of the history and character of the towns through which they motored. She had never met a man whose life was too filled with impersonal interests to be fettered by the personal animosities, prejudices, ambitions that make life narrow and egocentric for the

(Continued on page 141)

GIFTS

to flatter and delight



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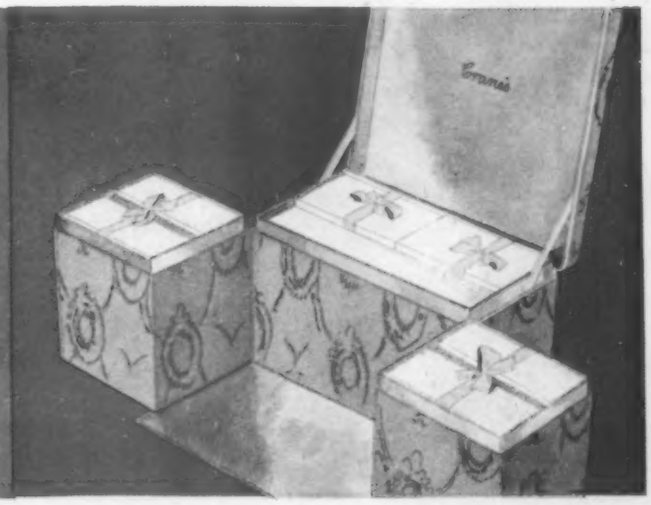

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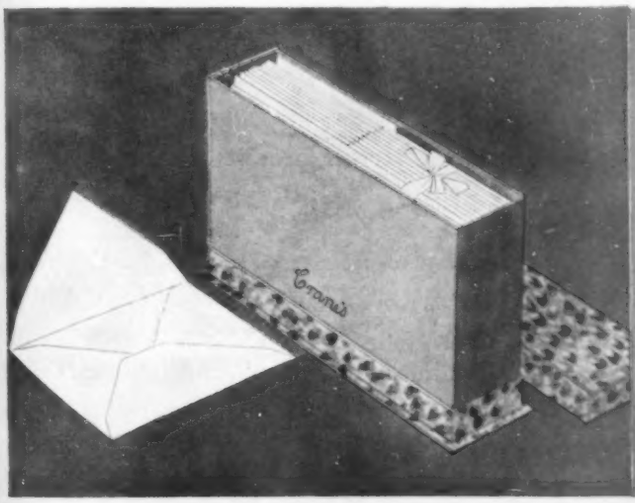

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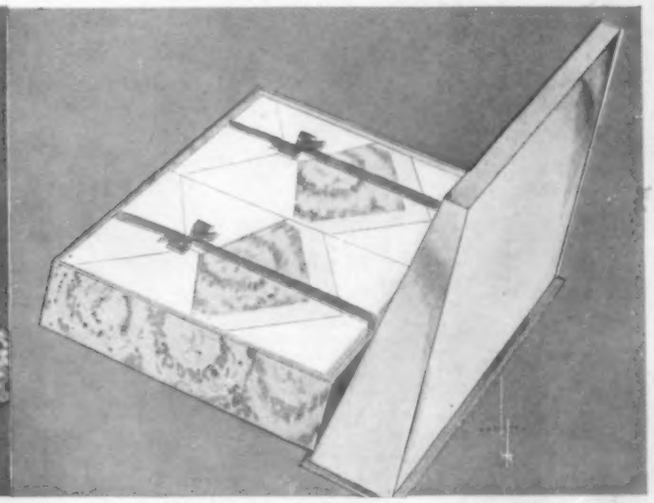

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CLYDE-MALLORY *Lines*

THERE MUST BE SOMETHING MORE

(*Continued from page 140*)

majority of mankind. "He's like man I've ever met," she thought. went on thinking it, till one night, the moon was high over the bay, began to talk of himself, sentimentally, and of his future, and of how ferent things would have been for had he met her earlier.

"If I had, I shouldn't be wasting my down here," he said. "I may delude self into thinking I've done better by cutting adrift as I have done. that's only the sop that one flings to 's unhappiness. If I'd met you lier . . . and even now perhaps it's too late, not really too late; though all these years older than you are. could still make such a fine thing life together." And it was the old ord playing the old tune. And she ded, and sat a long time that evening her balcony, looking out over the n-filled bay, wondering what strange perty love possessed that it should the most different-seeming men into same man; that the most diverse racters, the moment they fall in love, ld think of nothing but the most , the most ordinary things to say. it that love was too trite, too ordi-, to have anything that was not nary said about it?

Perhaps that was it, and perhaps she been a fool not to accept, five months k in San Francisco, the genial friend-ss of Edgar Mountain. It might be was all love ever did amount to. ght be. But in spite of her apathy could not quite believe that yet. re must be something more to it that. There must be, she thought, ondently rather than confidently, as days later the long liner drew ly out of the bay and steamed west-d.

was in a subdued, mournful state of d that she added up the number of s that divided her from San Fran-. Her interest in the journey orated. She could no longer enter heartedly into the fun of shipboard Very often she would take her deck-r down into the bows and stay there gh the long sun-drenched hours. was while she was in the bows that became conscious, among that crowd loured and half-caste people, of a e-skinned, handsome man in the twenties.

wonder who he is," she thought.

rda was not a person who allowed lf to be fretted by curiosity. That ng there was a meeting of the ship's mittee to decide on the fancy-dress e. Marda had been put on the mittee during the early days of the e because she was the only attrac-woman who was not below deck seasick.

shall be a masked ball," she said. classes shall be admitted, and for first quarter of the programme it be the women who select their ers."

e suggestion was so unusual, so ning, and was expressed with such dence of acceptance that no con-ted opposition was presented. To one's surprise except Marda's, the sition was carried.

came to the dance dressed as a ssian, in a long white skirt with ght red tunic trimmed with fur. le fur cap sat lightly on her head: brocade and lace fell from her upon her cheeks. Leaning against affrail, she scanned the group of med and masqueraded figures. could not picture the young man she had seen patrolling the lower chatting to steerage passengers, uring himself with burnt cork. did she think that a mask could se that proud-set head, the broad lders, the firm-lined back. One e would be sufficient. While the passengers laughed and simpered he women coyly invited the men to she stood apart, leaning against affrail, waiting. She had not long t. And she had not long to look. as dressed as she had expected him to dress, in long sailor's trousers and a sailor's tricot, striped and sleeveless.

"He's lovely," she thought, "lovely." And with that utter absence of embarrassment that was her charm and strength, she walked across the deck to him.

"I think," she said, "that I'd like you to dance this with me." Though it's too much to suppose, she added to herself, that he dances anything but atrociously.

He didn't, though. He danced divinely, in a slow, smooth rhythm; a rhythm to which she could surrender, letting her feet follow his.

"You dance well," she said when the music stopped. "I'm going to avail myself of your usurped prerogative, and book you for each of the first five dances."

And he laughed back, and in the soft singing Barbadian accent, "I was just beginning to think," he said, "how maddening it was going to be to have to wait five dances before I'd be allowed to ask you for another."

AND so for five dances they waltzed, fox-trotted and tangoed on the throbbing swaying deck. Who was he, she asked herself. What was he, that he, with these looks, that voice, that manner, should be travelling steerage third?

And there was the fifth dance finished and, "Now my prerogative's restored," he said. "I can book you for the next five dances, and ask you to sit out the first."

Slowly they walked away from the lighted deck, down the ladderway toward the bows. Leaning forward over the taffrail, they watched the silver coins of phosphorus float through the churning foam. Over the sea's eastern rim the moon was silvering the grey-black waters, and: "Don't you think we might take our masks off now?" he said. And a moment later, "You're even lovelier than I dared to dream." The arm on her elbow lifted along her shoulder so that it was easier than not for her head to lean back against it, and with that young, handsome face bending over hers, "Why not on a night like this?" she thought. "Why not?"

THE first thing that she saw next morning as she came on deck, was the steward staggering up the ladder under the weight of a bulky cabin trunk. He was followed by a tall, good-looking well-dressed young man, whom at first Marda did not recognize. When she did, she gave a gasp.

"What on earth are you doing?" she said.

"Changing to first class. You didn't think, did you, that I was going to waste any more time with that riff-raff? I've got all I wanted out of them, too. I'm a journalist," he explained. "I was just travelling like that for copy."

In dismay she stared at him. "He, too," she thought; "he, too."

Up at the breakfast table that morning was a radiogram signed "Edgar." "Counting the days to your return," it said. With a weary sigh she read the message. Although she had written to him only twice, and scrappily, he had kept the most astute check upon her movements.

And so it was with a feeling of depression, of frustration, that she stood on the upper deck on a pearl-grey April morning as the ship swung slowly through the Golden Gate. The kick had gone out of life. So certain was she that it was ended, that when she saw no flower-festooned Edgar awaiting her; when, instead, the ship's agent brought on shore a cablegram signed "Edgar," lamenting that an important case had taken him to Santa Barbara; and when a young man presented himself with a letter from her parents, explaining that they were staying at a house-party down the coast, from which they had not thought it worth while coming up to San Francisco, particularly as the son of the house

(*Concluded on page 144*)

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Second Floor

SOCIAL CALENDAR
for DECEMBER 1930

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 5—Dinner dance by Mr. and Mrs. Edward Howland Graham at the Hotel Pierre in advance of the first Junior Assembly, in honour of their débutante daughter, Miss Gladys Graham.

Reception at the Colony Club, New York City by Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Maddox Rumbough, of 1000 Park Ave., to introduce their daughter, Miss Elizabeth Rumbough Colgate.

Dinner dance at the Ritz Carlton Hotel, New York City, by Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Fish Armstrong for their niece, Miss Helena Edey, débutante daughter of Mrs. Alfred Edey of 130 E. 75th St., in advance of the Junior Assembly.

Luncheon at Sherry's, New York City, by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Howard Smith of 15 E. 60th St., in honour of their débutante daughter, Miss Frances Townley Smith.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6—Dinner dance at the Colony Club, New York City, by Mr. and Mrs. William Anderson Hutcheson to present their daughter, Miss Martha Chipman Hutcheson.

Supper dance at the Ritz Carlton Hotel, New York City, by Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Winthrop Allen for their débutante daughter, Miss Justine Allen.

Wedding of Miss Diana Dodge, daughter of Mrs. George E. Widener of 7 E. 70th St., New York City and Newport, R. I., to Frederick Martin Davies in St. Thomas' Church, New York. Reception to follow at the home of the bride's mother.

Tea by Mr. and Mrs. Edward F. Hutton at their home, 2 E. 92nd St., New York City, in honour of their débutante niece, Miss Barbara Hutton, daughter of Franklyn Hutton.

Wedding of Miss Natalie Potter, daughter of Mrs. Nathaniel Bowditch Potter of 36 E. 72nd St., New York City, to William C. Ladd, in St. Bartholomew's Church, New York City.

Dinner at Sherry's, New York City, by Mrs. Stephen Rowe Bradley, to present her daughter, Miss Mary Tremain Bradley.

Wedding of Miss Sally Tappen Butler, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. Butler, to Courtenay Hoge, Jr., in the Church of the Heavenly Rest, New York City. Reception to follow at Sherry's.

Tea dance at the Cosmopolitan Club, New York City, by Mrs. C. Minot Weld of 520 E. 86th St., in honour of her débutante daughter, Miss Serena Marshall Weld.

Dinner dance at the Ritz Carlton Hotel, New York City, by Mr. and Mrs. Benson Bennett Sloan for their débutante niece, Miss Mary Johnson Delafield, daughter of Mrs. Joseph L. Delafield, of Princeton, N. J.

Dinner dance at the Hotel Pierre, New York City, by Mrs. Cornelius Tiers to introduce her daughter, Miss Margaret D. Tiers.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 8—Wedding of Miss Frances Townsend, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Perry Townsend of 580 Park Ave., New York City, to Howard Graeme MacDonald, in St. Bartholomew's Church, New York City.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 12—Dinner dance by Mr. and Mrs. Dunlevy Milbank, at the Ritz Carlton Hotel, New York City, to present their daughter, Miss Ella Dunlevy Milbank.

Reception by Mrs. Adams Coffyn at her home, 131 E. 93rd St., New York City, to introduce her daughter, Miss Nancy Lou Adams Coffyn.

Supper dance at the Colony Club, New York City, by Mrs. Lloyd Saltus, of 53 E. 66th St., to present her daughter, Miss Carolyn Saltus.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13—Supper dance at the Ritz Carlton Hotel, New York City, by Mrs. Walter Phelps Bliss of 6 E. 87th St., to introduce her daughter, Miss Priscilla Bliss.

Afternoon reception with dancing by Mrs. Franklin S. Terry, at the Ritz Carlton Hotel, New York City, to introduce her daughter, Miss Lillian Emerson.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 16—Annual Cholly Knickerbocker Charity Ball, Hotel Plaza, New York City.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 18—Dinner and supper dance at the Ritz Carlton Hotel, New York City, by Mr. and Mrs. William Robertson Coe to introduce their daughter, Miss Natalie Coe.

Dinner dance at the Hotel Pierre, New York City, by Mr. and Mrs. J. Macy Willets of 604 Park Ave., to introduce their twin daughters, Miss Julia K. Willets and Miss Mary G. Willets.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 19—Dinner dance at the Hotel Pierre, New York City, by Mr. and Mrs. Wyllys Rosseter Betts of New York City and Tuxedo Park, N. Y., in honour of their débutante daughter, Miss Edith G. Betts.

Dinner dance at the Hotel Plaza, New York City, by Mrs. Mason B. Starring to present her granddaughter, Miss Carolyn S. Starring, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Swing Starring.

Supper dance by Mr. and Mrs. James A. Moffett, at the Ritz Carlton Hotel, New York City, to present their débutante daughter, Miss Margaret Moffett.

Dinner dance at the Ritz Carlton Hotel, New York City, by Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Alcott to introduce their daughter, Miss Jane Alcott.

Dinner at Sherry's, New York City, by Mr. and Mrs. Gustavus T. Kirby of 1100 Park Ave., in honour of Miss Elizabeth S. C. Low, sub-débutante daughter of Mrs. Claflin Low. To be followed by a supper dance at Sherry's by Mrs. John Claflin in Miss Low's honour.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20—Dinner dance at the Hotel Pierre, New York City, by Mrs. Caspar Whitney in honour of Miss Doris Havemeyer, débutante daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Horace Havemeyer.

Supper dance by Mr. and Mrs. Paul Moore of New York City and Convent, N. J., at the Ritz Carlton Hotel, New York City, to introduce their daughter, Miss Pauline Moore.

Dinner dance at the Ritz Carlton Hotel, New York City, by Mr. and Mrs. Ralph G. Coburn of Greenwich, Conn., to present their daughter, Miss Sally Coburn.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 22—Supper dance by Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Severin Bourne at the Ritz Carlton Hotel, New York City, to present their daughter, Miss Barbara Bourne.

Dinner dance at the Hotel Pierre, New York City, by Mr. and Mrs. Inglis Moore Uppercu to present their daughter, Miss Gretchen Uppercu.

Dinner dance at Sherry's, New York City, by Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Sonn of 1000 Park Ave., to present their daughter, Miss Evelyn Sonn.

Dinner dance at the Hotel Pierre by Mr. and Mrs. George Utassy of New York City and Cedarhurst, L. I., to introduce their daughter, Miss Babetta Utassy.

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SOCIAL CALENDAR

Dance by Franklyn L. Hutton at the Hotel Pierre to introduce his daughter, Miss Barbara Hutton.

Dinner dance by Mr. and Mrs. John French of 142 E. 38th St., New York City, and Mrs. Roberts Walker of 350 E. 57th St., at the Colony Club to present their respective daughters, Miss Elizabeth French and Miss Challis Walker.

Dinner dance in the roof-garden of the Hotel St. Regis, New York City, by Gilbert Colgate in honour of his débutante granddaughter, Miss Elizabeth Colgate Rumbough.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 23—Dinner dance at Sherry's, New York City, by Mr. and Mrs. T. Raymond St. John and Mr. and Mrs. Eugene MacKay Froment to introduce their respective daughters, Miss Mary Caroline St. John and Miss Jeanne Froment.

Dinner dance at the Ritz Carlton Hotel, New York City, by Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Waller to present their daughter, Miss Mary Alice Waller.

Supper dance at the Ritz Carlton Hotel by Mr. and Mrs. Howard C. Brokaw to present their daughter, Miss Marguerite Brokaw.

Afternoon reception at the Hotel St. Regis, New York City, by Mr. and Mrs. Ira Barrows of 860 Park Ave., New York City, to present their daughter, Miss Sarah Barrows.

Dinner dance at the Hotel Pierre by Mr. and Mrs. Hussey Middleton, to present their daughter, Miss Olga Middleton.

Dinner dance at the Hotel Pierre by Mr. and Mrs. John E. Rousmaniere for their débutante daughter, Miss Frances H. Rousmaniere.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 24—Dinner dance at the Ritz Carlton Hotel, New York City, by Mrs. T. Tiffany Parker for her débutante daughter, Miss Comfort T. Parker.

Dinner dance at the Hotel Pierre by Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Kelley for their débutante daughter, Miss Florence Kelley.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 25—General observance of Christmas Day.

Supper dance at the Ritz Carlton Hotel, New York City, by Mrs. Thomas H. Van Alstyne to present her daughter, Miss Jane Van Alstyne.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 26—Dinner dance at the Hotel Pierre by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Merrick Gay for their débutante daughter, Miss Louise B. Gay.

Dinner dance at Sherry's, New York City, by Louis V. Sterling to introduce his daughter, Miss Amy Sterling.

Supper dance at the Hotel Pierre by Mr. and Mrs. Jay Edson Eddy for their débutante daughter, Miss Doris Eddy.

Dinner dance at the Ritz Carlton, New York City, by Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Mitchell Hastings to introduce their daughter, Miss Frederica B. Hastings.

Second of the Friday Junior dances at the Savoy Plaza Hotel, New York City.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27—Supper dance at the Ritz Carlton Hotel, New York City, by Mr. and Mrs. James T. Lee to introduce their daughter, Miss Winifred Lee.

Dinner dance at the Ritz Carlton Hotel, New York City, by Mr. and Mrs. Walter H. Filor to present their daughter, Miss Mabel Ann Filor.

Tea dance at the Ritz Carlton Hotel, New York City, by Mr. and Mrs. E. Mahlon Smith to introduce their daughter, Miss Elizabeth Van Courtlandt Smith.

Début of Miss Eleanor Gould, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jay Gould of 444 E. 57th St., New York City, at Hotel Pierre, New York.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 29—Début of Miss Doris Havemeyer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Horace Havemeyer, at the Ritz Carlton Hotel, New York City.

Début of Miss Frederica Gallatin, daughter of Mrs. Emily Trowbridge Bell at the Hotel Pierre, New York City.

Dinner dance at Sherry's, New York City, by Mr. and Mrs. Robert A. Heurtematte to present their daughter, Miss Cecilia Heurtematte.

Dinner dance at the Hotel Pierre by Mrs. George S. Mahana in honour of her daughter, Miss Dorothy S. Mahana.

Début of Miss Elizabeth Steele, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Nevett Steele, Hotel Pierre, New York City.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 30—Dinner dance at Sherry's, New York City, by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hude Neilson to present their daughter, Miss Joanna B. Neilson.

Luncheon at the Hotel Pierre by Mrs. Victor F. Ridder for her sub-débutante daughter, Miss Mary Ridder.

Dinner dance at the Hotel Pierre by Mr. and Mrs. Lawson V. Pulsifer to present their débutante daughter, Miss Natalie Pulsifer.

Début of Miss Alice Kobbe Rand, daughter of Mrs. Alice K. Rand, at the Hotel Pierre.

Dinner dance by Mr. and Mrs. Thomas M. Schumacher at Sherry's to present their daughter, Miss Mary Schumacher.

Miss Edith M. Benjamin's Junior get-together dance at the Park Lane, New York City.

Afternoon reception with dancing at Sherry's by Mr. and Mrs. Edward W. C. Arnold to present the latter's daughter, Miss Mary Trenchard Power.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER, 31—Dance at 960 Park Ave., New York City, by Mr. and Mrs. Horace S. de Camp to present their daughter, Miss Peggy de Camp.

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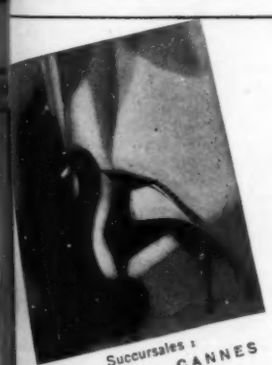

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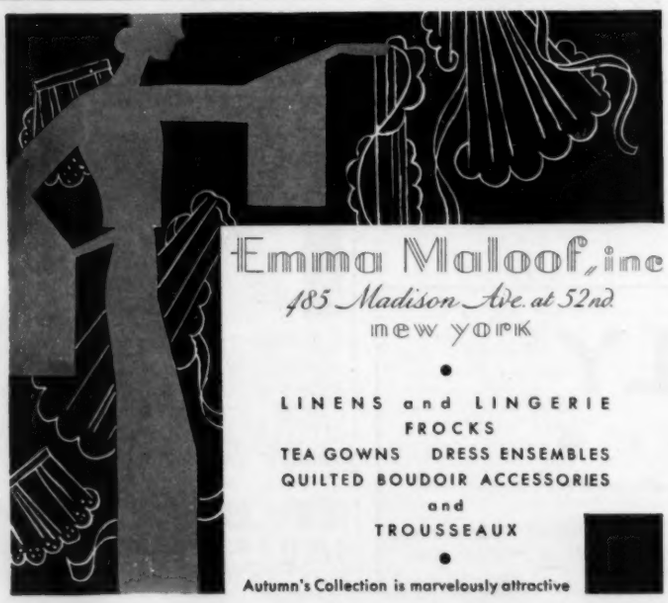

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THERE MUST BE SOMETHING MORE

(Concluded from page 141)

was himself coming down that way and would escort her, she felt like a prisoner who had been reprieved.

"ONE more day of life, anyhow," she thought. And she laughed gaily, with a sense of fellow-conspiracy, at the young man whom the letter had presented to her. He was young, blond and handsome. He had a friendly, open smile. Marda felt that she had never been so pleased to see anyone in her life.

"I thought it might be fun," he said, "to motor there."

She could imagine nothing that would be more fun. As she sat at his side and the car swung out southward along the coast, she had a feeling of embarking on adventure. How varied, surprising, after all, life was. You imagined yourself being forced by tiresome and familiar people to do things which were inevitable but against the grain, and instead of that you found yourself beside a delightful person that you were meeting for the first time, doing something utterly unexpected, delightful. And as the car raced over the smooth, winding road, he talked to her in a firm, but sensitively cadenced voice, telling her of this friend and of that, and then when he had exhausted his own news, questioning her of hers; asking her of this place and that; friendly, intimately, so that she found it the easiest thing in the world to talk to him; and when he said, "But besides all that, didn't you have any real adventures?" she found it easy to say quite naturally:

"One thinks things are going to be adventurous, and then they don't turn out to be."

And he nodded his head. "So you've found that, too," he said, and the modest, uncynical way in which he said it tightened that feeling of comradeship she had with him.

"It's months since I've been able to talk like this," she thought, "fully, openly. I don't believe there's a thing in the world I'd not be able to say to him."

AND the car raced on through the clear, sun-soaked April air; and to the left of them there were the pines, and to the right, the ragged rocks with the Pacific breaking on them; and it was lovely after the long days on the ship to be on firm land again; lovely after eight months of strangers to hear talk of one's own world again; lovely, when you felt hungry, to stop by the roadside and eat hot dogs, leaning against a counter; lovely to see a man produce a hip flask from his pocket and say: "Now this really is real Bourbon." After they had lunched they seemed to drive rather slower as though they had more to say to each other, or rather of each other, as though each wanted to tell to his new-found confidant those personal things that could not be freely spoken.

After a while he began to talk about his work. He was in real estate, he said. But he did most of his business on the golf-course.

"Are you good at golf?" she asked.

"These things are relative."

"That means I'll have to play with you to find out."

"We could stop at Del Monte if you like on the way through?"

"Wouldn't that make us very late?"

"Would it matter particularly if it did?"

And they laughed together, and at Del Monte they parked their car.

"How many strokes are you giving me?" she asked.

"I'm not giving you any. The fun of golf is, that you start each hole square." He outdrove her by sixty yards, and he did the first hole in four, and the second in three, and at the turn he was seven up. But all the same, she had played better golf than she ever remembered to have played before, and she was very proud of the two holes that she had halved, and prouder still when she sunk a five-yard putt on the thirteenth green and won the hole. And she was very happy walking beside him in that familiar world of firs and sea.

By the time that their game was over, the sun was sinking and the shadows were long.

"We'll have to hurry," she said.

"Unless," he answered, "we were to have dinner here."

"How late would that make us?"

"It depends on how long we were to sit over dinner."

And his eyes twinkled, and she got again that jolly, conspirator feeling of shared mischief. So they sat for a little in the club-house, and the thick taste of bootleg gin gave her the truest sense of home-coming she had known. And it was in Monterey at the little fish restaurant that they dined, and, somehow, as they sat looking out over the sea, their sense of gaiety, their need to laugh together deserted them. They fell quiet and tired and happy—sad.

"It's good to be back," she said.

"I guess you must have been pretty lonely sometimes over there."

And she nodded her head. Yes, now that she came to think of it, she had been rather lonely sometimes.

"I know," he said, "they talk about woman's independence and woman's freedom, but the half lot of it is awful nonsense. A woman needs some one to look after her." His eyes as they spoke were soft, and they sat in silence for a little.

"This is the happiest day I've ever had," he said.

She laughed at that, a little nervously. "I shouldn't have thought you had much to make you unhappy."

"It's well enough," he said. "But one could make so much more of it. The years go so quickly, one's best years. Haven't you felt that, ever?" She nodded her head quickly. "Yes, yes," she said. She had felt that, too.

"I guess," he added, "one can never make a fearful lot of one's life by oneself."

And they sat in silence for a while, till the Chinese waiter brought their bill on a plate, and with a start they realized how late it was.

"It'll be eleven before we're back," he said.

It was cold outside, and she shivered.

"You'll be frozen," he said. "We'll have to wrap you in a dozen rugs." With his free arm he held the rugs close around her, so that she was nestled close against his shoulder. And they drove on, his arm about her, her cheek resting against his, her hair touching his cheek. They scarcely spoke till they had at last arrived and he had driven the car round to the garage. Then turning toward her in the half-light of the head lamp: "It's been heavenly, all this," he said. "Such a surprise, as the real things always are." And his arm about her shoulder tightened for a moment, then dropped its hold.

A moment later there were the bright lights of the house, the welcomes, the embraces, the eager questionings, but Marda was in no mood for the buzz of talk. She wanted to be with her own thoughts, alone. She was tired, she said, desperately tired. Could she go to her room at once?

Leaning there, over the balcony, looking out over the dark, moonless night, her memory recalled every incident of this day. The way he had looked at her. The things he had said to her. His words were still beating through her brain. All that about knowing the real thing when it came, about being unable to make much of one's self alone, of the years that fleeted, of a woman's need to be looked after. What but one thing could they mean? And the way he had looked at her. No one had ever spoken to her like that. One could not look that way unless. . . . She sighed softly, stretching her arms happily and drowsily above her head. Tomorrow she would be seeing him again. How full life was of adventure and romance. "He's marvellous," she thought. He was unlike any man that she had ever met.

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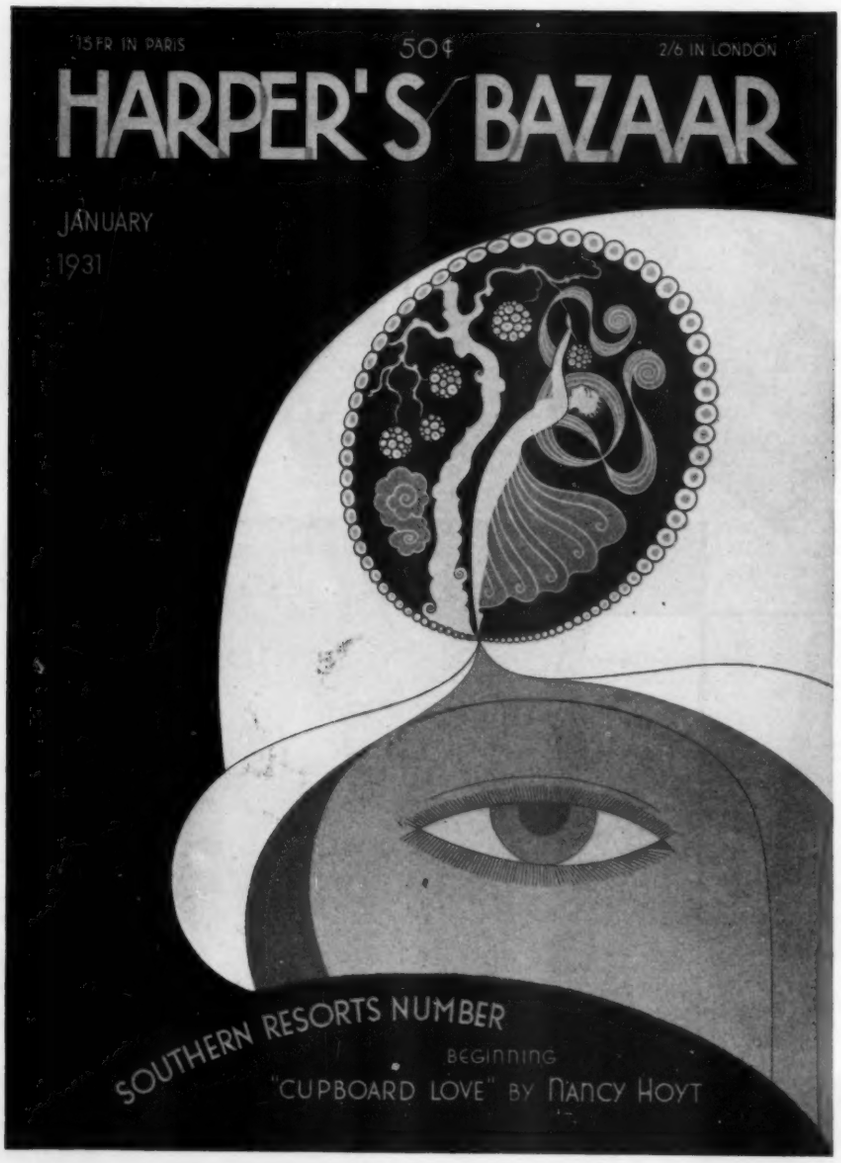
Harper's Bazaar for January will take you to tropical spots on both southern sides of this continent. With an impression of "Glittering Palm Beach" by Harford Powel, Jr., and a description of "Chic Oases" of the western deserts by Richmond Barrett, it portrays the sunny habitats of the smart world in winter. Its glamourous fashion pages depict what will be worn in these places, and what designers are thinking of for spring in cities.



WHEN THE YOUNGER SET MARRIES

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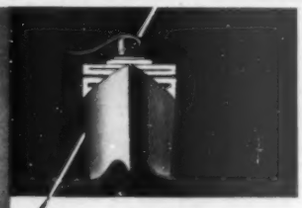

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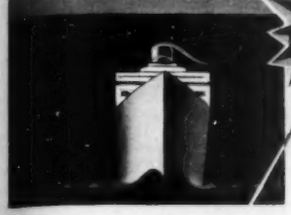

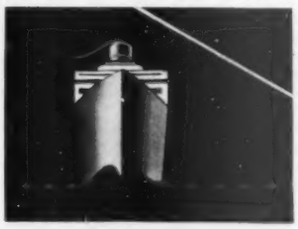

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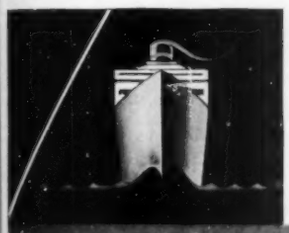

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THE BEAUTIFUL BLUE WEST INDIES

(*Continued from page 97*)

we will look upon it. One must approach these islands by water or by air, and with slight differences in settlement and size, all of them will impress their visitors as mirages that wondrously materialize out of the blue horizon.

My first visit was to Cuba, arriving alongside Morro Castle in the first fresh hour after dawn. The sun was more rose than gold, and a light fogginess made a nimbus around a city that seemed carved of marble and mounted on emerald. The dignity of ageless beauty waiting to be seen and worshipped was disclosed for a little, before the mist completely enveloped it, and when the sun burned through the veil once more, the ship was close to Havana. There it was: a living, surging city with a definite, joyous quality reaching out from the benign monuments of ancient days. The cheerful, tolerant hospitality which I felt that day might be called the temperament of the islands. It urges one to stay; it argues that there is no harm in idling through today's sun and today's pleasures without a thought of tomorrow. The contenting evidence of what the yesterdays have built is on all sides, and it seems as if today can do no better than add to the heritage.

MUSIC and colour are everywhere: street vendors, brass bands, snatches of song, flowers and fruits and opera bouffe uniforms. Strictly speaking, of course, it is all very twentieth century. They have their presidents and cabinet officers, but they also have a most satisfactory parade of feudal pomp to accompany democracy. The President rides in an open carriage drawn by fast horses and surrounded by gold-laced aides, and before him rides a troop of cavalry in brilliant uniforms and sweeping plumes, clattering breakneck over the cobblestones. The guard is changed with ceremony at "the palace," and top hats gleam in the sun all day long as audiences are given. Diplomatic life is suave and brilliant, acted in garden parties by day and in elegant *salas* by night. It is opera of the cheeriest sort, invariably with music in the air.

Dozens of national holidays punctuate the calendar, marking wars, freedoms, saints' days, what will you. Everything stops for the *fiesta*, and the stranger in the land is invited to celebrate. Flags are flung, parades stamp by for hours, and the entire populace sits in the *parques* and the cafés, alive with patriotism. At sundown the *elegantes* join the occasion, adding their exquisiteness to the picture. A long line of Isottas, Hispanos, and other royal barouches, turns into the stream of travel around the plaza, carrying beautiful ladies in French gowns, often topped by mantillas, always accented by fan and lorgnon. There is always a husband or duenna in attendance, heightening the impression that something precious is being revealed.

In the side streets, little cafés spill out on the pavements in the shade of the overhanging buildings. The pedestrian picks his way through courteous patrons, or, if he be wise, sits down among them. Prohibition, as an issue, is forgotten here by even the most bumptious wets. After the first burst of freedom, it is more fun to try the drinks of the country, of which there seem to be three prime favourites. Ludicrously, one of these is Coca Cola! The others are beer and chilled fruit juices. These latter libations are an exotic treat soon adopted by the traveller. Fruits that decline to grow in a more northerly climate and which cannot be shipped north of their chosen gardens because of their brief soundness, possess strange, delicious flavours. The *tamarindo*, the *guanabana*, the green cocoanut, the *anon*—these and dozens more, each of intriguing tint and aroma, are squeezed from the fresh fruits. They look and smell and taste as if they belonged in a fairy-tale.

All the soil of these islands is rich and productive. Most of it is brilliantly red in hue. A mule or horse of an arresting strawberry tint looks far more normal to the accustomed eye than a white or grey one could. It is a fact and not a legend that live twigs stuck carelessly in a row will be a strong green hedge-fence in a few months. Imagine the vegetables and flowers that will burst out of such earth. Strawberries and peas, roses and gardenias, unfamiliar delicacies of exciting possibilities. The countryside blooms with mesquite which is like mimosa; there are acres and acres of tuberoses.

THERE is one road across the island of Cuba, which, to me, is the most beautiful drive I have ever seen, especially in May when the spring is as thrilling in the tropics as if the winter had been months of snow and coal. It takes one from the Atlantic, in Havana, to Batabanó on the Caribbean. Batabanó, incidentally, is a perfect example of the small Antilles fishing-port. Not so long ago it was somewhat too busy concerning illegal cargoes under American enterprise, but now it has relapsed into a picturesque huddle of tiled huts along wandering paths to the sea, where it sustains itself by sponge fisheries. The road is one of the broadest and longest-travelled on the island, as it is overland to the Isle of Pines ferry. It winds over miniature mountains and through little valleys for several hours, passing cane-fields and mills and little villages.

The heights are covered with natural groves of royal palms. Never think you have seen a royal palm until you have seen them growing in the jungle where the winds planted them. Nothing more different from the royal palm of the landscaper's delight, all poured of concrete and decorated with a cabbage top, could be imagined. Yet they spring from the same seed, one is told. Here they grow in glorious files on the ascending earth, their slim grey trunks piercing to the ineffable azure of the sky, where their palms glisten and toss in the trade-winds. Each is a hymn to the sun, a hope that has vanquished the lush, strangling jungle.

In Maytime, miles of the Batabanó road are lined with flowering trees. They are giants of antiquity; a dozen motors could park under any one of them and be shaded. Alternately they are scarlet and white in their flowers, the gorgeous royal poinciana and the tamarind. Overhead they meet and shower petals and perfume and lacy sunlight on the climbing road. One Sunday in May I took this drive, and each of the villages we passed through held great *fiesta*. It was the day that the children were making their first communion. All the shabby little houses that line the thoroughfare were freshly whitewashed, and the doors and window-cases were bordered with fresh palm leaves. The women of the surrounding farms were on the porches, starched and smiling; the men and their horses were grouped before the *fondas* and shops. We would slow down for the villages as we left the perfumed countryside, and out on the road would roll the institutional smell of sanctity, a blending of old clothes and incense, carrying with it a wavering note from a choir. Then the procession would appear: a long straggling line of little girls two by two, each with her white frock and veil and gloves, each picturesquely holding in folded hands a tiny bouquet.

HISTORY has visited these countries with oppression and plague, but the survivors are triumphant in the sun, and only the monuments are grim. Isabella still walks the sea wall at Havana looking for her lover; the shallow laughter of Pauline ripples over the gardens and basins of Haiti. There are dungeons that make one's bones shudder, and legends so beautiful that they should be set to music. Pirate trove—doubloons and cannon, jewels and chains—reward latter-day treasure hunters. The faces of the natives reflect the subjection to many successive masters.

Music borrows from old races in these countries. There are native dances that would be intelligible to a cave man and *danzons* of marvellous grace stepped

(*Concluded on page 152*)

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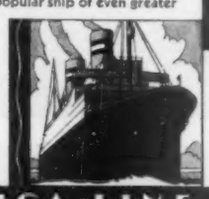

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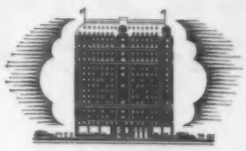

AGAIN

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THE BEAUTIFUL BLUE WEST INDIES

(*Concluded from page 150*)

in polite ballrooms. The Congo lends its blood pulse to both in a way that excites us Northerners, though we never can capture it exactly. One hears it from the *campo* in a mounting delirium which never reaches a climax that can be seen; and in the ballroom, too, it achieves a heady, accumulating rhythm. Familiar instruments produce strange noises, and anonymous traps of rattles and gourds supplement the goat-skin drums which beat the complicated measure. Ballads are haunting and melodious, usually of Mexican composition. Musical indigestion is unknown, everything from a street call to an opera being just so much melody to be enjoyed.

Food is an eternal adventure in these parts, and a happy one, too. The French cuisine of Haiti is famous; it is met again in Martinique. International opportunities of the menu flourish in Havana, where three continents join their emigrants with the natives. Spanish cooking in the *fondas* or the great hotels is delicious, and, contrary to the copybook, is seldom heavy and oily. Every dish is colourful and aromatic, garnished for the eye and seasoned for the palate. Even the fish abounds in colour, whether it be of the running or the shell persuasion, and is a popular part of the diet. Most meat must be sold and consumed before it is a day old, which constitutes a strong argument for fish and vegetables, unless an American refrigeration plant is catering. Chinese food, such as is seldom seen in the United States, is to be had, and there are German, Assyrian, Hungarian, Russian and French quarters and cooks.

Shopping can be an orgy. This country is generous about the amount which a traveller may bring home, and every European tripper knows the cheapness of "imported" articles purchased in their native habitats. The prices for such merchandise in the West Indies is very little higher, due to liberal tariffs. French gowns, lingerie, perfumes, hats, and mock jewellery are everywhere. English stuffs and linens, German potteries and fabrics, laces and brass from Russia and the Orient, the attractive hodge-podge of Czechoslovakia. Every known wine and liqueur can be found eventually, too, but it is strictly for local consumption.

In spite of the progressiveness and comforts of these islands, there is no doubt that they retain an old-world flavour. I cannot imagine that they could have been more charming and naive before excellent travelling arrangements made them so accessible. It is a strange blend of simplicity and sophistication that they offer, a worldliness which has not smothered courtesy. Hotels are frequently of international fame and their registers scintillate with names that are known wherever printer's ink is spilled. Nobility, beauty queens, captains of industry, pugilists, painters, racketeers, savants, explorers, the darlings of the stage and the screen—all are lured to this playground. The most famous musicians in the world include Havana in their concert seasons, and the other islands know them as guests and tourists.

Sports, too, are well developed in these parts. The resident Englishman has seen to fine golf-courses over the rolling country, and the club-houses are oases of comfort and good fellowship. Tennis is played all day, and all night under floodlights. Swimming is marvellous behind protecting sand-bars in jade water and white sand meeting smart bathing pavillions. There is racing every afternoon of the season in Havana, on a course that is second to none in the world for sheer beauty. Surrounded by exotic gardens and with a clear view to the mountains miles beyond, it would be difficult to keep an eye on the horses if the *pari-mutuel* did not make the track something more important than a panorama of beauty. Gambling is in the blood of these people and it is highly infectious, as the visitor will find. *Jai alai*, the fastest game on earth, played with handballs, has its *pari-mutuel* accompaniment. The *Gran Casino Nacional* of Cuba sponsors every formal game of chance in a veritable palace, and there are regular lotteries conducted by the government. Sit back and see your best friend win $100,000 in three days on a thirty-dollar ticket, as I have, and see what you will do about it! Cock fights are the great gamble of Sunday mornings.

After all, it is impertinent to disclose so many of the enchantments of these lovely places. It would be more sporting to let every *turista* discover his own and write his own letter home about it. It is delightful worldly titivation on the surface of antiquity. It is gracious and jewelled, like a beautiful woman, offering smart hospitality. And if this woman is all things to all men, why not? It is all in the sun of today, with the shadows yonder in the sparkle of the Antilles.

The Gran Casino Nacional, Havana, the Monte Carlo of the Western World, where the government lotteries are conducted, and every formal game of chance is sponsored.

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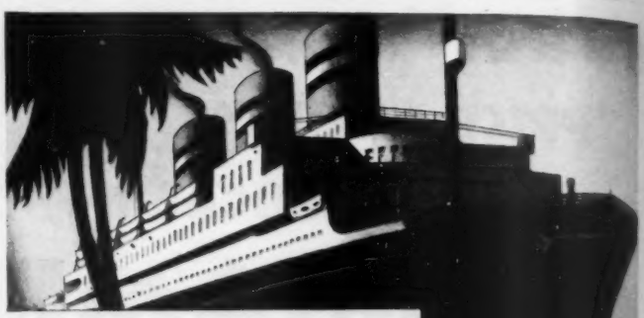

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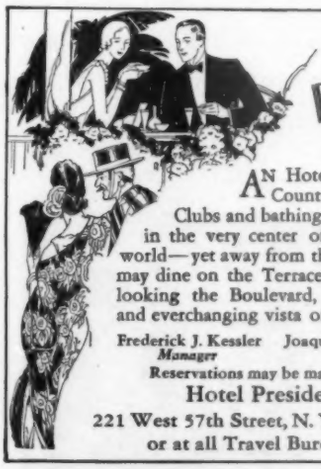

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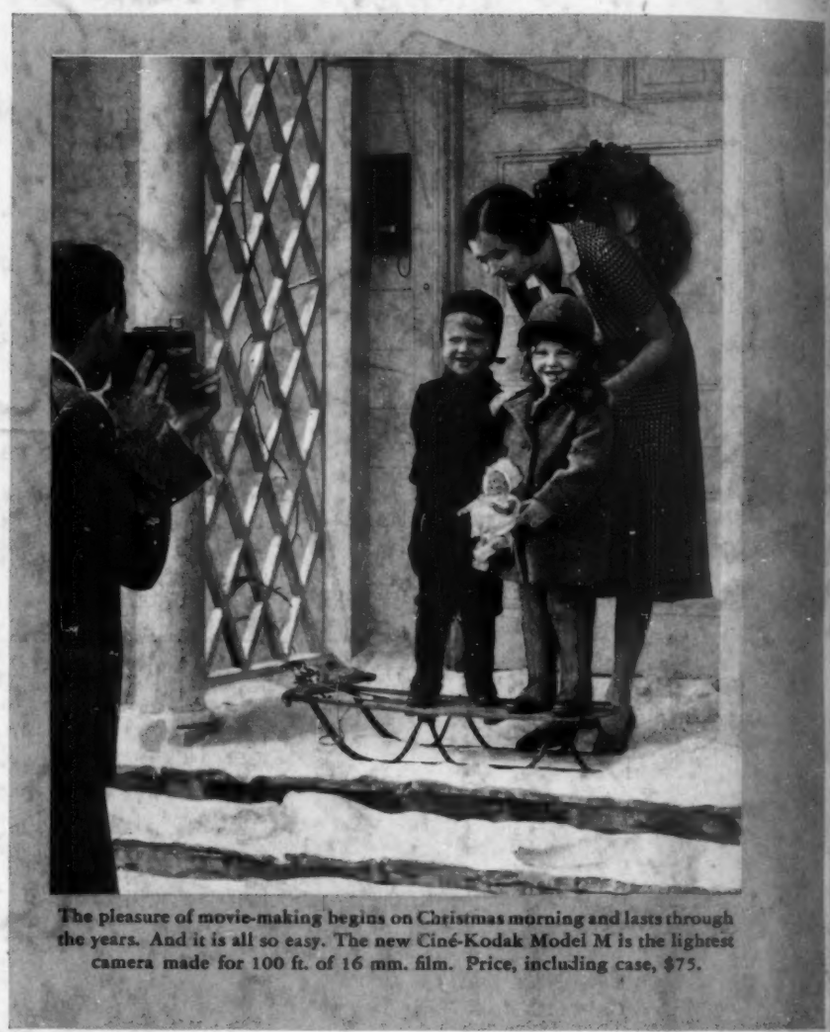
Ciné-Kodaks are priced from $75 to $150; Kodascope projectors as low as $60. And many dealers offer an attractive payment plan. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York.



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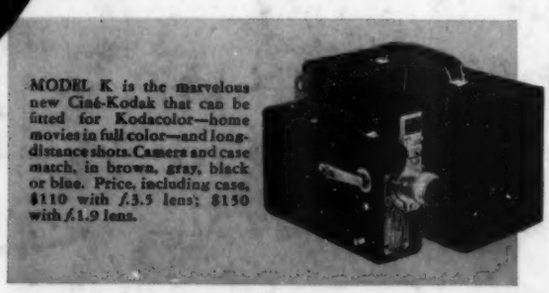

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